

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1911

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA

BY JOHN MUIR

IN the great Central Valley of California there are only two seasons — spring and summer. The spring begins with the first rainstorm, which usually falls in November. In a few months the wonderful flowery vegetation is in full bloom, and by the end of May it is dead and dry and crisp, as if every plant had been roasted in an oven.

Then the lolling, panting flocks and herds are driven to the high, cool, green pastures of the Sierra. I was longing for the mountains about this time, but money was scarce, and I could n't see how a bread-supply was to be kept up. While anxiously brooding on the bread problem, so troublesome to wanderers, and trying to believe that I might learn to live like the wild animals, gleaning nourishment here and there from seeds, berries, etc., sauntering and climbing in joyful independence of money or baggage, Mr. Delaney, a sheep-owner, for whom I had worked a few weeks, called on me, and offered to engage me to go with his shepherd and flock to the head waters of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, the very region I had most in mind.

I was in the mood to accept work of any kind that would take me into the mountains, whose treasures I had tasted the previous summer in the Yosemite

region. The flock, he said, would be moved up gradually through the successive forest belts as the snow melted, stopping a few weeks at the best places we came to. These I thought would be good centres of observation from which I might be able to make many telling excursions within a radius of eight or ten miles of the camps, to learn something of the plants, animals, and rocks; for he assured me that I would be left perfectly free to follow my studies. I judged, however, that I was in no way the right man for the place, and freely explained my shortcomings, confessing that I was wholly unacquainted with the topography of the upper mountains, the streams that would have to be crossed, the wild sheep-eating animals, etc., and in short that what with bears, coyotes, rivers, cañons, and thorny, bewildering chaparral, I feared that half or more of his flock would be lost. Fortunately these shortcomings seemed insignificant to Mr. Delaney. The main thing, he said, was to have a man about the camp whom he could trust to see that the shepherd did his duty; and he assured me that the difficulties that seemed so formidable at a distance would vanish as we went on; encouraging me further by saying that the shepherd would do

all the herding, that I could study plants and rocks and scenery as much as I liked, and that he would himself accompany us to the first main camp and make occasional visits to our higher ones to replenish our store of provisions and see how we prospered. Therefore I concluded to go, though still fearing when I saw the silly sheep bouncing one by one through the narrow gate of the home corral to be counted, that of the two thousand and fifty many would never return.

I was fortunate in getting a fine St. Bernard dog for a companion. His master, a hunter with whom I was slightly acquainted, came to me as soon as he heard that I was going to spend the summer in the Sierra, and begged me to take his favorite dog, Carlo, with me, for he feared that if compelled to stay all summer on the plains the fierce heat might be the death of him. 'I think I can trust you to be kind to him,' he said, 'and I am sure he will be good to you. He knows all about the mountain animals, will guard the camp, assist in managing the sheep, and in every way be found able and faithful.' Carlo knew we were talking about him, watched our faces, and listened so attentively that I fancied he understood us. Calling him by name, I asked him if he was willing to go with me. He looked me in the face with eyes expressing wonderful intelligence, then turned to his master, and after permission was given by a wave of the hand toward me and a farewell patting caress, he quietly followed me as if he perfectly understood all that had been said, and had known me always.

June 3, 1869. — This morning provisions, camp-kettles, blankets, plant-press, etc., were packed on two horses, the flock headed for the tawny foothills, and away we sauntered in a cloud of dust, Mr. Delaney, bony and tall, with

sharply-hacked profile like Don Quixote, leading the pack-horses, Billy, the proud shepherd, a Chinaman, and a Digger Indian to assist in driving for the first few days in the brushy foothills, and myself with notebook tied to my belt.

The home ranch from which we set out is on the south side of the Tuolumne River near French Bar, where the foothills of metamorphic gold-bearing slates dip below the stratified deposits of the Central Valley. We had not gone more than a mile before some of the old leaders of the flock showed by the eager inquiring way they ran and looked ahead that they were thinking of the high pastures they had enjoyed last summer. Soon the whole flock seemed to be hopefully excited, the mothers calling their lambs, the lambs replying in tones wonderfully human, their fondly quavering calls interrupted now and then by hastily snatched mouthfuls of withered grass. Amid all this seeming babel of ba-as as they streamed over the hills, every mother and child recognized each other's voice. In case a tired lamb half asleep in the smothering dust should fail to answer, its mother would come running back through the flock toward the spot whence its last response was heard, and refused to be comforted until she found it, the one of a thousand, though to our eyes and ears all seemed alike.

The flock traveled at the rate of about a mile an hour, outspread in the form of an irregular triangle about a hundred yards wide at the base, and a hundred and fifty yards long, with a crooked ever-changing point made up of the strongest foragers, called 'the leaders,' which with the most active of those scattered along the ragged sides of the 'main body' hastily explored nooks in the rocks and bushes for grass and leaves; the lambs and feeble old mothers dawdling in the rear were called the 'tail end.'

About noon the heat was hard to bear; the poor sheep panted pitifully, and tried to stop in the shade of every tree they came to, while we gazed with eager longing through the dim burning glare toward the snowy mountains and streams, though not one was in sight. The landscape is only wavering foothills, roughened here and there with bushes and trees and out-cropping masses of slate. The trees, mostly the blue oak (*Quercus Douglasii*), are about thirty to forty feet high, with pale blue-green leaves and white bark, sparsely planted on the thinnest soil or in crevices of rocks beyond the reach of grass fires. The slates in many places rise abruptly through the tawny grass in sharply lichen-covered slabs, like tombstones in deserted burying-grounds. With the exception of the oak and four or five species of manzanita and ceanothus, the vegetation of the foothills is mostly the same as that of the plains.

I saw this region in the early spring, when it was a charming landscape garden, full of birds and bees and flowers. Now the scorching weather makes everything dreary. The ground is full of cracks, lizards glide about on the rocks, and ants in amazing numbers, whose tiny sparks of life only burn the brighter with the heat, fairly quiver with unquenchable energy as they run in long lines to fight and gather food. How it comes that they do not dry to a crisp in a few seconds' exposure to such sun-fire is marvelous. A few rattlesnakes lie coiled in out-of-the-way places, but are seldom seen. Magpies and crows, usually so noisy, are silent now, standing in mixed flocks on the ground beneath the best shade trees, with bills wide open and wings drooped, too breathless to speak; the quails also are trying to keep in the shade about the few tepid alkaline water-holes; cottontail rabbits are running from shade to shade among the ceanothus brush, and

occasionally the long-eared hare is seen cantering gracefully across the wider openings.

After a short noon-rest in a grove, the poor dust-choked flock was again driven ahead over the brushy hills, but the dim roadway we had been following faded away just where it was most needed, compelling us to stop to look about us and get our bearings. The Chinaman seemed to think we were lost, and chattered in pigeon English concerning the abundance of 'litty stick' (chaparral), while the Indian silently scanned the billowy ridges and gulches for openings. Pushing through the thorny jungle, a road trending toward Coulterville was at length discovered, which we followed until an hour before sunset, when we reached a dry ranch and camped for the night.

Camping in the foothills with a flock of sheep is simple and easy, but far from pleasant. The sheep were allowed to pick what they could find in the neighborhood until after sunset, watched by the shepherd, while the others gathered wood, made a fire, cooked, unpacked, and fed the horses, etc. About dusk the weary sheep were gathered on the highest open spot near camp, where they willingly bunched close together, and after each mother had found her lamb and suckled it, all lay down and required no attention until morning.

Supper was announced by the call, 'Grub!' Each with a tin plate helped himself direct from the pots and pans while chatting about such camp studies as sheep-feed, mines, coyotes, bears, or adventures during the memorable gold days of pay-dirt. The Indian kept in the background, saying never a word, as if he belonged to another species. The meal finished, the dogs were fed, the smokers smoked by the fire, and under the influences of fullness and tobacco the calm that settled on their faces seemed almost divine, something

like the mellow meditative glow portrayed on the countenances of saints. Then suddenly, as if awakening from a dream, each with a sigh or grunt knocked the ashes out of his pipe, yawned, gazed at the fire a few moments, said, 'Well, I believe I'll turn in,' and straightway vanished beneath blankets. The fire smoldered and flickered an hour or two later; the stars shone brighter; coons, coyotes, and owls stirred the silence here and there, while crickets and hy-las made a cheerful continuous music so fitting and full that it seemed a part of the very body of the night. The only discord came from a snoring sleeper, and the coughing sheep with dust in their throats. In the starlight the flock looked like a big gray blanket.

June 4. — The camp was astir at daybreak; coffee, bacon, and beans formed the breakfast, followed by quick dish-washing and packing. A general bleating began about sunrise. As soon as a mother-ewe arose, her lamb came bounding and bunting for its breakfast, and after the thousand youngsters had been suckled the flock began to nibble and spread. The restless wethers with ravenous appetites were the first to move, but dared not go far from the main body. Billy and the Indian and Chinaman kept them headed along the weary road and allowed them to pick up what little they could find on a breadth of about a quarter of a mile. But as several flocks had already gone ahead of us, scarce a leaf, green or dry, was left; therefore the starving flock had to be hurried on over the bare hot hills to the nearest of the green pastures, about twenty or thirty miles from here.

The pack-animals were led by Don Quixote, a heavy rifle over his shoulder intended for bears and wolves. This day has been as hot and dusty as the first, leading over gently-sloping brown

hills, with mostly the same vegetation, excepting the strange-looking Sabine pine (*P. Sabiniana*) which here forms small groves or is scattered among the blue oaks. The trunk divides at a height of fifteen or twenty feet into two or more stems, outleaning or nearly upright, with many straggling branches and long gray needles, casting but little shade. In general appearance this tree looks more like a palm than a pine. The cones are about six or seven inches long, about five in diameter, very heavy, and last long after they fall, so that the ground beneath the trees is covered with them. They make fine resinous, light-giving camp-fires, next to ears of Indian corn the most beautiful fuel I've ever heard of. The nuts, the Don tells me, are gathered in large quantities by the Digger Indians for food. They are about as large and hard-shelled as hazel-nuts, — food and fire fit for the gods from the same fruit.

June 5. — This morning a few hours after setting out with the crawling sheep-cloud, we gained the summit of the first well-defined bench on the mountain flank at Pino Blanco. The Sabine pines interest me greatly. They are so airy and strangely palm-like I was eager to sketch them, and was in a fever of excitement without accomplishing much. I managed to halt long enough, however, to make a tolerably fair sketch of Pino Blanco peak from the southwest side, where there is a small field and vineyard irrigated by a stream that makes a pretty fall on its way down a gorge by the roadside.

After gaining the open summit of this first bench, feeling the natural exhilaration due to the slight elevation of a thousand feet or so, and the hopes excited concerning the outlook to be obtained, a magnificent section of the Merced Valley at what is called Horse-shoe Bend came full in sight — a glori-

ous wilderness that seemed to be calling with a thousand songful voices. Bold, down-sweeping slopes, feathered with pines and clumps of manzanita with sunny, open spaces between them, made up most of the foreground; the middle and background presented fold beyond fold of finely-modeled hills and ridges rising into mountain-like masses in the distance, all covered with a shaggy growth of chaparral, mostly *adenostena*, planted so marvelously close and even that it looked like soft rich plush without a single tree or bare spot. As far as the eye can reach it extends, a heaving, swelling sea of green as regular and continuous as that produced by the heaths of Scotland. The sculpture of the landscape is as striking in its main lines as in its lavish richness of detail; a grand congregation of massive heights with the river shining between, each carved into smooth graceful folds without leaving a single rocky angle exposed, as if the delicate fluting and ridging fashioned out of metamorphic slates had been carefully sand-papered.

The whole landscape showed design, like man's noblest sculptures. How wonderful the power of its beauty! Gazing awe-stricken I might have left everything for it. Glad endless work would then be mine tracing the forces that have brought forth its features, its rocks and plants and animals and glorious weather. Beauty beyond thought everywhere, beneath, above, made and being made forever. I gazed and gazed and longed and admired until the dusty sheep and packs were far out of sight, made hurried notes and a sketch, though there was no need of either, for the colors and lines and expression of this divine landscape-countenance are so burned into mind and heart they surely can never grow dim.

June 7. — The sheep were sick last night, and many of them are still far

from well, hardly able to leave camp, coughing, groaning, looking wretched and pitiful, all from eating the leaves of the blessed azalea. So at least say the shepherd and the Don. Having had but little grass since they left the plains, they are starving, and so eat anything green they can get. 'Sheep men' call azalea 'sheep-poison,' and wonder what the Creator was thinking about when he made it. So desperately does sheep business blind and degrade, though supposed to have a refining influence in the good old days we read of. The California sheep-owner is in haste to get rich, and often does, now that pasturage costs nothing, while the climate is so favorable that no winter food-supply, shelter-pens, or barns are required. Therefore large flocks may be kept at slight expense, and large profits realized, the money invested doubling, it is said, every other year. This quickly acquired wealth usually creates desire for more. Then indeed the wool is drawn close down over the poor fellows' eyes, dimming or shutting out almost everything worth seeing.

As for the shepherd, his case is still worse, especially in winter when he lives alone in a cabin. For, though stimulated at times by hopes of one day owning a flock and getting rich like his boss, he at the same time is likely to be degraded by the life he leads, and seldom reaches the dignity or advantage, or disadvantage, of ownership. The degradation in his case has for cause one not far to seek. He is solitary most of the year, and solitude to most people seems hard to bear. He seldom has much good mental work or recreation in the way of books. Coming into his dingy hovel-cabin at night, stupidly weary, he finds nothing to balance and level his life with the universe. No, after his dull drag all day after the sheep, he must get his supper; he is likely to slight this task and try to satisfy his

hunger with whatever comes handy. Perhaps no bread is baked; then he just makes a few grimy flapjacks in his unwashed frying-pan, boils a handful of tea, and perhaps fries a few strips of rusty bacon. Usually there are dried peaches or apples in the cabin, but he hates to be bothered with the cooking of them, just swallows the bacon and flapjacks, and depends on the genial stupefaction of tobacco for the rest. Then to bed, often without removing the clothing worn during the day. Of course his health suffers, reacting on his mind; and seeing nobody for weeks or months, he finally becomes semi-insane or wholly so.

The shepherd in Scotland seldom thinks of being anything but a shepherd. He has probably descended from a race of shepherds and inherited a love and aptitude for the business almost as marked as that of his collie. He has but a small flock to look after, sees his family and neighbors, has time for reading in fine weather, and often carries books to the fields with which he may converse with kings. The Oriental shepherd, we read, called his sheep by name, that they knew his voice and followed him. The flocks must have been small and easily managed, allowing piping on the hills and ample leisure for reading and thinking. But whatever the blessings of sheep-culture in other times and countries, the California shepherd, so far as I've seen or heard, is never quite sane for any considerable time. Of all Nature's voices ba-a is about all he hears. Even the howls and kiyis of coyotes might be blessings if well heard, but he hears them only through a blur of mutton and wool, and they do him no good.

The sick sheep are getting well, and the shepherd is discoursing on the various poisons lurking in these high pastures — azalea, kalmia, alkali. After crossing the North Fork of the

Merced we turned to the left toward Pilot Peak, and made a considerable ascent on a rocky brush-covered ridge to Brown's Flat, where for the first time since leaving the plains the flock is enjoying plenty of green grass. Mr. Delaney intends to seek a permanent camp somewhere in the neighborhood, to last several weeks.

Poison oak or poison ivy (*Rhus diversiloba*), both as a bush and a scrambler up trees and rocks, is common throughout the foothill region up to a height of at least three thousand feet above the sea. It is somewhat troublesome to most travelers, inflaming the skin and eyes, but blends harmoniously with its companion plants, and many a charming flower leans confidently upon it for protection and shade. I have oftentimes found the curious twining lily (*Stropholirion Californicum*) climbing its branches, showing no fear but rather congenial companionship. Sheep eat it without apparent ill effects; so do horses to some extent, though not fond of it, and to many persons it is harmless. Like most other things not apparently useful to man, it has few friends, and the blind question, 'Why was it made?' goes on and on with never a guess that first of all it might have been made for itself.

June 9. — How deep our sleep last night in the mountain's heart, beneath the trees and stars, hushed by solemn-sounding waterfalls and many small soothing voices in sweet accord whispering peace! And our first pure mountain day, — warm, calm, cloudless, — how immeasurable it seems, how serenely wild! I can scarcely remember its beginning. Along the river, over the hills, in the ground, in the sky, spring work is going on with joyful enthusiasm, new life, new beauty, unfolding, unrolling in glorious exuberant extravagance, — new birds in their

nests, new winged creatures in the air, and new leaves, new flowers spreading, shining, rejoicing everywhere.

The trees about the camp stand close, giving ample shade for ferns and lilies, while back from the riverbank most of the sunshine reaches the ground, calling up the grasses and flowers in glorious array, tall bromus waving like bamboos, starry compositæ, monardella, Mariposa tulips, lupines, gillias, violets, glad children of light. Soon every fern frond will be unrolled, great beds of common pteris and woodwardia along the river, wreaths and rosettes of pellæa and cheilanthes on sunny rocks. Some of the woodwardia fronds are already six feet high.

The sheep do not take kindly to their new pastures, perhaps from being too closely hemmed in by the hills. They are never fully at rest. Last night they were frightened, probably by bears or coyotes prowling and planning for a share of the grand mass of mutton.

June 12. — A slight sprinkle of rain, — large drops far apart, falling with hearty pat and splash on leaves and stones and into the mouths of the flowers. Cumuli rising to the eastward. How beautiful their pearly bosses! How well they harmonize with the upswelling rocks beneath them. Mountains of the sky, solid-looking, finely sculptured, their richly varied topography wonderfully defined by the sunshine pouring over them. Thunder rolling in rounded muffled tones like the clouds from which it comes. Never before have I seen clouds so substantial-looking in form and texture. Nearly every day toward noon they rise with visible swelling motion as if new worlds were being created. And how fondly they brood and hover over the gardens and forests with their cooling shadows and showers, keeping every petal and leaf in glad health and heart. One may

fancy the clouds themselves are plants, springing up in the sky-fields at the call of the sun, growing in beauty until they reach their prime, scattering rain and hail like berries and seeds, then wilting and dying.

June 13. Another glorious Sierra day in which one seems to be dissolved and absorbed and sent pulsing onward we know not where. Life seems neither long nor short, and we take no more heed to save time or make haste than do the trees and stars. This is true freedom, a good practical sort of immortality. Yonder rises another white skyland. How sharply the yellow pine spires and the palm-like crowns of the sugar pines are outlined in its smooth white domes. And hark! the grand thunder-billows booming, rolling from ridge to ridge, followed by the faithful shower.

A good many herbaceous plants come thus far up the mountains from the plains, and are now in flower, two months later than their lowland relatives. Saw a few columbines to-day. Most of the ferns are in their prime — rockferns on the sunny hillsides, cheilanthes, pellæa, gymnogramma; woodwardia, aspidium, woodsia along the stream-banks, and the common pteris aquilina on sandy flats. This last, however common, is here making shows of strong exuberant abounding beauty to set the botanist wild with admiration. I measured some scarce full grown that are more than seven feet high. Though the commonest and most widely distributed of all the ferns, I might almost say that I never saw it before. The broad-shouldered fronds held high on smooth stout stalks growing close together, overleaning and overlapping, make a complete ceiling, beneath which one may walk erect over several acres without being seen, as if beneath a roof. And how soft and lovely the light

streaming through this living ceiling, revealing the arching, branching ribs and veins of the fronds as the framework of countless panes of pale green and yellow plant-glass nicely fitted together — a fairyland created out of the commonest fern-stuff. The smaller animals wander about in it as if in a tropical forest. I saw the entire flock of sheep vanish at one side of a patch and reappear a hundred yards farther on at the other, their progress betrayed only by the jerking and trembling of the fronds; and strange to say very few of the stout woody stalks were broken.

I sat a long time beneath the tallest field, and never enjoyed anything in the way of a bower of wild leaves more strangely impressive. Only spread a fern-frond over a man's head, and worldly cares are cast out, and freedom and beauty and peace come in. The waving of a pine tree on the top of a mountain, — a magic wand in nature's hand, — every devout mountaineer knows its power, but the marvelous beauty-value of what the Scotch call a breckan in a still dell, what poet has sung this? It would seem impossible that any one, however incrustured with care, could escape the Godful influence of these sacred fern forests. Yet this very day I saw a shepherd pass through one of the finest of them without betraying more feeling than his sheep. 'What do you think of these grand ferns?' I asked. 'Oh, they're only d——d big brakes,' he replied.

Lizards of every temper, style, and color dwell here, seemingly as happy and companionable as the birds and squirrels. Lowly, gentle fellow mortals, enjoying God's sunshine, and doing the best they can in getting a living, I like to watch them at their work and play. They bear acquaintance well, and one likes them the better the longer one looks into their beautiful, innocent eyes. They are easily tamed, and one soon

learns to love them, as they dart about on the hot rocks, swift as dragon-flies. The eye can hardly follow them; but they never make long-sustained runs, usually only about ten or twelve feet, then a sudden stop, and as sudden a start again; going all their journeys by quick, jerking impulses. These many stops I find are necessary as rests, for they are short-winded, and when pursued steadily are soon out of breath, pant pitifully, and are easily caught.

Their bodies are more than half tail, but these tails are well managed, never heavily dragged nor curved up as if hard to carry; on the contrary, they seem to follow the body lightly of their own will. Some are colored like the sky, bright as bluebirds, others gray like the lichened rocks on which they hunt and bask. Even the horned toad of the plains is a mild, harmless creature, and so are the snake-like species which glide in curves with true snake motion, while their small undeveloped limbs drag as useless appendages. One specimen fourteen inches long which I observed closely made no use whatever of its tender sprouting limbs, but glided with all the soft, sly ease and grace of a snake. Here comes a little gray, dusty fellow who seems to know and trust me, running about my feet, and looking up cunningly into my face. Carlo is watching, makes a quick pounce on him, for the fun of the thing I suppose, but Liz. has shot away from his paws like an arrow, and is safe in the recesses of a clump of chaparral. Gentle saurians, dragons, descendants of an ancient and mighty race, Heaven bless you all and make your virtues known! for few of us yet know that scales may cover fellow creatures as gentle and lovable as do feathers, or hair, or cloth.

Mastodons and elephants used to live here no great geological time ago, as shown by their bones, often discovered by miners in washing gold-gravel. And

bears of at least two species are here now, besides the California lion or panther, and wild cats, wolves, foxes, snakes, scorpions, wasps, tarantulas; but one is almost tempted at times to regard a small savage black ant as the master-existence of this vast mountain world. These fearless, restless wandering imps, though only about a quarter of an inch long, are fonder of fighting and biting than any beast I know. They attack every living thing around their homes, often without cause so far as I can see. Their bodies are mostly jaws curved like ice-hooks, and to get work for these weapons seems to be their chief aim and pleasure. Most of their colonies are established in living oaks somewhat decayed or hollowed, in which they can conveniently build their cells. These are chosen probably on account of their strength as opposed to the attacks of animals and storms. They work both day and night, creep into dark caves, climb the highest trees, wander and hunt through cool ravines as well as on hot, unshaded ridges, and extend their highways and byways over everything but water and sky. From the foothills to a mile above the level of the sea nothing can stir without their knowledge; and alarms are spread in an incredibly short time, without any howl or cry that we can hear.

I can't understand the need of their ferocious courage; there seems to be no common sense in it. Sometimes no doubt they fight in defense of their homes, but they fight anywhere and always wherever they can find anything to bite. As soon as a vulnerable spot is discovered on man or beast they stand on their heads and sink their jaws, and though torn limb from limb they will yet hold on and die biting deeper. When I contemplate this fierce creature so widely distributed and strongly intrenched, I see that much

remains to be done ere the world is brought under the rule of universal peace and love.

On my way to camp a few minutes ago, I passed a dead pine nearly ten feet in diameter. It has been enveloped in fire from top to bottom so that now it looks like a grand black pillar set up as a monument. In this noble shaft a colony of large jet-black ants have established themselves, laboriously cutting tunnels and cells through the wood, whether sound or decayed. The entire trunk seems to have been honeycombed, judging by the size of the talus of gnawed chips like sawdust piled up around its base. They are more intelligent-looking than their small, belligerent, strong-scented brethren, and have better manners, though quick to fight when required. Their towns are carved in fallen trunks as well as in those left standing, but never in sound, living trees or in the ground.

When you happen to sit down to rest or take notes near a colony, some wandering hunter is sure to find you and come cautiously forward to discover the nature of the intruder and what ought to be done. If you are not too near the town and keep perfectly still he may run across your feet a few times, over your legs and hands and face, up your trousers, as if taking your measure and getting comprehensive views, then go in peace without raising an alarm. If however a tempting spot is offered or some suspicious movement excites him, a bite follows, and such a bite! I fancy that a bear- or wolf-bite is not to be compared with it. A quick electric flame of pain flashes along the outraged nerves, and you discover for the first time how great is the capacity for sensation you are possessed of. A shriek, a grab for the animal, and a bewildered stare follow this bite of bites as one comes back to consciousness from sudden eclipse. Fortunately, if

careful, one need not be bitten oftener than once or twice in a lifetime.

This wonderful electric ant is about three fourths of an inch long. Bears are fond of them, and tear and gnaw their home-logs to pieces, and roughly devour the eggs, larvæ, parent ants, and the rotten or sound wood of the cells, all in one spicy acid hash. The Digger Indians also are fond of the larvæ and even of the perfect ants, so I have been told by old mountaineers. They bite off and reject the head, and eat the tickly acid body with keen relish. Thus are the poor biters bitten, like every other biter, big or little, in the world's great family.

There is also a fine active intelligent-looking red species, intermediate in size between the above. They dwell in the ground, and build large piles of seed-husks, leaves, straw, etc., over their nests. Their food seems to be mostly insects and plant-leaves, seeds and sap. How many mouths nature has to fill, how many neighbors we have, how little we know about them, and how seldom we get in one another's way! Then to think of the infinite numbers of smaller fellow mortals, invisibly small, compared with which the smallest ants are as mastodons.

June 14. — The pool-basins below the falls and cascades hereabouts, formed by the heavy down-plunging currents, are kept nicely clean and clear of detritus. The heavier parts of the material swept over the falls is heaped up a short distance in front of the basins in the form of a dam, thus tending, together with erosion, to increase their size. Sudden changes, however, are effected during the spring floods, when the snow is melting and the upper tributaries are roaring loud from 'bank to brae.' Then boulders which have fallen into the channels, and which the ordinary summer and winter currents

were unable to move, are suddenly swept forward as by a mighty besom, hurled over the falls into these pools, and piled up in a new dam together with part of the old one, while some of the smaller boulders are carried farther down stream and variously lodged according to size and shape, all seeking rest where the force of the current is less than the resistance they are able to offer.

But the greatest changes made in these relations of fall, pool, and dam are caused, not by the ordinary spring floods, but by extraordinary ones that occur at irregular intervals. The testimony of trees growing on flood boulder-deposits shows that a century or more has passed since the last master-flood came to awaken everything movable to go swirling and dancing on wonderful journeys. These floods may occur during the summer, when heavy thunder-showers, called 'cloud-bursts,' fall on wide, steeply-inclined stream-basins furrowed by converging channels, which suddenly gather the waters together into the main trunk in booming torrents of enormous transporting power, though short-lived.

One of these ancient flood-boulders stands firm in the middle of the stream-channel, just below the lower edge of the pool-dam at the foot of the fall nearest our camp. It is a nearly cubical mass of granite about eight feet high, pushed with mosses over the top and down the sides to ordinary high-water mark. When I climbed on top of it to-day and lay down to rest, it seemed the most romantic spot I had yet found, — the one big stone with its mossy level top and smooth sides standing square and firm and solitary, like an altar, the fall in front of it bathing it lightly with the finest of the spray, just enough to keep its moss cover fresh; the clear green pool beneath, with its foam-bells and its half circle of lilies

leaning forward like a band of admirers, and flowering dogwood and alder trees leaning over all in sun-sifted arches. How soothingly, restfully cool it is beneath that leafy, translucent ceiling, and how delightful the water music — the deep bass tones of the fall, the clashing, ringing spray, and infinite variety of small low tones of the current gliding past the side of the boulder-island, and glinting against a thousand smaller stones down the ferny channel. All this shut in; every one of these influences acting at short range as if in a quiet room. The place seemed holy, where one might hope to see God.

After dark, when the camp was at rest, I groped my way back to the altar-boulder and passed the night on it, — above the water, beneath the leaves and stars, — everything still more impressive than by day, the fall seen dimly white, singing nature's old love-song with solemn enthusiasm, while the stars peering through the leaf-roof seemed to join in the white water's song. Precious night, precious day, to abide in me forever. Thanks be to God for this immortal gift.

June 16. — One of the Indians from Brown's Flat got right into the middle of the camp this morning, unobserved. I was seated on a stone, looking over my notes and sketches, and happening to look up, was startled to see him standing grim and silent within a few steps of me, as motionless and weather-stained as an old tree-stump that had stood there for centuries. All Indians seem to have learned this wonderful way of walking unseen, — making them-

selves invisible like certain spiders I have been observing here, which, in case of alarm, caused for example by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise, or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.

June 17. — Counted the wool bundles this morning as they bounced through the narrow corral gate. About three hundred are missing, and as the shepherd could not go to seek them, I had to go. I tied a crust of bread to my belt, and with Carlo set out for the upper slopes of the Pilot Peak ridge, and had a good day, notwithstanding the care of seeking the silly runaways. I went out for wool, and did not come back shorn. A peculiar light circled around the horizon, white and thin like that often seen over the auroral corona, blending into the blue of the upper sky. The only clouds were a few faint flossy pencilings like combed silk. I pushed direct to the boundary of the usual range of the flock, and around it until I found the outgoing trail of the wanderers. It led far up the ridge into an open place surrounded by a hedge-like growth of *ceanothus chaparral*.

(To be continued.)

THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE

BY E. P. RIPLEY

THERE is just one point about the present relations between the railroads and the people of the United States as to which all agree. This is that they are very unsatisfactory. Opinions differ as to why this is so. Many say that the roads themselves, by numerous sins of omission and commission, raised and have prolonged the storm of hostile public sentiment which has been sweeping over them for some years. The shortcomings and abuses in railway management, it is argued, have made necessary, for the protection of the public, strict and detailed public regulation; and railway owners and managers, it is asserted, have not met in the right spirit efforts to secure such regulation. Senator A. B. Cummins of Iowa expressed a widely-taken view when he said on August 17 in a letter to me, 'The trouble with the railway owners and railway managers is that, instead of loyally and finally accepting the supervising and regulating power of the government, and helping to make its exercise fair and effective, they resist every proposal to enlarge public authority, and resent every attempt to interfere with their management. The outcome is constant irritation and increasing turmoil.'

Railway managers do not deny that many mistakes have been made and many abuses have grown up in the development and administration of American railways. But they do deny the truth and fairness of many of the counts in the sweeping indictments of the roads that have been made and

printed throughout the country, and feel strongly that most of the public hostility to the carriers is unjust. They do not doubt that the public means to be fair. But they feel that it has allowed itself to be misled, to its own injury, by these wholesale charges of wrong-doing. They believe that some of the legislation that has been passed recently is wholesome. But they think that many laws that have been enacted, and many projects for further regulation which are receiving popular support, are unwise, because they aim to do things that are undesirable, or to secure ends the attainment of which would be impracticable even if it were desirable.

Railway transportation is one of our largest industries. It employs over a million and a half of men to whom have been paid over a billion dollars in wages in a single year. The concerns that make and deal in railway equipment and supplies, whose prosperity depends on that of the railways, employ perhaps as many more. Upon the amount their employers can pay these men depends the amount they can spend with the local merchant. Upon how much goods the local merchant can sell depends the quantity he can buy from the jobber. Upon how much the jobber can sell depends how much he can buy from the manufacturer. And upon how much the manufacturer can sell depends how much wages he can pay and how much raw materials he can purchase. Therefore, the prosperity of the entire country depends to a

very large degree on the prosperity of the transportation industry. I do not take the narrow view that this is true only of the transportation industry. But how much all classes will be affected by the condition of any industry depends on how large and important it is, and how extensive are its ramifications; and the prosperity of all depends so much on the condition of the transportation industry because it is the largest, the most important, and the most extensive in its ramifications, except agriculture.

The country has been feeling the effects for the last three years of an unhealthy condition of the railway business. If the railways had spent as much in proportion during this time for operation and additions and betterments as they did in 1907, their expenditures for these accounts would have been during this period about four hundred million dollars larger than they were. If there had been during the last three years as much new railway construction in proportion as there was in 1907, the mileage built would have been seventy-two hundred miles greater than it was, which would have involved an additional expenditure of approximately three hundred million dollars. Who can doubt that the fact that the railways during these years greatly curtailed their expenditures has been one of the main influences protracting the depression? In order to keep abreast of the growth of commerce they should have increased instead of reducing their expenditures.

That the relations of the railways and the people have not been put on a better basis has not been because there is any antagonism between their interests, but largely because the officers of the railways, on the one hand, and the leaders of public opinion, on the other, often have not approached the subject in the right spirit. It would be

a thankless and fruitless task to inquire who has been the more to blame; both sides have been at fault. The discussion of railway regulation has too often resolved itself into arguing over what rights are guaranteed to the railways, and what power over them is given to the people by the Federal Constitution. Now, it is very desirable that the relative constitutional rights of the public and the carriers should be clearly defined, thoroughly understood, and faithfully respected. But the people and the railways have a relation which is even more important than their constitutional relation. This is the relation indicated by the subject on which the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to write — their 'ethical relation.' An ethical relation involves reciprocal duties; and the constitutional rights of the railway and the constitutional power of the public do not mark the boundaries of their duties to each other. There are many things railways ought to do for the convenience and benefit of the public that they could not constitutionally be forced to do. And on the other hand, the criterion of the duty of the public as to adopting any proposed policy regarding the railways is, not merely whether it would be constitutional, but whether it would be just to the railways and for the good of the people. The proper relation between the railways and the people is that which, not merely temporarily, but in the long run, will best promote the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

The formulation of correct general principles is important. Their practical application to specific cases is more important, and also more difficult. The principle that the proper ethical relation between the railroads and the people is that which will, in the long run, best promote the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' is easy to

formulate; it will be universally accepted; but wide differences of opinion will arise as to its application. Yet it must be applied to practical affairs to be of any value.

The part of the railroad's business which has received the most discussion and regulation is its rates. Both the law and sound ethics require rates to be 'fair and reasonable': that is, equitable as between different commodities, shippers, and localities, and not exorbitant.

Two widely different theories have been advanced as those which ought to govern the making of rates. These theories may be denominated as, —

- (1) The value of the service.
- (2) The cost of the service.

The railroads themselves (and I think nearly all intelligent students of the question) advocate the former. There is little difference in the cost of transporting a car of automobiles and a car of sand, yet it is manifest that a rate which would be much less than fair for the automobiles would prohibit the movement of the sand; therefore, the rate on the sand, if moved at all, must be actually less than the *average* cost of moving all freight, while the rate on the automobiles must be very largely in excess of the average cost. A mere statement of this proposition should suffice to prove it. There is one point regarding this matter that many forget: this is that in all affairs there are two kinds of discrimination. There is the kind which, as the dictionary expresses it, 'sets apart as being different,' which 'distinguishes accurately,' and there is the widely different kind which 'treats unequally.' In all ordinary affairs of life we condemn as 'undiscriminating' those who have so little judgment or fairness as not to 'distinguish accurately' or 'set apart things that are different' — who either treat equally things that are unequal,

or treat unequally things that are equal. Now, when the railway traffic-manager 'sets apart things that are different,' and treats them differently, he simply does what it is the duty of every one to do.

This shows what is meant by basing rates on the 'value of the service' — on 'what the traffic will bear.' This method of making rates has been widely and vigorously denounced; but, when properly carried out, it is merely the 'setting apart of things which are different' in a way that is highly beneficial. The free movement of all commodities promotes the 'greatest good of the greatest number'; and as the adjustment of the rates on the various commodities roughly in proportion to the value of the services rendered in hauling them is an imperative condition to the free circulation of the cheaper and bulkier commodities, in so adjusting its rates the railway simply does its public duty. At all events, this policy has built up the business of the country to its present proportions.

Many, while conceding that the rates on different commodities must be adjusted according to the value of the service, contend that the rates for different hauls of the same commodity should be based on cost, or on distance, which is a rough measure of cost. Railroad men do not believe that rates ought always to increase *in proportion* to distance. They believe that here again we should 'set apart things that are different.' All statesmen and economists agree that free industrial and commercial competition promotes the public welfare. Now, the policy of American railways in generally making their rates lower in proportion for long than for short distances — in basing them on the value rather than the cost of service — has enabled producers throughout a large territory to compete in every market, and consum-

ers to get commodities from every point of production in that territory; and has therefore, I believe, been of great benefit to the public.

Many persons who concede that distance must, to a considerable extent, be disregarded, argue that at least there can be no excuse for so far ignoring it as to charge a higher rate for a shorter than for a longer haul over the same line. But this, again, is often merely 'setting apart things that are different.' When a railway makes a lower rate for a longer than for a shorter haul, it is usually because it meets controlling competition either by water or by rail at the more distant point, which it does not meet at the nearer point. It could no more afford to make rates proportionately as low to the intermediate as to the more distant point than it could afford to make as low rates on all commodities as it makes on sand. If it quit meeting the competition at the more distant point, the shipper at the nearer point would not be benefited, because he would still have to pay the same rates as before, while the shipper at the more distant point would still be able to get his goods by the competing rail or water line at the same rate as before. The railway which had withdrawn from competing would be injured, because it would no longer get any of the competitive traffic; and shippers and consumers at the more distant point would be injured, because they would no longer enjoy the benefit of its competition with the other lines serving them.

This shows that the 'greatest good of the greatest number' is often best promoted by almost entire disregard of distance in rate-making.

No doubt many will say that theoretically the value-of-the-service principle is right, but that many mistakes have been made and many abuses have developed in its application. This is

quite true; there have been many discriminations which have consisted in 'treating unequally,' and for them the railways deserve condemnation. But unfair discriminations in rates afford the best illustration of the fact that, in order that the railway may do its full duty to the public, the public must do its duty to the railway. Secret rebating has been practically extirpated. For the fact that it and other forms of unfair railroad discrimination continued so long, and that some still exist, the public is much to blame. Since the original Interstate Commerce Act was passed, there has not been a time when our laws regulating railways have not been so inconsistent and conflicting that railway men could not obey one part of them without violating another part. The best parts of the Interstate Commerce Act are those prohibiting unfair discrimination. The big shippers and large centres of industry and commerce control a great deal of traffic. By withholding their business from roads which will not give them unfair concessions, and giving it to those which will, they have got many unfair advantages. In compliance with the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, and in the performance of their duty to the public, the railways ought to abolish these unfair discriminations. But to do so, all competing railways must act in concert regarding rates; and under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law such a perfectly reasonable and salutary combination by the railways has been held to be an illegal conspiracy! In other words, existing laws forbid the railways to discriminate unfairly, and then make it criminal conspiracy for them to take the only action that will effectually prevent unfair discrimination.

It may be said that, as the Interstate Commission now has authority to reduce any rate, and to prevent any ad-

vance in rates that it finds unreasonable, it is unnecessary for the railways to be allowed to act together to stop or to prevent unfair discrimination; that the Commission can do this. But unfair discrimination consists in the fixing of unfair relations between two or more rates, and may be due either to the fact that one rate is too high or that some related rate is too low. Therefore, anybody, in order in all cases fairly to correct discriminations, must be able either to reduce a rate that is too high or raise a rate that is too low. But the law confers on the Commission only authority to reduce rates and prevent advances.

The public very properly requires the railways to give it and all its patrons a 'square deal.' Have not the railways an equal right to demand a square deal from the public? And can they be said to be getting it as long as the laws are such that they cannot obey part of them without incurring the danger of punishment for violating another part of them? The Interstate Commerce Law and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law should be so modified as to permit railways to enter into reasonable agreements regarding rates. This is allowed in every other leading country in the world. The Interstate Commerce Act should be further amended so as to authorize the Commission, when it finds a certain adjustment of rates unfairly discriminatory, to correct it by ordering either advances in the lower or reductions in the higher rates, according to which may be most fair.

For the last two or three years the public has been giving less attention than formerly to unfair discrimination, and more to the question of the absolute amount of the rates that ought to be allowed to be charged. As has already been said, it is the duty of the railway not only to make its rates fair as

between different commodities, shippers, and communities, but also to make them reasonable — that is, not excessive. I believe the railways of the United States have fully discharged that duty. Traffic cannot grow rapidly on excessive rates; and industry and commerce cannot thrive on them. But traffic and industry and commerce have increased in an unprecedented and unparalleled degree on the rates made by American railways.

If further evidence be desired that the rates of the railways of the United States have been reasonable, it can be found in a comparison of them with those of the railways of other countries. Such comparisons are deceptive unless account be taken of the differences between transportation and industrial conditions here and abroad; but, making generous allowance for all these differences, it is conceded by every competent economist who has ever investigated the subject that the rates of our railways are the lowest in the world.

A railway, however, has not discharged its full public duty even when it has made its rates both fair and low. It is also its duty to treat its employees well, and to give good service to the public. That the railways of the United States, while keeping their rates low, have done well by their employees, is amply demonstrated by the statistics regarding the wages paid them. While railway rates have remained almost stationary, railway wages have been increased during the past ten years about twenty-three per cent; and railway employees are to-day — as, in fact, they have been for years — the highest-paid workingmen in this or any other country. It is the duty of railways, not only to treat their employees well, but, whenever at all possible, to reach settlements of disputed points with them in an amicable way. This duty was not fully appreciated in

past years, and the consequence was strikes and lockouts which caused enormous trouble and loss to the public. It is a duty which has been fully appreciated and performed in later years, and, in consequence, there has been no very serious interruption to commerce, due to railway strikes, for a long time.

As to railway service in general in the United States, it has many shortcomings; but the managements of the roads are constantly striving to make it better; and the great improvements that have been made in it in recent years ought to be sufficient evidence that they will in course of time make it as good as any one can reasonably ask, if they are allowed to charge rates that are reasonably proportionate to the value of the services they render for them.

There are many persons, however, who think that the reasonableness of rates should be measured by some other standard than the value of the services rendered for them. They contend that all a railway is entitled to is a 'fair return' on the fair value of its property; that a fair return is the current rate of interest; and that if it is earning, or in future shall earn, more than this, then its rates should be reduced. Is that an equitable proposition? It is true that the railway's service is public and it is therefore subject to regulation; but its ownership is private. When private capitalists built our railways they did so with the understanding that if they gave good service at fair and reasonable rates their duty to the public would be discharged; and that, in return, the public would no more limit the *profits* they derived from their business than it would limit the profits derived by investors from any other business. The railways have in the main carried out their part of the bargain. Now, obviously, the proposi-

tion so to regulate rates as to limit the earnings of railways to a 'fair return' is a proposition, not merely to require their *rates* to be reasonable, but to limit their *profits* in a way that profits in no other business ever have been limited in any other commercial undertakings in any country on earth.

It is sometimes said that the fact that railways exercise the power of eminent domain gives the public a special right narrowly to limit their profits. But the power of eminent domain can be exercised only for the public benefit; railways are allowed to exercise it only because otherwise they could not be built at all, and because their construction and operation is of benefit to the public. On what theory of equity can the exercise by the railroad of a power which is conferred on it, and which it exercises for the public good, be turned into an argument for so regulating it as to make it less profitable than concerns which do not serve a public use, but merely serve a private purpose?

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of so regulating rates as to limit each railway to a 'fair return' is that railways differ as widely as individual men. Some roads are favorably, others unfavorably located. Some managements have great, and others only moderate foresight and ability, and others almost none. To limit the profits of the favorably located and well-managed railways to the current rate of interest would deprive them of the rewards of, and the incentive to, good management. As rates on all competing roads must be the same, it would prevent weaker roads from earning any return, and bankrupt them. How is it possible that any one can believe that such a policy would be just either to the strong or to the weak roads?

If one formed his opinion solely by following the discussions of railway

rates, he would conclude that all the public wants is low rates, and that it is willing that the railways should reduce the quality of their service indefinitely if this be accompanied by proportionate reductions in rates. But this is far from the case. Railway men are beset constantly by demands for reductions and opposition to advances in rates. But they are beset just as constantly by demands for improvements in service. The public cannot both eat its cake and have it. It cannot at the same time get, and ought not to ask, both lower rates and more expensive and better service. Which of the public's demands, then, ought the railways, with the coöperation of the regulating authorities, chiefly to seek to meet?

It seems to me that they ought mainly, at least for some years to come, to try to meet the public's demand for better service. For railway rates in this country are the lowest in the world. In some respects, railway service here is the best and most efficient; but every one knows that there are many improvements in service which ought to be made in the interest of the public safety, convenience, and economic welfare.

The statistics of accidents on American railways are only too familiar. I need not repeat here the harrowing details to show the need of making our transportation safer. About eighty per cent of railway accidents are caused by mistakes, or reckless violations of the rules of the companies by employees; but a great many are due to defects and shortcomings of the physical plants of the railways. The total number of miles of railway in the United States on June 30, 1909, was 236,869. Block-signals are very useful in preventing accidents, even on roads where traffic is comparatively light, and are absolutely requisite to safe operation

where it is heavy. Yet a report of the Block-Signal and Train-Control Board of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that on January 1, 1910, the mileage operated by block-signals was but 65,758 miles, or only twenty-seven per cent of the total, and that of this only 14,237 miles were operated by automatic blocks. In the interest of public safety there should be a very great increase in the mileage of block-signals.

In order to make their service safe, many roads will have to do an amount of work for the strengthening of their tracks which will amount practically to reconstruction of large parts of them, or, in the cases of not a few roads, of all of them. In the course of time all grade-crossings between railways, and between railways and highways, ought to be eliminated. Many other costly improvements ought to be made to render transportation safe; and the roads are not only willing, but anxious to make them as fast as their financial resources will permit, and also to submit to and comply with all reasonable legislation intended to promote safety. It is significant that while the railways have contested in the courts a great deal of legislation regarding rates, they have never tested the validity of the original federal safety-appliances acts, although their constitutionality has always been doubtful, but have faithfully complied with them; and that at great expense, they are now pursuing the same policy in reference to the new safety-appliance act passed by Congress in 1910. Railway managers are just as anxious to make their service safe, both for their employees and for passengers, as the public is to have them do so. The main difference between them and those who criticise them is that the railway managers appreciate more keenly the expense that must be incurred, and the difficulties

that must be overcome, in making transportation safe.

Every railway manager in the country has in his files scores of petitions for the construction of new passenger stations. These vary in importance and amounts of money involved from the request of villages that their little wooden depots be replaced by larger and more pretentious brick ones, to the demands of cities, such as Kansas City, Washington, Chicago, and New York, for new passenger terminals and stations costing from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000 each. In many cases the roads are asked to build, not only handsome and expensive stations, but to surround them with beautiful parks. The railways at Kansas City, as one of the conditions of the passage by the city of an ordinance authorizing them to build a new union station, are giving the public a park adjacent to it costing \$500,000. The appearance of the railway station and grounds considerably influences the opinions visitors form of a town or city, and it is perfectly natural that the people should desire them to be commodious and beautiful. The public constantly grows more exacting in its demands for comfort, and even luxury, on passenger trains, and for their strict adherence to their schedules, so that the traveler can tell with unvarying accuracy at what time he will reach his destination.

Shippers constantly ask more and faster freight service. There has been during the last several years a great deal of complaint because the roads have been unable in the busiest parts of the year to handle promptly all of the freight traffic that has been offered them. In order that they may become able to do this they must build numerous extensions and branches, and many miles of second, third, and fourth track. The railways of the United States today are practically a single-track sys-

tem: of the 236,869 miles of line, only 21,000 miles are double-tracked. The roads must also greatly enlarge their terminal facilities and provide hundreds of thousands of new cars and locomotives.

The roads ought to make all these great improvements. But it is perfectly evident that if they are to be made, they must be paid for; and that if they are to be paid for, the public has a part to perform — that of letting the roads earn whatever is necessary to make it practicable to pay for them. Now, while some improvements increase the earning capacity of a railway, others do not. For example, from the \$500,000 the roads are spending on a park at Kansas City they will never derive a dollar of return. They are spending two or three million dollars on the union depot at Kansas City. A station which would serve adequately all purely transportation purposes could be built for \$200,000. On the difference between these amounts the roads will receive no return. Similar comment might be made on all large passenger stations. They are built for the benefit of the public, not for the profit of the railroads. Elevation of tracks and separation of grades increase to some extent the efficiency of railway operation, but the amount by which they reduce operating expenses is far less than the interest on their cost. The amounts by which the enlargements of terminal facilities in big cities, which must be made if the growing traffic is to be properly handled, will increase net earnings, will in many cases be less than the interest on their cost.

Improvements which increase earning capacity ought to be capitalized because they afford the means for paying interest and dividends. But suppose the total investment of \$2,000,000 in a passenger station be capitalized. In twenty-five years the interest on

the investment at four per cent will have equaled the original cost. At the rate this country grows, the station may then be so obsolescent that it must be replaced by another station, costing perhaps \$6,000,000. If this station also be capitalized, the road will thereafter have to pay interest on the \$8,000,000 it has spent on the two stations, although it will have but one station.

Now, if a railway is allowed to earn nothing over a 'fair return,' it will have no earnings to invest in improvements; in that event it will have to make from capital improvements that do not increase earning capacity; and that would result in a rapid and heavy increase of capitalization. Would that be fair to posterity? That the English roads have piled up a capitalization of \$314,000 a mile is very largely because they have paid for all improvements and betterments out of capital whether they increased earning capacity or not. Unable to raise their rates high enough to earn a return on this enormous capitalization without imposing an intolerable burden on commerce, they are now threatened with general insolvency. This is the situation American railways would be facing in a comparatively few years if the policy of narrowly limiting their net earnings, and thus forcing them to make all improvements from capital, were adopted.

If the public can and shall regulate railway profits, it should adopt the policy of letting the railways, or at least the better-managed ones, earn as much to be spent on improvements as they pay out in dividends on a reasonable stock capitalization. If, for example, a road is paying seven per cent on its stock, it ought to be allowed to earn an equal additional amount with which to make improvements. This policy, which is the one followed by well-man-

aged industrial corporations, would both allow the better-managed roads to enjoy the benefits of their good management, and protect the weaker roads from reductions in rates which would bankrupt them. It would also strengthen railway credit. That the railway exercises the right of eminent domain, is held to give the public a special power to regulate it; but when it goes into the money market to raise capital, the power of eminent domain gives it no better credit than that possessed by an industrial corporation. If it is barely able to earn its dividends, the investor will know that if bad times come it will become unable to meet its obligations to its bond- and stock-holders, and he will not invest in its securities except at a discount proportionate to the risk taken. Therefore it is necessary for the railway in good times to earn more than its interest and reasonable dividends, not only that it may have surplus earnings to invest in improvements that will not increase its earning capacity, but also that it may be able to get on reasonable terms the capital necessary to make extensions and improvements which will increase its earning capacity.

It may be replied that if the railways are allowed to earn large profits in order to have earnings to invest in improvements, they will subsequently capitalize all such investments, and then seek to make the public pay a return on them, and that, to prevent this, the public should regulate their issuance of securities. The past history of our railways, which is the only thing we can judge by, is against this theory. Some railways have capitalized earnings invested in the properties, but many have not. The amount of invested earnings that has not been capitalized greatly exceeds the amount that has been. And it is due largely to this that American railways are now the most

conservatively capitalized railways in the world. This statement will be received with incredulity by most people. The public has lent an all too willing ear to the oft-repeated misstatement that our railways are over-capitalized. It is true that some of them are, but who can believe that they are as a whole after reading the following figures regarding the capitalization per mile of the railways of our own and other countries: United States, \$59,259; Argentina, \$59,930; New South Wales, \$63,999; Canada, \$66,752; Switzerland, \$109,000; Germany, \$109,788; France, \$139,290; United Kingdom, \$275,040; England alone, \$314,000?

If the public, in order to enable the roads to make needed improvements in their facilities, shall permit them to earn more than enough to pay substantial dividends, the roads, no doubt, will be under a moral obligation properly to invest the surplus earnings in the properties and to abstain from capitalizing them. It has been proposed to subject the issuance of railway securities to regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission; and undoubtedly, if the roads did not deal fairly with the public in regard to this matter, this would strongly reinforce the argument for such regulation.

There are many other points regarding the relations of the railways and the people on which I should like to touch if space permitted. The one point, however, that I am most anxious to drive home is the one that comes out most prominently in the intelligent discussion of every phase of the railway question — namely, that the duties of the railways and the people, whether in regard to rates, or service, or capitalization, or any other feature of railway policy, are equal and reciprocal. This must always be true while the service of the railways is public and their ownership is private. The

public, on the one hand, and the private owners of the railways, on the other hand, have exactly equal rights to demand that each shall give the other a 'square deal.' When either asks much, it must, for equitable as well as economic and legal reasons, be prepared and willing to give much in return.

Up to a comparatively few years ago, the public probably did its duty by the railways better than the railways did their duty by the public. Broadly speaking, the management of our railways was good; but some deplorable abuses characterized railway management. The public was amply justified in growing incensed at these conditions, and taking vigorous measures to remedy them. But the course the public actually has adopted has not been fair to the railways, or to itself. It has not been content merely to pass and enforce laws for the suppression of the real evils in railway management. It allowed itself to be hurried into a fit of passion against the roads; and this has been succeeded by a prejudiced mental attitude toward them. The result has been that it has given willing ear to innumerable glaring misrepresentations of them, and has passed numerous laws which are extremely unjust and injurious.

Take, for example, its attitude toward secret rebating. This was the most pervading and pernicious abuse that ever developed in the railway business in this country, and the public was justified in adopting measures for its suppression. But the public has been unfair in that it has habitually refused to give due weight to the fact that no rebate was ever given which was not received by some one; and that the recipients were just as guilty as the givers; or to the further fact that the railways tried repeatedly to stop rebating, and did more than any one else to get passed the Elkins Act of 1903,

which did more to suppress that evil practice than any other piece of legislation.

Again, the railways have been bitterly denounced by the press, public men, and the people, for having at times used corrupt means to prevent the passage of laws which their managers thought would hurt them. The use of such means was ethically indefensible; but the people were largely to blame for it. The people elected corrupt men to the legislatures who introduced measures whose passage would have been injurious to the roads, and the purpose of whose introduction was to blackmail them. No doubt the roads should have submitted to the passage of these unfair measures instead of submitting to being blackmailed. But can the people who elected these men to office fairly lay all the blame on the railways for the corrupt bargains which their chosen representatives struck with the representatives of the railways? The railways all over the country are now trying very hard to avoid entirely the use of improper measures to influence legislation. They have a right to ask that the public shall meet them halfway in this matter. But the blackmailing law-maker still regularly turns up in many of our city councils and state legislatures.

Once more, some newspapers and public men have purveyed for public consumption, and the public has accepted, the most tropical misrepresentations of railway capitalization. For example, certain public men have repeatedly asserted that the railways of this country are overcapitalized to the extent of \$8,000,000,000. Now, there is not one scintilla of evidence to support that statement. Every fair valuation of railways which has been made by commission or court has shown that most of the railways valued were capitalized for less than it would cost to

reproduce their physical properties. Only a short time ago I saw the statement in the Washington correspondence of one of our leading newspapers that our railways are capitalized for an average of \$235,000 a mile. The writer of that statement, and the readers of it, could have found by investigation that there is not a single railway in this country capitalized for as much as the amount stated, and that the average capitalization of our railways, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, was, on June 30, 1909, as already stated, but \$59,259 per mile. But the public has not investigated misstatements such as this, which are quite worthy of Baron Munchausen. It has accepted them as the true gospel, and it is mainly owing to this that there is to-day in progress a widespread agitation for a physical valuation of railways which is being conducted on the utterly erroneous theory that the railways are charging excessive rates to pay a return on excessive capitalization, and that for the protection of the public their value must be ascertained and used in future as a basis for the regulation of rates.

Meanwhile, the attitude of the railway managements has been changing. The duty of the railways to the public is now more clearly recognized by their managers, more frankly conceded, and more fully and faithfully performed, than it ever was before. In consequence of these changes, I believe that it can truthfully be said that, whereas up to a few years ago the public did its duty to the railways better than the railways did theirs to the public, the reverse is now the fact; and that the railways have a right to complain that they are now doing their duty to the public much better than the public is doing its duty to them.

To remedy the present unsatisfactory condition it is needful, on the one

hand, that railway managers as a class shall clearly see and frankly concede that they are quasi-public servants, owing a different and a higher duty to the public than almost any other business men, and act accordingly. They must also recognize that their duty does not consist merely in making reasonable rates, giving good service, and honestly managing the properties entrusted to their care for the benefit both of the owners and the public, for the public has a right to interest itself in all the various questions about railway policy that arise; many of these questions are very complicated; and it is a duty of railway men, which usually has been rather poorly done, to discuss these questions with the public fully and candidly, that the public may know the imperative practical conditions which require the railway business to be managed on much the same commercial principles as other businesses, and why it is to the interest of the public that it shall be so conducted.

On the other hand, it is the duty of the public to disabuse its mind of much of the misinformation and prejudice about railways with which it has been filled by the anti-railway agitation of the last five or six years. As it is the

duty of railway managers to remember and to act always in accordance with the fact that the railway is a public service corporation, so it is the correlative duty of the public always to remember and act in accordance with the fact that the railway's ownership is private; that the private persons who own it have the same right to demand protection in the enjoyment of their property rights as the owners of any other private property; and that unjust attacks on their rights of property are just as immoral as attacks on the property rights of the manufacturer, the merchant, or the farmer, and will, in the long run, react just as disastrously on the welfare of the country. The people can make the ownership as well as the service of our railways public if they wish to; and as long as they do not do so they cannot fairly treat them as if they were public property.

It is perfectly feasible to establish proper ethical relations between the railway and the people; but I know of no way in which this can be done except by following substantially that noble rule, whose influence is all too seldom felt in modern politics and business, of each doing by the other as he would be done by.

SOCIALISM AND HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

THE history of achievement in the United States contains many of the characteristics of a Midsummer Night's Dream. For the first time in the annals of nations, democracy has had full swing, and has said to a whole people, 'Come now, let us see what you will do with this word Liberty.'

So the people have gone out into the woods, as it were, with no let or hindrance but their own passions and their own powers. Time-honored social and political standards have been abandoned. Whatever plans they possessed were indefinite and governed by circumstances. Consequently, to begin with, there have been many strange and unexpected results, the contemplation of which gave the world abroad much complacent amusement. In this way, for generations, the worn-out civilization of the past has continued to titter and to point the finger of derision at the fantastical struggles of the new order of things, and to reiterate the warning, 'I told you so.'

In many directions there appear to be numerous glaring reasons for this attitude. For the story of the early struggles of this youthful democracy contains the strangest conglomeration of social happenings that has ever been witnessed on any human stage. These happenings were by no means forced or artificial, but absolutely human, and springing from the blood and the soil. Such a mixture of excellencies and crudities, of heroism

and social escapades, had never before called itself a system of government, and kept on battling, in a seemingly haphazard way, for the existence and supremacy of a principle. Applied to a whole continent, to states with divers and conflicting interests, to social and industrial problems all the way down to the regulation of individual conduct and the ideals of a community, the principle on trial was the idea that the freest self-government of the parts produces the strongest self-government of the whole. The comments of historians, philosophers, and travelers who have watched the development of this principle are all set to one key.

'The sword of Damocles,' they affirm, 'hangs over you and your country. Your social and political conceptions are impossible of attainment. Every lesson and precedent of the past is against you. For one thing, the discomforts of life in your country are simply unbearable. Meanwhile, you have an entire continent to bring under subjection. You have roads to construct, forests to clear, rivers to span, churches and schools to build, politics to purify, and a continuous and countless stream of incoming foreigners to provide for and assimilate. Then again you have no leisure class, consequently as a people you have little refinement or delicacy. To crown all, your voices are harsh, your manners boorish, and your self-conceit absurd.'

The above is not a fanciful estimate of outside opinion. Well-nigh word for word for nearly one hundred years it

has been the uniform tale of historians, travelers, and critics, who have made it their business to comment on the nature and prospects of American democracy. Democracy, however, accepted the situation, with all its inconsistencies and prophesied terrors. It had no excuses or explanations to make, no finely-drawn theories to submit to the public opinion of the world, no time, in fact, to bother about anything but the work in hand. It simply believed in the democratic ship; and this ship was an instinct, and not a plan. Monarchy and Socialism are plans. Democracy, on the other hand, is at bottom the science of growth, of well-regulated freedom, and of the making of men. In those early days, this planless democracy, with no scheme for the debasement and dethronement of the individual, received but scant sympathy from other nations. With the odds against her in this way, she narrowed the justification for her existence to one main issue. She simply said to the rest of the world, 'Watch us grow.'

This growth has been phenomenal and all-embracing. From the beginning until to-day it has been the work of an enchanter, and this social wizard is the Democratic Institution. In the United States the democratic idea has now been in full swing for generations, and in every honest aspect and detail it has been in the main continuously successful. The wilderness has been reclaimed, railroads have been constructed, rivers have been spanned, cities have been tunneled, the seas are covered with ships, the people have been educated, and everywhere industry flourishes and expands.

This industrial expansion is now a game of millions and billions. During the past twenty-five years one hundred thousand miles of new railroads have been built, requiring an expenditure

each year of not less than two hundred million dollars for labor and material. We are both producers and consumers. While our population is only a little over five per cent of the population of the world, we produce twenty per cent of the wheat, forty per cent of the iron and steel, fifty-five per cent of the copper, seventy per cent of the cotton, and eighty per cent of the corn of the world.

Furthermore, with inconceivable rapidity, machinery has taken the place of human toil, and incidentally millions of slaves have been set free. The same triumphant progress has unvaryingly characterized every phase of human endeavor on the American continent. Civil and religious liberty is a natural condition as well as an attitude of mind. The story of agriculture, of manufacturing, of mining, of the arts and sciences, demonstrates the unbroken progress and uplift of the whole people. Finally, the health and well-being of the toiling masses have become, with constantly increasing earnestness of endeavor, the individual and collective purpose of the nation. And above all, the democratic idea, through good and evil report, has encouraged the personal work and character of the individual citizen. It has always believed that competition which encourages merit and skill should remain paramount. It has always gloried in this personal competitive type as the ideal and preserver of democratic traditions.

This type is purely and simply the workingman. It includes the man at the forge, the man at the desk, the man in the study, and the man on the railroad. These workers are to be counted by the tens of thousands in every industry and in every field of endeavor. The big railroad worker, for example, is but a drop in the bucket; but let us hear what one of these modern Titans of industry has to say for himself:—

'I believe every man who works is entitled to be classed as a workingman, and I am still working as I have worked in the different departments of railroading. My first railroad work was on a section; from there to the traffic and operating departments, until I reached my work of construction. Within the past twelve years I have planned and carried out the construction of more than five thousand miles of railroad. I am proud of this work. The railroads I have built are now employing thirty thousand men, and with these employees and their families, these railroads are now supporting over one hundred thousand souls. I wish I could continue to build roads in sections where they are needed, furnishing employment to deserving men, support of families and means of education for their children.'

In its own sphere there is ethical and economic grandeur in this American ideal of a workingman. In spite of faults and backslidings, all the best strains of the democratic instinct are stowed away, as it were, in this intelligent and stalwart representative. Let no one imagine that he is simply a creation of the times, or an occasional product. He is rather the hammered-out result of at least two centuries of social and industrial battle. This ethical and economic frame of mind, this attitude of skill and capital toward society in general and the toilers in particular, is the result of the pounding of public opinion on the business and social conceptions of the community. This railroad workingman is the coming type of the captain of American industry. Pushed forward by his own abilities and by public opinion, he is now crowding to the front in every trade and calling. He is the justification of things as they are, and as they are unceasingly tending to become.

This glorious record of the achieve-

ment of democracy has its lesson for the present generation. Some time ago, in addressing the workmen of Chicago, ex-President Roosevelt partially described the function and opportunity of the individual in American life in these words: —

'We can build up the standard of individual citizenship and individual well-being and make it what it can and shall be, only by each one of us bearing in mind that there can be no substitute for the world-old, humdrum, commonplace qualities of truth, justice and courage, thrift, industry, common sense and genuine sympathy with others.'

He might have added that any social proposition or system of government that threatens in any way to interfere with the *private ownership*, control, and management of these faculties, threatens at the same time the whole fabric of democracy; and the quickest way to bring about this confusion of interests and ideals is by means of the *public ownership* and direction of the jobs, the homes, and the business of the people which depend upon the free play of these personal faculties for their inspiration and success. For it must be remembered that this is a country whose every chapter of growth, progress, and prosperity is an unbroken narrative of the individual effort of its citizens. The absolute negation, therefore, of the democratic idea of government and the achievement behind it, is contained, as it seems to the writer, in the doctrine of Socialism. This conclusion has been arrived at from a consideration of the subject from a definite and, as the writer thinks, from a neglected point of view, which must at once be focused and explained.

Briefly stated, then, most discussion concerning Socialism is based on a tacit acknowledgment that our individualist civilization is a failure. This assumption is based on ignorance and

blindness. Facts and tendencies point the other way. All serious discussion should be based on the value of actual civilization, not on the relative merits of possible panaceas. Progressive, healthy, and persistent improvement are cogent reasons for faith in existing institutions, faith which should not be upset by any criticism of conditions, however distressing, especially when it can be shown that the trend of the very worst of these conditions is continuously upward.

But to be passively or theoretically conscious of the democratic idea in government is one thing; to be actively helpful and assertive of its merits is another. Just at present the public mind is so preoccupied with a multitude of material undertakings that it is becoming somewhat forgetful of the meaning and social value of its democratic heritage.

In the following pages the writer endeavors to illustrate these facts in relation to certain well-known theories of Socialism. It is a stock observation with many prominent Socialists that if an inhabitant from some other sphere should pay a visit to this planet of ours, he would be inexpressibly shocked at the unjust and ridiculous nature of our civilization. In the opinion of the writer, however, the surprise of a properly informed and intelligent visitor would be tuned to a totally different key. Bearing in mind the road traveled, the obstacles surmounted, the victories won, and then listening to an account of the widespread doubt and criticism with which the fundamentals of our civilization are now being assailed, he would be much more likely to express an opinion of the situation in the well-known words of King Lear, —

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

This view of the matter points the way to a number of interesting details.

II

As we all know, in spite of the glorious past and present, and the dazzling prospect on the horizon ahead of us, this is not the whole picture. It is not the consummation, but it *is* the *way*. We are still confessedly on the high seas of improvement and discovery. As one generation of newcomers is admitted to the national partnership and is successfully passed upward and onward, another works its way to the foot of the social ladder. In this way the body politic is being continually called upon to assimilate fresh supplies of human nature, for the most part in the raw. Consequently, society is at all times in a state of strenuous, yet healthy fermentation, resulting in a strange conglomeration of conflicting situations and conditions.

As the most sanguine among us are willing to admit, the picture is at times, and in many respects, 'a spectacle shot strangely with pain, with mysterious insufficiencies and cruelties, with aspects unaccountably sad.' It is a consequence, and a natural one, that from top to bottom of the social and industrial fabric, there is an ever-present unrest and a consciousness of injustice and of wrongs still to be righted. But these shadows do not darken the whole prospect, for the sense of justice is constantly growing. Democracy in America is bestowing much careful thought upon every phase of this perplexing situation. It is constantly making fresh and critical examination of its own standing and practices, and if it must, it is willing to attempt a radical reconstruction. It would gladly settle the problems of poverty, of intemperance, of wages, and of industrial conditions, by any feasible and reasonable plan, if such could only be devised without stunting the individual growth and genius of the people. In the set-

tlement of justice between classes, and of nearly all other social problems — as it seems to the writer, at all events — American democracy is frankly opportunist. It has no plan apart from the gigantic movement working out in various ways, from the inspiration of the individual toward the gradual uplift of society and the fairer adjustment of conditions.

From this point of view Socialism and its wholesale collective theories must be looked upon as a menace to American society. Socialism has taken for its text the 'determining economic base,' and its conclusions and anticipations are all derived from this axiom. In the words of one of the interpreters of this doctrine, 'One strong trade union is worth more as a force in moral education in a given city, than all the settlements and people's institutes combined.'¹ And it is seriously questioned by the same writer, 'whether the scene has been brightened perceptibly by the efforts of all our social artists.'

The truth of this statement depends on how far you allow your perception to penetrate. Certainly as an estimate of social forces it is sadly deficient in vital truths. The prophets, philosophers, and teachers who have blazed the way to the social and economic triumphs of the twentieth century cannot be dismissed with the queries, What have they said? or, What have they done? These 'social artists' may not have worked in cotton mills or been prominent in the circles of organized labor, but there are thousands upon thousands in every walk of life in this country, whose lives have been 'perceptibly brightened' by their influence and efforts. In reading the life of Alice Freeman Palmer, for example, one gets a vivid idea of this helping and brightening process.

¹ 'Socialism and Sacrifice,' by VIDA D. SCUDDER, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1910.

Turning to the other side of the situation, however, one finds democracy giving the greater part of its allegiance to the determining ethical and educational base. Socialism is prepared to name the time and conditions when individuals and classes shall be harmonized and fairly contented. Given the material conditions, Socialism can figure, or thinks it can, on human conduct. The individualist, on the other hand, has no formula for social or industrial contentment.

Take the matter of work and wages. Neither the successful pedler nor the successful millionaire, nor the representative of any grades between them can throw one ray of light on the problem of permanent or satisfactory conditions other than in terms of dollars and cents. While we are watching them, the pedler may move up and the millionaire may move down, and mixed in the very fibre of their lives, together with every conceivable degree of happiness and achievement, there is now, and always must be, discontent.

The 'determining economic base' in human affairs appears to be still more fairylike as a harmonizer when we consider a well-appointed and well-conditioned labor organization at the present day. Take the cigar-makers, for example. At the present writing, in one or two cities, they are on strike for higher wages and better conditions. The conditions that obtain in the city of Boston in this industry, as advertised by the union, will give an idea of its general prosperity.

Number of factories	165
Number of persons employed	3,000
Amount of wages paid annually	\$2,900,000
Amount paid in revenue annually	\$400,000
Number of cigars made annually	134,000,000

The standard based upon these conditions will last as long as the contract that binds it, not a minute longer.

Five dollars a day for five hours' work is said to be the next step, which before long will be up for consideration.

Or take the situation on the railroads. The country is kept in a continual state of anxiety in regard to the settlement of wages and conditions. And yet, neither Utopia nor Socialism in any form has any such picture of opportunity and prosperity as the railroads to-day are offering to employees, from the trainman at three dollars a day all the way up to the locomotive engineer at seven or eight dollars a day, with a positive guarantee in some cases of a comfortable salary whether they work or not.

Nor is the government ownership and direction of labor one whit more satisfactory than other methods. Economically speaking, it leaves little to be desired; but a tour of the government offices in Washington, where thousands of employees go to work at nine or ten o'clock in the morning and go home at two or three in the afternoon, has a discouraging if not a soporific effect on a visitor of ordinary energy.

However, democracy has all these different problems in hand, and they are being slowly, yet surely, worked out by the process of education and enlightenment. Meanwhile, to illustrate the vanity as well as the variety of the social paradox with the 'determining economic base,' let us take up a newspaper and read the following description of a town in Brittany where the 'economic base' is far from satisfactory.

'Concarneau is not a prohibition town. There are drinking-booths at every step. I think there are about two "buvettes" to each three fishermen, but I have not yet seen a drunken man.

'I admire all the inhabitants? The men are sturdy and honest, as good

sailors always are, and it is a pleasure to see the women of all ages (all dressed alike) go "click-clacking" along the street, and gather in little crowds around the fountain or the fish market and gossip cheerfully. All are poor, but I believe that nearly all are happy and contented. They are deeply religious. I have the good fortune to strike one of their annual religious festivals (called "Pardons"), and wind and weather permitting, will go to-morrow to the Pardon of Fouesnant in honor of St. Anne.'

III

But the propositions and contentions of Socialism cannot be brushed aside with any mere collection of statistics. After all has been said, the fact remains that Socialism in various forms and degrees is now being discussed by thoughtful people in every civilized country. It is preëminently the great social, industrial, and religious problem of the century. What is termed justice, between the classes, is now the popular slogan on every platform and in nearly every pulpit. There is a certain fluidity and pliability in the mental temperament of the times, particularly in the United States, that promises well for the general outcome of this discussion. The distinguishing feature of this mental fluidity, however, is in many ways puzzling and unsatisfactory. It has been described as a state of moral earnestness, combined with unprecedented perplexity and uncertainty. In our social and industrial programmes, it is said, we have everything but decided views, everything but steadfast purpose, everything but character. In a certain way Socialism may be said to be an attempt to check this mental uncertainty and to solidify the vacillating yet earnest public opinion into some kind of scientific social rigidity.

Manifestly, in any consideration of Socialism, some idea of its brand and doctrine from the writer's point of view must first be outlined. But unfortunately, the open-minded inquirer into the principles and aims of Socialism meets as many opinions as he has Socialist acquaintances. Among the more popular exponents of Socialism, there are, however, a few writers who speak with considerable authority on the subject, and whose presentations of principles and aims may be looked upon as fairly reliable and representative at the present day.

Some time ago the writer of this article was advised to read a volume entitled, *New Worlds for Old*, by Mr. H. G. Wells. 'In this book,' my friend said to me, 'you will find a reasonable and fairly exhaustive presentation of Socialism, interpreted by a very capable and conscientious writer.'

Socialism, as viewed by Mr. Wells and stated substantially in his own words, I find to be the most hopeful thing in human affairs. It is a project for the reshaping of human society. In its nature this project is distinctly scientific. It aims to bring order out of casualty, beauty out of confusion, justice, kindness, and mercy out of cruelty and wrong. The present order of things is found fault with by this Socialist, from every conceivable point of attack. Our methods of manufacturing necessary things, of getting and distributing food, of begetting and raising children, and of permitting diseases to engender and spread, are chaotic and undisciplined.

The remedy for this state of affairs, in the opinion of the Socialist, is organized effort, and a plan in place of disorderly individual effort. This organized effort is to convert one public service after another 'from a chaotic profit scramble of proprietors amidst a mass of sweated employees, into a

secure and disciplined service, in which every man will work for honor, promotion, achievement, and the common weal.' With these noble ends in view the State, that is to say, the organized power and intelligence of the community, is to be called upon to take action in the most practical manner. There are to be no more private land-owners, no private bankers and lenders of money, no private insurance adventurers, no private railway owners, no private mine owners, no oil kings, no silver kings and wheat forestallers, and so forth, and the 'vast revenues that are now devoted to private ends will go steadily to feed, maintain, and educate a new and better generation, to promote research, to advance science, to build houses, develop fresh resources, and to plan, beautify, and reconstruct the world.'

In this way, after a thorough analysis of his subject-matter, the Socialist has formulated his plans for the reshaping of human society. At the very outset, however, he is compelled to confess, 'Unless you can change men's minds, you cannot effect Socialism.' In order to bring about this psychological reformation, the collective mind of the world has first to be educated and inspired, and when you shall have made clear and instilled into the collective mind certain broad understandings, Socialism, in the words of Mr. Wells, becomes 'a mere matter of science devices and applied intelligence.'

It is not now the intention of the writer to construct a formal argument against Socialism, or to analyze any of the economic features of this programme. It is presented with considerable detail, that we may be able so to grasp a certain 'broad understanding' which covers it all from beginning to end, as with a blanket. Briefly, the thing to be grasped is the assumption of fail-

ure and defeat so emphatically ascribed by Socialism to every feature of social and industrial progress in America. Beginning with the personal attitude of the individual and the conduct and standard of his domestic life, all the way up to the application of democratic principles in government, the whole system is characterized as hopelessly and miserably unfair and chaotic. In every conceivable way, Socialism is held up as the last and beatific resort of a defeated civilization.

But luckily, as we have seen, the history of achievement in the United States admits of no such interpretation of social and industrial progress. Socialism, even as viewed by Mr. Wells, a very conservative interpreter, is building itself up on theories of crumbling ruins which do not exist, and its literature is padded with stories from the catacombs of human society.

But democracy, and its fruits, like any ordinary business undertaking, must be judged from the comparative point of view. Although betterment work in every conceivable direction is progressing by leaps and bounds, the average Socialist remains oblivious to the speed at which the world moves on.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Quarterly Review* describes this important phase of the situation as follows: 'The theory of increasing misery, which is an essential part of the doctrine of Socialism, is faring very badly. It is still repeated in the programmes, but it is so glaringly contradicted by patent and uncontrovertible facts, that the great parliamentary champion, Herr Bebel himself, has abandoned it. The contention now is that the condition of the working classes gets worse relatively to the prevailing standard. But this also is contradicted by statistical data and general experience. Nothing in our time is more remark-

able than the steady approximation of classes among the great mass of the population. The theory of increasing misery, and the dismal, unmanly whining of Socialism, are exceedingly repugnant to self-respecting workingmen. Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has fiercely attacked the whole theory and has covered it with ridicule, on behalf of the American Trades Unions.'

But while faith and freedom in America will never succumb to Socialism, of late years there has, nevertheless, appeared around us an atmosphere of dissatisfaction and lack of faith in existing standards, which is having a marked, and in many ways a pernicious, influence on religion, education, industry, and politics. These topics cannot now be treated separately with the care which their importance merits, but the general principle which warrants the criticism can be clearly enunciated.

IV

Briefly stated, the growing impression that in our social and industrial programmes we have everything but decided views, everything but steadfast purpose, everything but character, is the very natural outcome of the gospel of social failure, which is the head and front of the socialistic propaganda. But apart from all methods or principles of Socialism, this doctrine of failure has been the text of the great majority of political, social, and religious writers during the past ten years. The Socialist movement in America is kept on its feet by this outside public opinion and criticism of existing conditions.

This public opinion had a very healthy origin. Its aim was reform and the abolition of abuses in directions too numerous to mention. It has done good work, but it is now degenerating into a kind of morbid introspection

which has little affinity with healthy progress. In a word, the mental trouble which this doctrine of failure is now engendering in society threatens to dwarf in importance every economic injustice which in the beginning it was its purpose to remedy. And it must be confessed that it is to the well-intentioned writers and educators in this country that we owe the development and persistence of this doctrine of social failure. Without this encouragement from the outside, Socialism, at any rate in its most radical features, would soon be absorbed in the everyday atmosphere of American democracy. As the case stands, however, the minds of the people are becoming more and more entangled in the meshes of this fault-finding propaganda, and in all the perplexities of the socialistic logic with which it is surrounded.

Meanwhile the social and religious everyday life of the people goes on apace, and everywhere achievement is giving the lie to its mischievous theoretical environment. The consequent mental bewilderment that has resulted from this conflicting situation must now be evident to the least thoughtful of men. The spiritual uncertainty of the boy and the girl is simply taking its cue from the spiritual uncertainty and indefiniteness of the parent, the minister, and the educator, in matters of teaching. In this way, the thought-life of the nation is moving in a direct line toward the annulment of ideas and principles which have always been looked upon as the bulwarks of democratic institutions. Happily, this movement is still in the mental stage, but the day is not far distant when this mental uncertainty and this gospel of fault-finding, with all its socialistic background, will bear fruit, and then we are likely to awake to the fact that the great problems of the future may not, after all, concern so much the clothing

and feeding of the people as the wrecking of their minds.

It is, therefore, now time for the educators and prompters of the public conscience to study the ethics of appreciation, and the economic value to the community of a propaganda of thankfulness. But to study and recognize the history of achievement in this country, according to the merits of the case, would take from Socialism the principal means whereby it lives. Unfortunately, now-a-days, there is a noticeable lack of this hopeful, appreciative kind of literature. There are certainly figures enough and considerable glorification, but in all the libraries of books that have been published during the past ten years, one searches in vain for a single psalm of thanksgiving, such as those in which the Jewish nation has enshrined its traditions.

A word remains to be said with particular reference to the influence of this doctrine of Socialism, or the failure of democratic principles and methods, upon the rising generation. Being a false, or at any rate a grossly exaggerated, aspect of American life, it is peculiarly harmful to the young. To illustrate the nature and significance of this doctrine at the present day, I will quote the headlines from a single newspaper of recent date, as follows:—

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION RETURNS FROM ABROAD AND SAYS THAT AMERICA LACKS MORALS.

Again, at a conference on the moral and religious training of the young, held at Sagamore Beach, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society is reported to have said: 'My attention has been particularly called to this subject by some alarming but well-authenticated reports of flagrant immorality in our public schools, and by *the well-known fact* that in some of our colleges even, gross immorality, drunk-

eness, and lechery, are no bar to a degree if only examinations can be passed and percentages of scholarship are barely tolerable.'

Apart from its manifest exaggeration, this kind of educational advertising is something worse than a mistaken policy. With conditions in our colleges as they really are, the morality of the method itself is very questionable. In some circles the persistent flaunting of occasional failures follows hard upon the waning of the devil as a religious asset, and upon the whole, this doctrine of social failure is the more mischievous delusion of the two. It penetrates every nook and corner of social life. Even the American home must be subjected to this withering process. On the same date and in the same newspaper to which I have referred, a well-known minister and educator has the following to say about it: —

'As a rule, teachers, public officials, and the public generally, discount the parental care of their own children. It is because of this fact that the extra-domiciliary agencies for child-training have arisen. Hence the Sunday School. Then, again, the public schools are assuming functions which belong to the home, and which, being delegated to an agency outside of the home, make for the disintegration of home-life. Others have been given over to the church which, likewise, is to-day doing scores of things which it has no proper business to be doing. In this way the church is also a disintegrating force in modern society.'

In fact, nothing escapes the hue and cry. Just what stimulation or uplift there is for the rising generation in all this fault-finding literature, it is impossible to imagine. In the midst of all this mental derangement, however, our boys and girls and our homes are

continually working out the way to higher and better things.

A number of years ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer called attention to the paradox that, as civilization advances, as the health and comfort of the community increase, the louder become the exclamations about the inherent badness of things. Our attention was directed to the fact that in the days when the people were without any political power, when women bore all the burdens, when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when ability to read and write was practically limited to the upper classes, the subjection and discomfort of the people were rarely complained of.

This paradox mentioned by Herbert Spencer still holds good. Seemingly unaffected by reforms and improvements without number, or by the best material gains of the masses, there still continues to swell louder and still more loud the cry that the evils connected with our social and industrial systems are so great that 'nothing short of a revolution can cure them.'

After all, this is not very much of a paradox; it is simply a tribute to the expanding sensibility of the public conscience. At the same time the situation points to misunderstanding and lack of harmony between the practical and the theoretical elements in human progress. For a number of years past the combination of these essential elements has been doing good work. It has been asserting itself in reforms and regulative movements. It has accomplished results gradually destructive of graft and of wrong-doing. But the mental element of the combination is now getting ahead of its job. It should be subjected to a steadying process at the hands of conservative and well-balanced people. Democracy is willing to experiment with various

socialistic ideas, but her main purpose is, and must be, the perfection of individual character in social progress.

There are laws and regulations enough on the statute-books, and as a clear-sighted thinker has described the situation, 'After a period of correction

and chastisement, we should now apply ourselves to constructive work; and having got rid of so much that is bad, having thoroughly frightened the unrighteous, we should now seek to build higher upon moral foundations our industrial and institutional structure.'

A BRITISH VIEW OF AMERICAN NAVAL EXPENDITURE

BY ALEXANDER G. McLELLAN

I

IN spite of Hague conferences, peace and arbitration societies, diplomacy, trade relations, and last, but not least, Christianity and our boasted civilization, the navies of the world, instead of showing a substantial decrease in tonnage and expenditure, show, on the contrary, an alarming increase. In fact, it is only necessary to compare the naval estimates of to-day with those of twenty years ago, to come to the conclusion that in their race for sea power or naval supremacy, the maritime nations have gone navy, Dreadnought, and big-gun mad.

To those whose interests in general lie outside of naval matters, and whose active part in naval administration consists in finding the dollars, this annual voting away of millions is causing much alarm. Peaceful citizens are, it is true, mere outsiders, yet they have no personal axes to grind, and it may be that the onlookers see most of the game. Certain it is, anyway, that if reform ever does come to pass, it must be brought about by laymen. One cannot

expect naval officers to take the initiative in condemning their profession. Professional opinion in the navy may fairly be said to be navy-mad. In democratic America, at least, the man in the street, being decidedly saner than his naval brother, has an increasing right to ask, 'Is America's naval expenditure justifiable?' If he takes the added trouble to look a little way below the surface, he may find matters which concern him almost as much as they do the naval officer.

The time has come for America to decide once for all whether to keep up the frantic pace of this unprofitable race or to drop astern, and allow European Powers to shape their naval programmes without her. To possess a few powerful squadrons for the mere sake of possession is neither sensible nor profitable. There can be no doubt about the matter: America must either require a much more powerful navy than she has to-day, or she has no vital need of any navy at all.

In her relations with European nations, her almost complete independence of them, her ability to support

herself without their aid, and her general geographical position, enable her to view with equanimity political disturbances which the leading maritime nations of Europe cannot afford to ignore. Any move on the political chess-board of Europe affects to some extent every European nation. Hence the increase in tonnage and expenditure of European navies. America and her interests, on the other hand, are affected only in rare instances.

Turn to some of these moves, and see if America cannot afford to look on them as a disinterested spectator. Take first the case of Great Britain and Germany. Nowhere in the history of the expansion of the British navy has foolishness been more conspicuous than in British insistence upon regarding the development of the German navy as a menace to England. The Germans began to build a fleet for the same reason that every other power has: the protection of their coast and commerce. In answer to this development, we Englishmen began to build more than ever, and adopted a two-keel-to-one standard, in addition to striking up an effusive friendship with France — our enemy for hundreds of years. This friendship was especially warm at the time of the strain between France and Germany over the Moroccan question, when British sympathies took sides with France. It was even rumored in the press, and never denied officially, that should the quarrel end in war, Britain would land an army in Holstein.

What could be more natural, after this display of antagonism, than that the Germans should increase their natural strength still further? We in England proclaim it our duty to maintain a navy equal to a two-power standard plus a ten-per-cent margin, and yet we deny the right to Germany, who has greater reason to fear the attack of a

combination of naval powers than we have. Our fear of a combination of two or more fleets attacking us is altogether visionary. On the other hand, with Germany it is a very possible situation. In addition to naval alliances, there is a military treaty between France and Russia. Imagine the position of Germany with a hostile army on each flank, with her coast at the mercy of attacking fleets which could cover the landing of an army at any point along its entire length. Yet with all the dangers confronting Germany and all the obligations she owes to herself, she cannot build a battleship without sending a thrill through the British Jingo press.

We in Britain seem to have a bad fit of nerves at present. If Germany lays down the keel of a battleship, we feel it our duty to lay one down also, and as a make-weight, perhaps, throw in an armored cruiser which costs almost as much. This persistence in viewing every increase of naval expenditure on Germany's part as a menace to herself is mainly responsible for Great Britain's voting a sum of \$200,000,000 to be spent on her navy in 1910-1911, at a time when the exchequer shows a deficit of \$142,500,000 for the financial year ending in March of 1910. Even \$200,000,000 for one year is not enough for some who have the mania in its worst form. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has, for the past two years, been agitating for \$300,000,000. Three hundred million on the navy alone in one year, and that at a time when British pauper-houses are full to overflowing, and the unemployed number hundreds of thousands!

Again, we have the Minister of Marine of the Republic of France, with a sailor's characteristic contempt for politics, asking the French Cabinet for forty-six ironclads of the largest modern type — Dreadnoughts — which, if

36 A BRITISH VIEW OF AMERICAN NAVAL EXPENDITURE

both countries carried out their programmes, would give France in 1919 a superiority over Germany of eight ships, the French admiral's idea being evidently to tackle Germany single-handed. Now notice the subtlety of European politics, which America can afford to ignore, as it in no way affects her. Instead of forty-six vessels, the admiral's programme has been cut down by the Cabinet to twenty-eight vessels, on the ground that Britain can be relied upon to safeguard French interests in the Mediterranean, while the whole force granted can be held for service in the North Sea, where an alliance with a local British squadron would overwhelmingly dispose of the *mythical* German peril.

Thirteen of these vessels are already well under way, and several will be in commission by 1912. The remainder, along with minor auxiliary vessels, will cost France somewhere about \$280,000,000, the money to be found within the next nine years, at a time when the normal sources of taxation are almost exhausted, and the French exchequer shows a deficit of more than 200,000,000 francs.

On account of Britain's friendship with France, she is expected to make France's quarrels her own, to protect French interests in the Mediterranean, to join forces in the North Sea against a country which has never yet fired a shot at her in anger, not to speak of taking sides with a nation which has warred against her for centuries. Such, in brief outline, is the political situation, so far as it affects the naval matters of the three principal maritime nations of Europe.

Through these political entanglements with no actual war, Great Britain's annual naval expenditure has increased in twenty-one years from a trifle under \$65,000,000 to the sum already quoted, \$200,000,000. In other

words, it has more than trebled. No sane person can view this increase with indifference. Too many, however, will quiet their minds with the reflection that it is inevitable. Is it?

Enough has been said on European politics to show that whatever movement may be on foot in Europe to disturb the peace, it can hardly affect America in the shaping of her relations with the Powers, or necessitate the strengthening of her navy. Her position as a neutral is a natural one, and no disturbances, however great, need affect her to such an extent that it is necessary for her to mix herself up with European politics and petty jealousies.

II

Turning from the European side of the question, let us bring the subject home to the United States, and see if America need have a navy at all. At the outset, I admit the obvious fact that the United States has the biggest navigable coastline in the world, about fourteen thousand miles exclusive of Great Lake shores. For this reason, it will seem to some men madness to question the necessity of a navy, but in my deliberate opinion, she could well afford to do without one altogether.

Let us begin by bringing forward all the arguments we can in favor of strengthening her navy, or even in justification of its existence. Of primary importance is the protection of her tremendous coastline, on both the Atlantic and Pacific; next come her over-sea possessions; after that her commerce; and after that, or perhaps before it, her position as a world-power. These seem to be the chief arguments which are to be brought forward to justify the existence of the American navy; after all, they are the principal reasons for the existence of any navy.

Let us speak first of the Atlantic

coastline. From a strategical point of view, the Atlantic seaboard is admirably adapted to acting on the defensive against any combination of hostile fleets. The principal ports are for the most part situated at the head of winding channels, bays, and gulfs. It would be impossible for the largest naval guns made to do them any harm until the shore batteries with their more powerful and longer-range guns were silenced. No battleship yet built could stand up for half an hour against the fire of the latest United States garrison artillery 16-inch gun, let alone their 14-inch. The 16-inch gun, though slow in firing, can hurl a projectile weighing twenty-four hundred pounds a distance of twenty miles or more. The latest naval gun — 13.5-inch, which has not yet been placed aboard any ship in commission, can only throw a projectile weighing twelve hundred and fifty pounds, and the 12-inch guns with which the Dreadnoughts are armed, a projectile weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds.

Again, the usual battle-range of battleships for accurate and destructive firing cannot be greater than six or seven miles, this again depending upon wind and weather and the state of the atmosphere. No naval officer, no matter how keen on victory, would be mad enough to tempt Providence by bringing his ship in range of the guns just spoken of. Then how are these monster guns going to be silenced? Only by guns of equal power and range on the land side of them, or by assault. In the case of America, it is impossible for guns of equal power to be transported behind the batteries. Invading armies, as a rule, do not carry with them garrison artillery guns, but only field, horse, and mountain batteries. Take the cases of New York and Boston. Both these ports are situated at the heads of inland waters strongly forti-

fied, and well beyond range of hostile ships' guns. Even suppose that through some assault, the land batteries had been put out of action, what would be the fate of their ports? Captured? I think not! Anybody who has entered them once from seaward can see at a glance, without any technical skill, that entry to them could be barred in many ways. What with submarine vessels, submarine mine-fields, floating mines, and the withdrawal or displacing of lights, buoys, and beacons, it would be impossible for a squadron to enter, should its presence be undesirable. What applies to New York and Boston will also apply in a greater or less degree to all the chief ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. I have visited most American ports, and I know of none of importance situated on the shores of an unprotected bay.

Germany has made her coast defenses so formidable that no enemy is likely to assail them. Why cannot America do the same? Facing the Atlantic and about three thousand miles distant is Europe. From here it is possible for three powerful enemies to come — Britain, Germany, and France. To the north, there is also another conceivable enemy, — Canada, — with her growing desire for a navy. Suppose for the sake of argument that Germany alone were at war with the United States, what possible chance would she have of crippling or even seriously hurting America either on sea or on land, even if America did not possess a single third-class gunboat? True, the Germans could come over and play havoc with places weakly fortified. They dare not, however, attack the main defenses, nor dare they, if they observe the international rules of civilized warfare, open fire on unprotected towns situated along the coast, unless they are fired upon first. For wanton destruction or for the mere fun of the

thing, they would not dare to destroy property. Again, Germany has no coaling stations of her own on the American side of the Atlantic, nor would any other country open its coaling stations to her in time of war. German fleets for coaling purposes would have to trust to colliers — a doubtful quantity even in time of peace; and, still more important, they would be operating at a distance of three thousand miles from their base. To land an invading army would be impossible, or to maintain a successful blockade either on the Atlantic or on the Pacific ocean, the coastline being too extensive. German fleets dare not blockade the Canadian coastline, nor could they steam over the land and blockade the Canadian frontier. If it were considered too dangerous to use American ports, America's over-sea commerce could reach its destination in ships of other than German nationality *via* Canadian ports.

Turn now to Britain, whose navy might meet with better success. On the American side of the Atlantic her fleet could use as naval bases her possessions in the West Indies, in addition to Canada. Yet even with the vital support which these possessions could give, her fleets in the long run would be very little better off than the German. Probably they would waste more coal and consume more stores in cruising about, but the serious damage that they could do would be practically *nil*. England could no more maintain a successful blockade than Germany, even supposing her numerous fleets patrolled both oceans. For her to land an invading army, as in the case of the Germans, is out of the question. The nation which could fight a war like the Civil War without even a standing army worth speaking about, and divided against itself, has little to fear from any army of invasion, even though

it should gain admittance into the country.

My arguments are logical, and therefore I ask: Is America justified in spending about \$150,000,000 yearly on her navy, when the most powerful antagonist that we can put against her cannot do damage enough to require that sum to set it right again, in one year? I think not!

Thus far, to strengthen my argument, I have been assuming that America has no navy; but we cannot lose sight of the fact that America has a navy, and one that would give a good account of itself. At the same time, we must remember that the American navy is scattered over two oceans, and thereby loses too much of its striking power to fight successfully an overwhelmingly stronger British or German navy which might be brought against it. I remember the fighting qualities of 'the man behind the gun,' and the enormous advantage which the American navy would have of fighting close to its own shores; but I realize that in the end it would be annihilated by sheer weight of metal if the Atlantic and Pacific fleets were on their respective stations at the commencement of hostilities. But the question whether the American fleet could be destroyed or not, could not in the least affect the final result, when one takes into consideration the infinitesimal amount of damage which an enemy's fleet could do, were there no American fleet on the spot to stop it. That small damage in no way justifies America's present naval expenditure, or even the existence of her navy at all.

At the present time, America holds second place in total displacement of completed warships, and sixth in respect to number of vessels. Yet on the Atlantic alone, she cannot hope to possess or even dream of possessing a navy as strong in all its units as Britain's

or even Germany's. Rather than suffer defeat, would it not be better if she acted entirely on the defensive and trusted to her formidable 14-inch and 16-inch batteries on shore?

III

What has been said about coast defenses on the Atlantic will apply also in a great measure to the Pacific; but, in certain issues, the case is there very different, for, instead of three possible enemies, we find but one — Japan. A war between America and any European power being such a remote possibility, we might with confidence ignore the chances altogether. It would be possible for American ships to act in concert with those of one of the powers against a common enemy, — Japan, for instance, — but hardly to act alone against a European power.

In the Pacific question, the danger may be more imaginary than real, or *vice versa*, according to how one looks at it. In my opinion, so long as America chooses to hold the Philippines, the danger is more real than imaginary. One need not be an alarmist to see trouble brewing in the future for the United States, or any other nation with Asiatic possessions. 'Asia for the Asiatic,' is a doctrine, or rather a religion, which the Japanese are preaching throughout Asia and India. The British in India know this to their cost. Since the overthrow of the Russians by the Japanese, the whole of Asia is in a state of unrest, and dreams of throwing off the white man's yoke at no distant date.

America's position as a colonizing power is a precarious one when it comes to owning colonies almost within the doors of a power which looks with longing eyes upon outlets for its surplus population. Putting sentiment aside, would it not be better if America, instead of holding on to the Philippines,

neutralized them? She could do this honorably, not only without loss of prestige, but with the dignified attitude of taking the lead in the cause of peace. Were she to do this, the only danger of war likely to threaten her Pacific coast would be wiped out of existence. Her inability to hold the islands, should Japan care to take them from her, is a fact well recognized by both naval and military experts.¹

Compare for a moment the positions of America and Japan on the Pacific Ocean.

Japan has a powerful fleet of up-to-date battleships equal in strength to those of any European power, — ship by ship, — while America at the time of this writing has not a single battleship in commission on the Pacific station, — only armored and protected cruisers. While the Japanese transport service is modern in all its units, and is of sufficient size to transport an army of over two hundred thousand men — with equipment — to any required distance, that of America is practically non-existent. The United States transport service, at the most, can boast of only a dozen fairly decent ships, which can carry only about ten thousand troops, leaving stores and munitions of war out of the question; while the Japanese service could land an army of two hundred thousand men in the Philippines, and a smaller one of one hundred thousand in Hawaii, in less than a month. To transport fifty thousand men to the Philippines would, under existing conditions, take the United States transport service exactly one year, while Hawaii, in time of war, would have to take pot-luck.

Japan, again, has more than half a million trained seamen to lay her hands on, while America has little more than

¹ For a discussion of the subject, see 'The United States and Neutralization' in the September number of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

a thousand on the Pacific. In case of war, the battleship squadrons of Japan could reach the Pacific seaboard two months sooner than America's battleships could round Cape Horn and reach California to operate with the Pacific fleet — if it still existed. Cruisers, either armored or protected, stand no conceivable chance of scoring a success against battleships. A squadron of ships steaming a distance of about twelve thousand miles under full pressure would arrive at its destination in sad need of repair, especially in the engine-rooms.

Should America's Atlantic fleet, after steaming twelve thousand miles, immediately engage a fleet of Japanese vessels which had been waiting two months for them, the Japanese ships would have an enormous advantage over the American. The speed of a squadron is the speed of the slowest ship in that squadron, and in action speed is as necessary as good tactics and good gunnery. While Japanese ships were waiting for the Atlantic fleet to appear, any repairs down below could be effected long before the time arrived for speed to be maintained at any cost.

Trouble, if it ever does come about, is likely to come before the opening of the Panama Canal, for it would be an object of prime importance to have the two American fleets separated by a distance of twelve thousand miles. Invasion by the Japanese is a likely probability in the event of war, in case Japan secures possession of a Pacific port; but a Japanese, or any other army, once in America could never get out again alive except by favor of the army of defense.

The great Moltke's remark concerning the invasion of England applies also to America. Asked if an invasion of England were possible, he answered, 'I know of three ways in, but not one

out.' There may be many ways into America, but how an invading army, even without a navy to stop it, would ever leave the country without the permission of the army of defense, cannot very well be made out.

Nothing in the world can justify America in building a fleet strong enough to tackle Japan single-handed on the Pacific, or a fleet strong enough to tackle single-handed any European naval power on the Atlantic. It would mean keeping her navy up to a two or three-power standard all the time. Will American extravagance run to this? If not, why play at owning a navy to satisfy vanity? Why pay away one hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year on the navy when it is practically helpless, because it lacks the vital support of a merchant marine? The all-round-the-world trip which an American fleet made a couple of years ago would have been an impossibility without the help afforded by British and German colliers. Not one American merchant-Jack's ensign could be seen in attendance on the naval ships during the whole cruise. This was commented upon by the chief in command — Admiral Evans. Not very palatable reading, is it? Remember, it applies to the country with the finest navigable coasts, harbors, and rivers in the world!

IV

Let us now consider the merchant shipping of the leading maritime nations, and see its bearing on the existence of an American navy.

According to Lloyd's register, 1908-1909, and excluding vessels under one hundred tons register, also wooden vessels trading on the Great Lakes, we find that the British merchant marine (including colonies) totals up to 18,709,537 tons; that of America (including the Philippines), 4,854,787 tons;

of Germany, 4,232, 145 tons; of France, 1,883,894 tons; of Russia (excluding small sailing vessels trading in the Black Sea), 974,517 tons; of Japan, 1,142,468 tons (excluding sailing vessels under 300 tons net register not recorded in Lloyd's).

Turn now to the naval expenditures of the countries mentioned, and see how they compare. The naval expenditure on Great Britain's sea-going force in 1907 — that is, about the year the Dreadnought craze became general — was about \$152,000,000; of America, \$119,000,000; of Germany, \$54,000,000; of France, \$61,000,000; of Russia, \$59,000,000; of Japan, \$24,500,000. These figures, though not quite up to date, are still a sufficient guide for our purpose. Those of the merchant shipping will have increased a little, but not in comparison to those of naval expenditures. The year 1907 is quoted to show how the expenditure on a single battleship has increased, for we find that the first modern Dreadnought cost \$8,538,110 to build, and the 1910 Super-Dreadnought about \$12,000,000. The latest British armored cruiser to be laid down — *Princess Royal* — when completed will have cost \$9,400,000. The latest United States battleships when completed will cost \$11,500,000 each at a moderate computation. Battleships, armored cruisers, protected cruisers, and, in fact, every type of naval vessel, have half again exceeded their former cost since the advent of the all-big-gun, heavily-armored Dreadnought of 1906-07.

At first showing, the figures quoted will seem to justify America's naval expenditure, but when gone into more closely, the opposite will prove to be the case. A little calculation will show that the smaller nations are more extravagant than the bigger ones. It will also show that the British merchant marine is four times bigger than

the American, and the protecting of it is only a little more than one fifth more expensive. If the British authorities were as extravagant as the American, they would have to vote a sum of some \$600,000,000 a year on their navy in proportion; this, on their merchant shipping alone, and leaving their colonies without naval protection! Germany, whose merchant tonnage equals America's, spends half the amount in protecting hers. Now, do the figures quoted justify America's present naval expenditure?

There is still another important point of view to consider, and it is this: Britain's and Germany's merchant marines are chiefly composed of deep-water — foreign-going — ships, while American merchant ships are chiefly engaged in the coastal and inter-coastal trade. Again, Britain depends upon her merchant ships for the means to live; America does not. In case of war and blockade, her coasters could tie up in harbor, coil down their ropes, and wait for peace. The work they do could be carried on by railroads.

Turn now to American commerce. Here lies another great advantage of America. She can afford to stand by and snap her fingers at any nation, no matter what the size of its navy. In the first place, her position as a producer makes her absolutely independent of all nations: other nations must come to her, and not she to them, for necessities. This being the case, she is in a position to retaliate without firing a shot, should offensive measures be taken against her. Again, where two such countries as Britain and Germany depend upon America for the employment of a great part of their shipping, war with either is a remote possibility. America, not owning a deep-water merchant marine, need fear no captures or destruction in this direction. Should America carry on a war with Germany,

what would happen to her over-sea commerce? Simply nothing! During these times of too much merchant tonnage, British ships would be only too glad to take American products anywhere; and so would German vessels in case of an Anglo-American war. Thus we see that if America went to war with either country, the damage would be confined to a few unimportant towns on the coast, and her over-sea commerce would reach its destination just as merrily as ever. Peace also has its victories, and the country which warred with America would find that after war had ceased, her ships would have little left to pick up in the way of cargo. A revival of old trade relations would not come with the declaration of peace, but it would take years of keen competition to regain the lost ground.

v

We arrive now at America's position as a world-power. Politically speaking, America from the days of its earliest settlement was destined to become a power in the world, without the assistance of any other country, and with none of the false show of power that Dreadnoughts, standing armies and 12-inch guns, give to other nations. Power, I think, means something greater and nobler than the slaughtering of thousands of innocent lives with the aid of guns. The power worth having ought to tend to make the world more Christian instead of more brutal. Right, and not might, is what we need to-day. Power cannot be reckoned by the number of guns and battleships a nation possesses. The power which lasts and is worth having is of the kind which America showed in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan.

That is one kind of power America possesses. She has also another which is more efficacious than ships and guns.

Britain may be top-hole man in the naval world, Germany top-hole man in the military world, but America is top-hole man in the commercial world, which after all bosses the other two. Peace, as we all know, lasts longer than war; and a nation which can dictate to others, without bullying, in times of peace and war, using only trade as a weapon, needs no other. Such a country is America. While our civilization lasts, her position is assured. Therefore, I say again that she has no need of a navy at all, or at least, of no stronger one than she had ten years ago. A successful invasion of her shores is impossible, her geographical position is three thousand miles away from any possible enemy, her internal resources are unlimited and all sufficient, her over-sea commerce is carried by foreign ships; politically speaking, she is a free lance; and yet she has gone Dreadnought-mad. In fact, she was the first to follow Britain's lead. A fine sample of American independence!

Being able to boast of a strong navy does not give one that feeling of security which is commonly supposed. I belong to the country with the biggest navy in the world, and my feelings are not those of security, but rather the opposite. Like a good many other men in the naval reserve, I am watching for the bubble to burst, waiting to be sent, if required, aboard a man-o'-war as food for 12 or 13.5-inch guns, whichever happens along my way first. We Britishers have to pay for our big navy in more ways than one. Beer and skittles are not on the national bill of fare of a fighting power.

But where, I ask, does the boasted American independence and initiative one hears so much about, come in? Just because a British Admiral — Sir John Fisher — introduced the modern Dreadnought, costing anywhere from \$9,000,000 to \$12,000,000, must Amer-

ica follow suit? By laying down the first modern Dreadnought, Admiral Fisher increased naval expenditure on a single battleship to enormously more than what it was before. That was not all he did. By his action he put all the battleships in the British navy out of date in a day, and made them fit only for the boneyard. So superior was his ship in armament and gun-fire to all others, that navies nowadays are classed only by the number of Dreadnoughts they possess. For this mistake, instead of being cashiered or hanged, he was raised to the British Peerage as a reward of merit. His folly is being repeated everywhere. Even Dreadnoughts and armored cruisers are going out of date fast. Nothing short of Super-Dreadnoughts and Dreadnought cruisers — the latter costing about \$7,500,000 at the lowest — will satisfy our craze for that stupendous piece of folly called 'naval power.'

Would it not be better if America voted less on naval ships and just a little on merchant ships? The latter would bring millions into the treasury, while the former only takes millions out. It would prove a profitable investment, I am sure.

VI

Not for a moment do I say that America should not own a navy of a sort. I only state that if she chooses to, she can, without much danger to herself, do without one. Her army and land defenses are quite capable of tackling any armed force which may attempt to gain admittance into the country. Certainly this is true, if all her main waterways are fortified with sufficient 14-inch and 16-inch guns. In addition to the guns, let all the navigable approaches be mined, and an adequate fleet of submarine vessels built. In war-time, if floating mines were scattered

about the entrances to the various ports, or about any strategical position, these would guarantee immunity from attack. Germany has intimated that, in any future war, she will use floating mechanical mines on an extensive scale. The stock of mechanical mines owned by Germany a year ago was over seven thousand. A single mine is capable of destroying a modern battleship. Three large battleships, the Petropavlosk, Hatsuse, and Yashima, besides a large number of smaller craft, were sunk through striking floating mines in the Far East.

Supposing these precautions were taken, then the American navy of to-day need only consist of a few armored cruisers with a speed of twenty-eight knots, armed with 12-inch guns, and having also a large coal-carrying capacity, a few submarine vessels, mine-laying vessels, and a group of mine-trawlers. The cruisers need never act on the offensive unless cornered, but should be used simply for scout work and, if possible, to destroy an enemy's commerce. Guerilla warfare, it must be remembered, is as possible on sea as on land.

The position of America at the time of the War of 1812 was such that her need of a strong navy was far greater than to-day. To a great extent she was dependent upon other countries. Struggling to maintain her independence, her position as a nation was in no wise secure. Her merchant ships required protection, and this was given by her smart frigates, and not, as to-day, by her enviable position. Her coasts were only weakly fortified, and naval guns of that date much more nearly equaled the power of shore batteries than they do to-day.

Has the Monroe Doctrine anything to do with America's navy? Perhaps so! Well, in spite of the Monroe Doctrine and the American army and navy,

if a strong European power chooses to make a permanent settlement in any of the South American republics, I cannot very well see how America is going to oust it. Such a possibility, however, calls for no consideration, in face of the growing strength of the South American republics.

Although I am a believer in disarmament, that is not my reason for wishing a reduction in America's naval expenditure. No one expects her to disarm for the sake of posing as an example of Christian virtue and forbearance, though, were she to do this, her example would not be without its good effect. I think she would show Europe that, in spite of its boasted civilization, it is on the wrong tack — the 'give-way' tack, and not the 'stand on.'

Smug politicians often remind us that a big navy makes for peace. In our private life we abhor pugilism, we can get along comfortably without it, and most people do not consider a knowledge of the art of pugilism a valuable personal asset. Then why, in our national life, should we delight in big navies, which after all only stand for national pugilism on a big scale? Consistent, are we not?

If in the march of civilization we need the help of battleships and 12-inch guns, then I say that our civilization is rotten, and will not last. I am confident that the day is not far off when the people of America, at least, will oppose the needless waste of millions. The preparations for a war which need never come about, only suggest childish folly which must be thrown aside. America is not confronted with

the same fears as are the countries of Europe. There, the nations which dread war most are yet at the same time wasting millions in preparations. Perhaps, after all, the common sense of the American people will come to the assistance of their less fortunate brethren in Europe.

The nation which could bring about an armistice during hostilities, and afterward an honorable peace, must possess a latent power capable, if exerted, of forcing other issues of equal importance without having to fire a shot in defense. America has that latent power, and is able to do this much for herself. And we in Europe, though not of the same nation, are yet of the same race, and for the sake of our race, we have the right to expect America to help us work out our salvation before it be too late.

'Mailed fists' and huge standing armies and navies are out of date, and are diametrically opposed to the progress of civilization and Christianity. As a plain sailor who has seen all the mighty navies of the world, I say in plain language that they stand only to mock us and prove our civilization a sham. As a man who took an active part in the Boer War of 1900, and who saw the effect of shot and shell on life and limb, I say that our skill and ingenuity of to-day, instead of tending to elevate us, tend only to draw us back into our ancient state of barbarism. The man in America, or even in Europe, who thinks that this craze can last, or is bound to culminate in a war, has a poorer opinion of his fellow men than I have.

THE LEMNIAN

BY JOHN BUCHAN

HE pushed the matted locks from his brow, as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts—Carians, with thin, birdlike faces—were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar-weals and the lash-marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill-usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before, the storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Ægean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. But the sea had burst his water-jars, and the torments of drought had been added to his toil. He had been driven south almost to Scyros, but had found no harbor. Then a weary day with the oars had brought him close to the Eubœan shore, when a freshet of storm drove him seaward again. Now at last, in this northerly creek of Sciathos, he had found shelter and a spring. But it was a perilous place, for there were robbers in the bushy hills—mainland men who loved above all things to rob an islander; and out at sea, as he looked toward Pelion, there seemed something ado which boded little good. There was deep water beneath a ledge of cliff, half covered by a tangle of wildwood. So Atta lay in the bows, looking through the trails of vine at the racing tides now reddening in the dawn.

The storm had hit others besides him, it seemed. The channel was full of ships, aimless ships that tossed between tide and wind. Looking closer, he saw that they were all wreckage. There had been tremendous doings in the north, and a navy of some sort had come to grief. Atta was a prudent man and knew that a broken fleet might be dangerous. There might be men lurking in the maimed galleys who would make short work of the owner of a battered but navigable craft. At first he thought that the ships were those of the Hellenes. The troublesome fellows were everywhere in the islands, stirring up strife, and robbing the old lords. But the tides running strongly from the east were bringing some of the wreckage in an eddy into the bay. He lay closer and watched the spars and splintered poops as they neared him. These were no galleys of the Hellenes. Then came a drowned man, swollen and horrible; then another—swarthy, hook-nosed fellows, all yellow with the sea. Atta was puzzled. They must be the men from the east about whom he had been hearing.

Long ere he left Lemnos there had been news about the Persians. They were coming like locusts out of the dawn, swarming over Ionia and Thrace, men and ships numerous beyond telling. They meant no ill to honest islanders; a little earth and water were enough to win their friendship. But they meant death to the ὕβρις of the Hellenes. Atta was on the side of the invaders; he wished them well in their war with his ancient foes. They would eat them

up, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Corinthians, Æginetans, men of Argos and Elis, and none would be left to trouble him. But in the mean time something had gone wrong. Clearly there had been no battle. As the bodies butted against the side of the galley, he hooked up one or two and found no trace of a wound. Poseidon had grown cranky, and had claimed victims. The god would be appeased by this time, and all would go well. Danger being past, he bade the men get ashore and fill the water-skins. 'God's curse on all Hellenes!' he said, as he soaked up the cold water from the spring in the thicket.

About noon he set sail again. The wind sat in the northeast, but the wall of Pelion turned it into a light stern breeze which carried him swiftly westward. The four slaves, still leg-weary and arm-weary, lay like logs beside the thwarts. Two slept; one munched some salty figs; the fourth, the headman, stared wearily forward with ever and again a glance back at his master. But the Lemnian never looked his way. His head was on his breast as he steered, and he brooded on the sins of the Hellenes.

He was of the old Pelasgian stock, — the first lords of the land, who had come out of the soil at the call of God. The pillaging northmen had crushed his folk out of the mainlands and most of the islands, but in Lemnos they had met their match. It was a family story how every grown male had been slain, and how the women long after had slaughtered their conquerors in the night. 'Lemnian deeds,' said the Hellenes, when they wished to speak of some shameful thing; but to Atta the shame was a glory to be cherished forever. He and his kind were the ancient people, and the gods loved old things, as these new folk would find. Very especially he hated the men of Athens. Had not one of their captains, Milti-

ades, beaten the Lemnians and brought the island under Athenian sway? True, it was a rule only in name, for any Athenian who came alone to Lemnos would soon be cleaving the air from the highest cliff-top. But the thought irked his pride, and he gloated over the Persians' coming. The Great King from beyond the deserts would smite these outrageous upstarts. Atta would willingly give earth and water. It was the whim of a fantastic barbarian, and would be well repaid if the bastard Hellenes were destroyed. They spoke his own tongue, and worshiped his own gods, and yet did evil. Let the nemesis of Zeus devour them!

The wreckage pursued him everywhere. Dead men shouldered the side of the galley, and the straits were stuck full of things like monstrous buoys, where tall ships had foundered. At Artemisium he thought he saw signs of an anchored fleet with the low poops of the Hellenes, and steered off to the northern shores. There, looking towards Cæta and the Malian Gulf, he found an anchorage at sunset. The waters were ugly and the times ill, and he had come on an enterprise bigger than he had dreamed. The Lemnian was a stout fellow, but he had no love for needless danger. He laughed mirthlessly as he thought of his errand, for he was going to Hellas, to the shrine of the Hellenes.

It was a woman's doing, like most crazy enterprises. Three years ago his wife had labored hard in childbirth, and had had the whims of laboring women. Up in the keep of Larissa, on the windy hillside, there had been heart-searching and talk about the gods. The little olive-wood Hermes, the very private and particular god of Atta's folk, was good enough in simple things like a lambing or a harvest, but he was scarcely fit for heavy tasks. Atta's wife declared that her lord lacked

piety. There were mainland gods who repaid worship, but his scorn of all Hellenes made him blind to the merits of these potent divinities. At first Atta resisted. There was Attic blood in his wife, and he strove to argue with her unorthodox craving. But the woman persisted, and a Lemnian wife, as she is beyond other wives in virtue and comeliness, is beyond them in stubbornness of temper. A second time she was with child, and nothing would content her but that Atta should make his prayers to the stronger gods. Dodona was far away, and long ere he reached it his throat would be cut in the hills. But Delphi was but two days' journey from the Malian coast, and the god of Delphi, the Far-Darter, had surprising gifts, if one were to credit travelers' tales.

Atta yielded with an ill grace, and out of his wealth devised an offering to Apollo. So on this July day he found himself looking across the gulf to Kallidromos bound for a Hellenic shrine, but hating all Hellenes in his soul. A verse of Homer consoled him, — the words which Phocion spoke to Achilles. 'Verily even the gods may be turned, they whose excellence and honor and strength are greater than thine; yet even these do men, when they pray, turn from their purpose with offerings of incense and pleasant vows.' The Far-Darter must hate the ἵβρις of these Hellenes, and be the more ready to avenge it since they dared to claim his countenance. 'No race has ownership in the gods,' a Lemnian song-maker had said, when Atta had been questioning the ways of Poseidon.

The following dawn found him coasting past the north end of Eubœa, in the thin fog of a windless summer morn. He steered by the peak of Othrys and a spur of Œta, as he had learned from a slave who had traveled the road. Presently he was in the muddy Malian

waters, and the sun was scattering the mist on the landward side. And then he became aware of a greater commotion than Poseidon's play with the ships off Pelion. A murmur like a winter's storm came seaward. He lowered the sail which he had set to catch a chance breeze, and bade the men rest on their oars. An earthquake seemed to be tearing at the roots of the hills.

The mist rolled up and his hawk eyes saw a strange sight. The water was green and still around him, but shoreward it changed its color. It was a dirty red, and things bobbed about in it like the Persians in the creek of Scia-thos. On the strip of shore, below the sheer wall of Kallidromos, men were fighting — myriads of men, for away toward Locris they stretched in ranks and banners and tents till the eye lost them in the haze. There was no sail on the queer, muddy, red-edged sea; there was no man in the hills; but on that one flat ribbon of sand all the nations of the earth were warring. He remembered about the place: Thermopylæ, they called it, the Hot Gates. The Hellenes were fighting the Persians in the pass for their fatherland.

Atta was prudent, and loved not other men's quarrels. He gave the word to the rowers to row seaward. In twenty strokes they were in the mist again.

Atta was prudent, but he was also stubborn. He spent the day in a creek on the northern shore of the gulf, listening to the weird hum which came over the waters out of the haze. He cursed the delay. Up on Kallidromos would be clear, dry air and the path to Delphi among the oak woods. The Hellenes could not be fighting everywhere at once. He might find some spot on the shore far in their rear, where he could land and gain the hills. There was danger indeed, but once on the ridge he would be safe; and by the time

he came back the Great King would have swept the defenders into the sea and be well on the road for Athens. He asked himself if it were fitting that a Lemnian should be stayed in his holy task by the struggles of Hellene and barbarian. His thoughts flew to his homestead at Larissa, and the dark-eyed wife who was awaiting his homecoming. He could not return without Apollo's favor; his manhood and the memory of his lady's eyes forbade it. So, late in the afternoon he pushed off again and steered his galley for the south.

About sunset the mist cleared from the sea; but the dark falls swiftly in the shadow of the high hills, and Atta had no fear. With the night the hum sank to a whisper; it seemed that the invaders were drawing off to camp, for the sound receded to the west. At the last light the Lemnian touched a rock-point well to the rear of the defense. He noticed that the spume at the tide's edge was reddish and stuck to his hands like gum. Of a surety, much blood was flowing on that coast.

He bade his slaves return to the north shore and lie hidden there to await him. When he came back he would light a signal fire on the topmost bluff of Kallidromos. Let them watch for it and come to take him off. Then he seized his bow and quiver, and his short hunting spear, buckled his cloak about him, saw that the gift to Apollo was safe in the folds of it, and marched sturdily up the hillside.

The moon was in her first quarter, a slim horn which at her rise showed only the faint outline of the hill. Atta plodded steadfastly on, but he found the way hard. This was not like the crisp sea-turf of Lemnos, where among the barrows of the ancient dead, sheep and kine could find sweet fodder. Kallidromos ran up as steep as the roof of a barn. Cytisus and thyme and juniper

grew rank, but, above all, the place was strewn with rocks, leg-twisting boulders, and great cliffs where eagles dwelt. Being a seaman, Atta had his bearings. The path to Delphi left the shore road near the Hot Gates, and went south by a rift of the mountain. If he went up the slope in a bee-line he must strike it in time and find better going. Still it was an eerie place to be tramping after dark. The Hellenes had strange gods of the thicket and hillside, and he had no wish to intrude upon their sanctuaries. He told himself that next to the Hellenes he hated this country of theirs, where a man sweltered in hot jungles or tripped among hidden crags. He sighed for the cool beaches below Larissa, where the surf was white as the snows of Samothrace, and the fisherboys sang round their smoking brothpots.

Presently he found a path. It was not the mule road, worn by many feet, that he had looked for, but a little track which twined among the boulders. Still it eased his feet, so he cleared the thorns from his sandals, strapped his belt tighter, and stepped out more confidently. Up and up he went, making odd détours among the crags. Once he came to a promontory, and, looking down, saw lights twinkling from the Hot Gates. He had thought the course lay more southerly, but consoled himself by remembering that a mountain path must have many windings. The great matter was that he was ascending, for he knew that he must cross the ridge of Œta before he struck the Locrian glens that led to the Far-Darter's shrine.

At what seemed the summit of the first ridge he halted for breath, and, prone on the thyme, looked back to sea. The Hot Gates were hidden, but across the gulf a single light shone from the far shore. He guessed that by this time his galley had been beached and

his slaves were cooking supper. The thought made him homesick. He had beaten and cursed these slaves of his, times without number, but now in this strange land he felt them kinsfolk, men of his own household. Then he told himself he was no better than a woman. Had he not gone sailing to Chalcedon and distant Pontus, many months' journey from home, while this was but a trip of days. In a week he would be welcomed home by a smiling wife, with a friendly god behind him.

The track still bore west, though Delphi lay in the south. Moreover, he had come to a broader road running through a little tableland. The highest peaks of Œta were dark against the sky, and around him was a flat glade where oaks whispered in the night breezes. By this time he judged from the stars that midnight had passed, and he began to consider whether, now that he was beyond the fighting, he should not sleep and wait for dawn. He made up his mind to find a shelter, and in the aimless way of the night traveler, pushed on and on in the quest of it. The truth is, his mind was on Lemnos and a dark-eyed, white-armed dame spinning in the evening by the threshold. His eyes roamed among the oak trees, but vacantly and idly, and many a mossy corner was passed unheeded. He forgot his ill-temper, and hummed cheerfully the song his reapers sang in the barley-fields below his orchard. It was a song of sea-men turned husbandmen, for the gods it called on were the gods of the sea.

Suddenly he found himself crouching among the young oaks, peering and listening. There was something coming from the west. It was like the first mutterings of a storm in a narrow harbor, a steady rustling and whispering. It was not wind; he knew winds too well to be deceived. It was the tramp of

light-shod feet among the twigs — many feet, for the sound remained steady, while the noise of a few men will rise and fall. They were coming fast and coming silently. The war had reached far up Kallidromos.

Atta had played this game often in the little island wars. Very swiftly he ran back and away from the path, up the slope which he knew to be the first ridge of Kallidromos. The army, whatever it might be, was on the Delphian road. Were the Hellenes about to turn the flank of the Great King?

A moment later he laughed at his folly. For the men began to appear, and they were coming to meet him, coming from the west. Lying close in the brush-wood, he could see them clearly. It was well he had left the road, for they stuck to it, following every winding, — crouching, too, like hunters after deer. The first man he saw was a Hellene, but the ranks behind were no Hellenes. There was no glint of bronze or gleam of fair skin. They were dark, long-haired fellows, with spears like his own and round eastern caps and egg-shaped bucklers. Then Atta rejoiced. It was the Great King who was turning the flank of the Hellenes. They guarded the gate, the fools, while the enemy slipped through the roof.

He did not rejoice long. The van of the army was narrow and kept to the path, but the men behind were straggling all over the hillside. Another minute and he would be discovered. The thought was cheerless. It was true that he was an islander and friendly to the Persian, but up on the heights who would listen to his tale? He would be taken for a spy, and one of those thirsty spears would drink his blood. It must be farewell to Delphi for the moment, he thought, or farewell to Lemnos forever. Crouching low, he ran back and away from the path to the crest of the sea-ridge of Kallidromos.

The men came no nearer him. They were keeping roughly to the line of the path, and drifted through the oak wood before him, an army without end. He had scarcely thought there were so many fighting men in the world. He resolved to lie there on the crest, in the hope that ere the first light they would be gone. Then he would push on to Delphi, leaving them to settle their quarrels behind him. These were hard times for a pious pilgrim.

But another noise caught his ear from the right. The army had flanking squadrons, and men were coming along the ridge. Very bitter anger rose in Atta's heart. He had cursed the Hellenes, and now he cursed the barbarians no less. Nay, he cursed all war, that spoiled the errands of peaceful folk. And then, seeking safety, he dropped over the crest on to the steep shoreward face of the mountain.

In an instant his breath had gone from him. He slid down a long slope of scree, and then with a gasp found himself falling sheer into space. Another second, and he was caught in a tangle of bush, and then dropped once more upon scree, where he clutched desperately for handhold. Breathless and bleeding, he came to anchor on a shelf of greensward, and found himself blinking up at the crest which seemed to tower a thousand feet above. There were men on the crest now. He heard them speak, and felt that they were looking down.

The shock kept him still till the men had passed. Then the terror of the place gripped him and he tried feverishly to retrace his steps. A dweller all his days among gentle downs, he grew dizzy with the sense of being hung in space. But the only fruit of his efforts was to set him slipping again. This time he pulled up at a root of gnarled oak, which overhung the sheerest cliff on Kallidromos. The danger

brought his wits back. He sullenly reviewed his case and found it desperate.

He could not go back, and, even if he did, he would meet the Persians. If he went on he would break his neck, or at the best fall into the Hellenes' hands. Oddly enough he feared his old enemies less than his friends. He did not think that the Hellenes would butcher him. Again, he might sit perched in his eyrie, till they settled their quarrel or he fell off. He rejected this last way. Fall off he should for certain, unless he kept moving. Already he was giddy with the vertigo of the heights.

It was growing lighter. Suddenly he was looking not into a black world but to a pearl-gray floor, far beneath him. It was the sea, the thing he knew and loved. The sight screwed up his courage. He remembered that he was a Lemnian and a seafarer. He would be conquered neither by rock nor by Helene nor by the Great King. Least of all by the last, who was a barbarian. Slowly, with clenched teeth and narrowed eyes, he began to clamber down a ridge which flanked the great cliff of Kallidromos. His plan was to reach the shore, and take the road to the east before the Persians completed their circuit. Some instinct told him that a great army would not take the track he had mounted by. There must be some longer and easier way debouching farther down the coast. He might yet have the good luck to slip between them and the sea.

The two hours which followed tried his courage hard. Thrice he fell, and only a juniper root stood between him and death. His hands grew ragged, and his nails were worn to the quick. He had long ago lost his weapons; his cloak was in shreds, all save the breast-fold which held the gift to Apollo. The heavens brightened, but he dared not look around. He knew that he was traversing awesome places where a goat

would scarcely tread. Many times he gave up hope of life. His head was swimming, and he was so deadly sick that often he had to lie gasping on some shoulder of rock less steep than the rest. But his anger kept him to his purpose. He was filled with fury at the Hellenes. It was they and their folly that had brought him these mischances. Some day —

He found himself sitting blinking on the shore of the sea. A furlong off, the water was lapping on the reefs. A man, larger than human in the morning mist, was standing above him.

‘Greeting, stranger,’ said the voice. ‘By Hermes, you choose the difficult roads to travel.’

Atta felt for broken bones, and, reassured, struggled to his feet.

‘God’s curse upon all mountains,’ he said. He staggered to the edge of the tide and laved his brow. The savor of salt revived him. He turned, to find the tall man at his elbow, and noted how worn and ragged he was, and yet how upright.

‘When a pigeon is flushed from the rocks, there is a hawk near,’ said the voice.

Atta was angry. ‘A hawk!’ he cried. ‘Ay, an army of eagles. There will be some rare flushing of Hellenes before evening.’

‘What frightened you, islander?’ the stranger asked. ‘Did a wolf bark up on the hillside?’

‘Ay, a wolf. The wolf from the East with a multitude of wolflings. There will be fine eating soon in the pass.’

The man’s face grew dark. He put his hand to his mouth and called. Half a dozen sentries ran to join him. He spoke to them in the harsh Lacedæmonian speech which made Atta sick to hear. They talked with the back of the throat, and there was not an ‘s’ in their words.

‘There is mischief in the hills,’ the first man said. ‘This islander has been frightened down over the rocks. The Persian is stealing a march on us.’

The sentries laughed. One quoted a proverb about island courage. Atta’s wrath flared and he forgot himself. He had no wish to warn the Hellenes, but it irked his pride to be thought a liar. He began to tell his story, hastily, angrily, confusedly; and the men still laughed.

Then he turned eastward and saw the proof before him. The light had grown and the sun was coming up over Pelion. The first beam fell on the eastern ridge of Kallidromos, and there, clear on the sky-line, was the proof. The Persian was making a wide circuit, but moving shoreward. In a little he would be at the coast, and by noon at the Hellenes’ rear.

His hearers doubted no more. Atta was hurried forward through the lines of the Greeks to the narrow throat of the pass, where behind a rough rampart of stones lay the Lacedæmonian headquarters. He was still giddy from the heights, and it was in a giddy dream that he traversed the misty shingles of the beach amid ranks of sleeping warriors. It was a grim place, for there were dead and dying in it, and blood on every stone. But in the lee of the wall little fires were burning, and slaves were cooking breakfast. The smell of roasting flesh came pleasantly to his nostrils, and he remembered that he had had no meal since he crossed the gulf.

Then he found himself the centre of a group who had the air of kings. They looked as if they had been years in war. Never had he seen faces so worn and so terribly scarred. The hollows in their cheeks gave them the air of smiling, and yet they were grave. Their scarlet vests were torn and muddied, and the armor which lay near was dinted like the scrap-iron before a smithy door.

But what caught his attention was the eyes of the men. They glittered as no eyes he had ever seen before glittered. The sight cleared his bewilderment and took the pride out of his heart. He could not pretend to despise a folk who looked like Ares fresh from the wars of the Immortals.

They spoke among themselves in quiet voices. Scouts came and went, and once or twice one of the men, taller than the rest, asked Atta a question. The Lemnian sat in the heart of the group, sniffing the smell of cooking, and looking at the rents in his cloak and the long scratches on his legs. Something was pressing on his breast, and he found that it was Apollo's gift. He had forgotten all about it. Delphi seemed beyond the moon, and his errand a child's dream.

Then the King, for so he thought of the tall man, spoke: —

'You have done us a service, islander. The Persian is at our back and front, and there will be no escape for those who stay. Our allies are going home, for they do not share our vows. We of Lacedæmon wait in the pass. If you go with the men of Corinth you will find a place of safety before noon. No doubt in the Euripus there is some boat to take you to your own land.'

He spoke courteously, not in the rude Athenian way; and somehow the quietness of his voice and his glittering eyes roused wild longings in Atta's heart. His island pride was face to face with a greater — greater than he had ever dreamed of.

'Bid yon cooks give me some broth,' he said gruffly. 'I am faint. After I have eaten, I will speak with you.'

He was given food, and as he ate he thought. He was on trial before these men of Lacedæmon. More, the old faith of the Islands, the pride of the first masters, was at stake in his hands. He had boasted that he and his kind

were the last of the men; now these Hellenes of Lacedæmon were preparing a great deed, and they deemed him unworthy to share in it. They offered him safety. Could he brook the insult?

He had forgotten that the cause of the Persian was his; that the Hellenes were the foes of his race. He saw only that the last test of manhood was preparing, and the manhood in him rose to greet the trial. An odd, wild ecstasy surged in his veins. It was not the lust of battle, for he had no love of slaying, or hate for the Persian, for he was his friend. It was the sheer joy of proving that the Lemnian stock had a starker pride than these men of Lacedæmon. They would die for their fatherland and their vows, but he, for a whim, a scruple, a delicacy of honor. His mind was so clear that no other course occurred to him. There was only one way for a man. He too would be dying for his fatherland, for through him the island race would be ennobled in the eyes of gods and men.

Troops were filing fast to the east — Thebans, Corinthians.

'Time flies, islander,' said the King's voice. 'The hours of safety are slipping past.'

Atta looked up carelessly. 'I will stay,' he said. 'God's curse on all Hellenes! Little I care for your quarrels. It is nothing to me if your Hellas is under the heel of the East. But I care much for brave men. It shall never be said that a man of Lemnos, a son of the old race, fell back when Death threatened. I stay with you, men of Lacedæmon.'

The King's eyes glittered; they seemed to peer into his heart.

'It appears they breed men in the islands,' he said. 'But you err. Death does not threaten. Death awaits us.'

'It is all the same,' said Atta. 'But I crave a boon. Let me fight my last fight

by your side. I am of older stock than you, and a king in my own country. I would strike my last blow among kings.'

There was an hour of respite before battle was joined, and Atta spent it by the edge of the sea. He had been given arms, and in girding himself for the fight he had found Apollo's offering in his breast-fold. He was done with the gods of the Hellenes. His offering should go to the gods of his own people. So, calling upon Poseidon, he flung the little gold cup far out to sea. It flashed in the sunlight, and then sank in the soft green tides so noiselessly that it seemed as if the hand of the sea-god had been stretched to take it. 'Hail, Poseidon!' the Lemnian cried. 'I am bound this day for the Ferryman. To you only I make prayer, and to the little Hermes of Larissa. Be kind to my kin when they travel the sea, and keep them islanders and seafarers forever. Hail, and farewell, God of my own folk!'

Then, while the little waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs, looking over to the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool winds would be blowing, and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the checkered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's heart. It was not regret, but

joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island-creed the death he was awaiting was no other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows.

So Atta made the Song of Atta, and sang it then and later in the press of battle. It was a simple song, like the lays of seafarers. It put into rough verse the thought which cheers the heart of all adventurers, nay, which makes adventure possible for those who have much to leave. It spoke of the shining pathway of the sea which is the Great Uniter. A man may lie dead in Pontus or beyond the Pillars of Hercules, but if he dies on the shore there is nothing between him and his fatherland. It spoke of a battle all the long dark night in a strange place — a place of marshes and black cliffs and shadowy terrors.

In the dawn the sweet light comes,' said the song, *'and the salt winds and the tides will bear me home.'* . . .

When in the evening the Persians took toll of the dead, they found one man who puzzled them. He lay among the tall Lacedæmonians, on the very lip of the sea, and around him were swaths of their countrymen. It looked as if he had been fighting his way to the water, and had been overtaken by death as his feet reached the edge. Nowhere in the pass did the dead lie so thick, and yet he was no Hellene. He was torn like a deer that the dogs had worried, but the little left of his garments and his features spoke of Eastern race. The survivors could tell nothing except that he had fought like a god, and had been singing all the while.

The matter came to the ear of the Great King, who was sore enough at the

issue of the day. That one of his men had performed feats of valor beyond the Hellenes was a pleasant tale to tell. And so his captains reported it. Accordingly, when the fleet from Artemisium arrived next morning, and all but a few score Persians were shoved into holes that the Hellenes might seem to have been conquered by a lesser force, Atta's body was laid out with pomp in the midst of the Lacedæmonians. And the seamen rubbed their eyes and thanked their strange gods that one man of the East had been found to match those terrible warriors whose name was a nightmare. Further, the Great King gave orders that the body of Atta should be embalmed and carried with the army, and that his name and kin should be sought out and duly honored. This latter was a task too hard for the staff, and no more was heard of it till months after, when the King, in full flight after Salamis, bethought him of the one man who had not played him false. Finding that his lieutenants had nothing to tell him, he eased five of them of their heads.

As it happened, the deed was not quite forgotten. An islander, a Lesbian and a cautious man, had fought at Thermopylæ in the Persian ranks, and had heard Atta's singing and seen how he fell. Long afterwards some errand took this man to Lemnos, and in the evening, speaking with the Elders, he told his tale and repeated something of the song. There was that in the words which gave the Lemnians a

clue, the mention, I think, of the olive-wood Hermes and the snows of Samothrace. So Atta came to great honor among his own people, and his memory and his words were handed down to the generations. The song became a favorite island lay, and for centuries throughout the Ægean seafaring men sang it when they turned their prow to wild seas. Nay, it traveled farther, for you will find part of it stolen by Euripides and put in a chorus of the *Andromache*. There are echoes of it in some of the epigrams of the *Anthology*; and though the old days have gone, the simple fisher-folk still sing snatches in their barbarous dialect. The Klephts used to make a catch of it at night round their fires in the hills, and only the other day I met a man in Scyros who had collected a dozen variants and was publishing them in a dull book on island folklore.

In the centuries which followed the great fight, the sea fell away from the roots of the cliffs, and left a mile of marshland. About fifty years ago a peasant, digging in a rice-field, found the cup which Atta had given to Poseidon. There was much talk about the discovery, and scholars debated hotly about its origin. To-day it is in the Munich Museum, and according to the new fashion in archæology it is labeled 'Minoan,' and kept in the Cretan Section. But anyone who looks carefully will see behind the rim a neat little carving of a dolphin; and I happen to know that this was the private badge of Atta's house.

MOLIÈRE'S BIRTHDAY

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

WHEN the Seine is dark and secret, and tries to run away from itself; when rows of soft lights stretch away into luring infinities, and green and scarlet lanterns dart on and off the bridges — then the taxi-motors scramble like black beetles along the boulevards of Paris. The taxi-motors are rapid and gay, and bear sweet forms and lovely countenances, and there is one motor-cab with three little white faces pressed against its windows. This cab is shooting along toward the Théâtre Français, and it holds

Maud with her mantle of silver-green
And Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

It is they, the Privileged; wide-awake and excited. For, behold, this is Paris, city ignored of the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, but in all fashion-sheets and popular novels given honorable mention. Paris is understood by the Privileged as the place where they shall at last become grown up. For the rest, their fathers have given them letters of unlimited credit, and they have as chaperon a Gracious Lady who not only smooths paths, but trims them with flowers. Three faces, downy with inexperience, severe with youth, look critically out upon hazy avenue and dim, suggestive tower. Ahem, this is Paris! The Privileged pull at their long gloves and try to keep from immature enthusiasm.

It is the first week, and the Privileged have never before been to a European theatre. The Gracious Lady wonders how they will regard what to

her is a great satisfaction. As the taxi careers along, she gives her charges a little sketch of the Comédie Française and what it stands for; she also speaks of Molière. She does these things with some exactness, after the tiresome fashion of maturity. The Privileged allow her to talk; they even ask courteous little questions — a chaperon is a chaperon, and one must always be 'nice' to her.

The taxi whirls into the fountained square of the Place du Théâtre Français. A beggar opens the door and gets his few sous. The wet spots on the rainy pavement are spatted with colored gleams as the Privileged descend and flutter into the foyer. They are impressed by the grave, impersonal gaze of the brilliant young dragoons who guard the entrance, and comment upon the superior appearance of these young cuirassiers. They take care to couch what they have to say in language laboriously adult.

'Do you suppose they realize the solemnity of the occasion?' says Maud with the mantle of silver-green.

'If Louis the Fourteenth was interested in this theatre, and Napoleon kept it up in memory of Molière, why then he must have been a very popular writer,' remarks Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen.

'I have a thrill going up and down my back,' announces Kate with the scarlet feather.

It is the night of the two hundred and eighty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Molière. It may be that

the black-gowned maids who take the wraps and give the seat-checks with their mannerly, 'Voici, madame,' 'Quel numéro, monsieur?' 'Pardon, mademoiselle,' are dressier than usual. At any rate, the Privileged see with delight the fresh pink-and-white rosettes in their tightly twisted top-knots. It may be added that there is very little about the Théâtre Français that the Privileged do not see. They notice the gaudy red-and-gold of the beloved old theatre, the small cave-like *loges*, the famous ugly curtain, the bad arrangement of the *vomitoires*, the asbestos sheet that is solemnly raised and lowered three lawful times. Then they take their programmes, and somewhat doubtfully scraping together their boarding-school French, proceed to study the 'analization' of *Le Mariage d'Angélique*, and the two Molière plays, *L'Avare* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

'*L'Avare*,' reads Kate, — and the Gracious Lady notices that her young voice already has the little American croak, — '*L'Avare* — that means miser, you know — that's the horriest thing in the world to be.'

'I don't think so,' objects Maud; 'my grandfather was a miser, and so my father has plenty of money.'

'How awful to say right out that your own grandfather was a miser; it shows you can't be well-born.'

'It's snobbish not to be willing to tell what your parents were, even if they were rag-pickers,' retorts the valiant Maud.

'I thought it was only being a snob when you did n't want your poor relations to come to your parties,' ponders little Bell.

The Gracious Lady, overhearing, conceals a smile. Being 'well-born' in America, being a 'snob' in America — how has it been possible for these terms to find root in the stern soil whose only hope of fair harvest is in its dream of

equal brotherhood? Who, oh, who is to teach the little Privileged that there is a vast gulf fixed between opportunity and birth. But, as she muses, the theatre is filling, and the chatter of the Privileged is forgotten for the spectacle of the house.

The audience of the evening of 'Molière's Birthday' is an interesting audience, though not, to the eye grown accustomed to famous faces and distinguished features, more brilliant than might be every night at every theatre in Paris. As usual, people in the parquet stand and stare. As always, the good leaven of bourgeoisie leavens the mass. The bearded men have fresh skins and quiet eyes; there is charm in the plain women in their dainty evening simplicity.

In a nearby *loge*, sitting next to a beautiful Russian, is a famous Italian writer. A well-beloved editor of *Le Figaro* rears his lion's head and massive shoulders in the corridors. In the balcony is a popular poet; his Bacchus face, with its voluptuous lips, has strong world-charm, and his restless head, billowy with gray hair, an indescribable look of the vine-wreath. There is the usual sprinkling of English, Teuton, and Syrian faces, here and there an American or a Spaniard, also the significantly lackadaisical face and figure of the younger Frenchman, whose gestures are pure pose, whose oiled tongue runs with an empty clack in worn grooves of flattery, whose waistcoat is his sole excuse for being.

All around, the conversation is kept tossed in the air like a cloud of silver and gold balls spun on the perfumed *jet d'esprit*.

'There is your wife,' says a graceful Frenchwoman to the man sitting beside her. Her smooth head, coiffed to seductive shining, takes a subtle tilt, her perfumed hand fingers his coat-sleeve.

'Oh, mon Dieu! ça c'est trop fort,' comes the careless answer. The Frenchman goes on to say that it is the third time he has run across his wife this week, and that the sameness of it grows tiresome.

The Gracious Lady, tolerantly overhearing, glances anxiously in the direction of her charges. This sort of thing, indicative as it may be of the curious current of infidelity which passes through the shoals and deeps of French society, is nevertheless not so shocking as it might seem to little ears placed always to the ground, keen eyes jumping at trails. To her dismay, however, she finds the heads of the Privileged turned in a much more doubtful direction, namely, toward a certain prominent *loge* near the stage.

Out of the dimness of this *loge* grows a mysterious face, its oval curved to a thin voluptuousness, whitened to a moon radiance, in which the scarlet of sensual lips quivers like a flame. The great eyes, set always against the challenging blackness of an enormous hat, turn here and there; soft plumes and a soft white boa caress a face apparently all indifference, yet all intensity, the expression of a personality half panther, half poisonous exotic, which expands in the gloom of the *loge* like some night-blooming swamp flower. It is a human entity, however, and near it is a weak-jawed man, who, as he bends to speak, pulls up the screens.

The Privileged rustle with excitement. 'A girl at school told me that when they pulled the screens up like that, that — that — Gracious, she's pulling up another!'

A quick little hand flies out, indicating the *loge*; as quickly turn three young heads, and the Privileged, all interest and naïve eagerness, stare.

'I would n't, dear'; the Gracious Lady feels helpless regret. Frankness, she reflects, is commendable, curiosity

excusable, but such frank curiosity is deplorable.

The candid eyes of the Privileged search hers.

'Why should n't we?' they retaliate. And Kate pouts, 'It's part of the show.'

The Gracious Lady hesitates. That strange, sad burden called 'breadth of view' has become her heaviness. Twenty years ago the creature in the box would have had only one name, and happier women would never have glanced at her. Now, to eyes grown weary with gazing on the false heart of modern society, she seems almost to have a dignity, so much more terribly honest is she than the pitiful fabric of which she is an outgrowth. She seems to teach a lesson; and yet, 'I would not look at her if I were you,' repeats the Gracious Lady very gently.

A young French girl enters with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the Privileged. Her untouched flower-like face is alight with anticipated pleasure, with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word 'brainy.' Her hair is bound with a little old-fashioned snood and tiny buckle, a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body. Quickly four faces, those of the over-indulged, the over-precocious, the over-athletic, and the over-dressed, turn to study her.

The Gracious Lady draws a quick breath. There is something to learn in this little French maid, whose eyes never meet a man's, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird, yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment, and usefulness. Have the Privileged eyes to see? Will they compare her with themselves? Will they learn?

There are a few moments of silence,

of critical survey; then, as the late-comers rapidly enter and the last seats are flapping down, Kate turns to Maud.

'Do you like Charlie for a man's name?' she inquires seriously.

The Gracious Lady gasps.

Maud gives the matter deliberate consideration, her blue eyes wide with the effort.

'Hugh is nicer, I think,' she at last confesses; then, with aged conviction, 'I could love a man named Hugh.'

The weightier matter disposed of, Kate resumes in an undertone, 'Don't you think this French girl in front of us is an old-fashioned mess?'

'Is n't she? My cousin says they take baths in milk every day — and yet you hear so much about the French being economical. I do believe it's that makes them look so queer; she's horribly quaint; I must say some things in Paris seem awfully country to me.'

'I think she's lovely, like the carved ivories in the Musée Cluny,' says the little dreamy Bell. She glances up at the Gracious Lady. 'Isn't nearly everything that is beautiful sort of old-fashioned?' she inquires.

The Gracious Lady for answer squeezes the small gloved hand.

'Rump — rump — rump,' comes the pounding for the raising of the curtain, — a sound familiar to European ears; but the three little Americans, hearing it, giggle and raise naughty eyebrows.

'Why, it's for all the world like theatricals in the nursery,' whispers Kate with the scarlet feather. Maud feels it incumbent upon her to make comparisons between the Théâtre Français and Belasco's. But hisses for silence end all comment, and three eager pairs of eyes fasten on the stage as the curtain goes up on the enchanting outdoor setting of Ponsard's *Mariage d'Angélique*, and the scene reveals 'Molière et quelques-uns des comédiens de sa troupe.'

He who lingers in Paris with a heart earnest to understand, chastened of prejudice, no matter how tainted for him must seem some of the planes of French thought and morals, must needs have gratitude in his heart for the city that conserves for a hungry world such treasure of talent as is to be found in the French drama. All the world knows how the Parisians, because of their fickle ecstasies, their morbid seeking of an impossible perfection, their remorseless rejection of what does not attain to an almost superhuman standard, may any night sit down in any theatre to contemplate dramatic art almost too perfect, technique incomparable. Whether the intellect be beguiled by a simple situation or stimulated by a complex one, the treatment of it is the same; the senses lie panting under voluptuous yet delicate ravishment; subtlety — the old Parisian conjure-word — plays like a hidden fountain of perfume over the whole.

Inexperienced as they are, the Privileged are quick to feel this. Fascinated, they follow the delicate, simply-dressed, tricky figures that go on and off the stage like butterflies alighting upon and leaving a flower. After the curtain goes down, eyes flash, tongues wag.

'They hardly make up at all; what pale, plain faces! What wonderful smiles, all moon-lighty and pearly.'

'How prettily Angélique wore her fichu, and what a dear little apron she had. Did you see her fingers when she took the rose? It was like a flower taking another flower.'

'How lovely to have a play with Molière himself in it. I never supposed he was gentle and dear like that. I thought he was rough and swear-y, and beer-y. What makes it so different?'

The Privileged turn on the Gracious Lady; some undefined, poignant scent of charm and mystery and grace has been wafted to their immature, keen

senses; they almost sniff the air as they eagerly repeat, 'What makes it?'

Ah — what does make it? The Gracious Lady, after years and years of life in the enigmatic city called Paris, is not prepared to say. She has heard people who like what they call facts, repeating what they have been told of the rigorous discipline of the French actor, the rehearsals that go on for months prior to a single production, the almost fetish worship of detail, the severe drudgery in the development of *nuance* and *genre*. What does make it, what makes anything, but desire and dream and tradition? *Tradition* — in this last word the Gracious Lady finds her cue.

'You see,' she slowly explains, 'you see, when people live in a city that sings with sculpture, that is cradled in beautiful parks and gardens and forests, nurtured by proud old châteaux, and educated by Gothic cathedrals; a city whose fingers and toes are palaces and tombs, whose heart is the Louvre, and whose head the Luxembourg — when a city like that has a play to amuse its people, that play has to be very well-behaved indeed. The actors have to stand up like trees with mistletoe in them, and sit down like swans disappearing behind gray towers; they have to cry with a grief that springs from the woes of the oppressed, and be afraid with a terror that was born in reigns of terror, and be wicked with the wickedness of —' The Gracious Lady breaks suddenly off.

'And be wicked — how?'

She smiles wistfully back into the three faces sweet in their unreserve, turning toward her like little white bees hurrying to sip at the very centre of the fatal flower of knowledge. Again it comes over her like a shock, this adventurous curiosity, this over-stimulation, the deadly eagerness for the unadorned fact. And yet — the Gracious Lady sighingly acknowledges it to her-

self — it is this kind of thing that makes the American what he is, the most marvelously acute, sympathetic, intuitive, and tolerant being of his age.

The next play is Molière's *L'Avare*. Old Harpagon fumes at son and daughter, the cook and lackey are beaten, the question of the lost treasure-box comes up: it was red — no, it was blue. The Privileged revel in the droll humanity of it, the simple absurdities of the 'Molièrisms'. But as Harpagon discovers the robbery and wallows in the hideous despair of the defrauded miser, their mood changes. They glance angrily up at the balcony where two French children, amused with the agonies of the old wretch, loudly laugh. The young French, with their own peculiar heritage of humor, see only one side to the wretched grovelings; but the young Americans, born of a pure dream of compassion, as yet unhardened to human sorrow and suffering, turn pale.

'It's — it's a little too awful'; so Kate with the scarlet feather pays unconscious tribute to the French tragedian.

Maud's eyes are riveted; horrible though it be, she will lose no slightest point of it.

Little Bell turns her head away; she is glad when the curtain falls and one need look no longer on the agonies of poor old Harpagon.

There is an intermission before *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and the ovation to Molière. The Privileged leave their seats and walk out into the corridors to look at the famous statue of Voltaire. They make solemn eyes at the keen old face; like small gold-fish mouthing against the transparent sides of their globe, so they mouth against their own transparent conception of genius.

'He was terribly clever,' explains Maud condescendingly. 'He had a sense

of humor, you know; that was what kept him cheerful while he was in prison. Every one in the whole world always comes here to look at him when they're in Paris, just because he had that wonderful sense of humor — it's an inspiration to them.'

The Privileged turn to the Gracious Lady. 'Have you a sense of humor?' they solemnly ask.

In the great entresol, surrounded for the first time by a cosmopolitan throng, the Privileged, though game to a gratifying degree, feel suddenly conspicuous. It is strange that it should be so, but it is one of those curious suggestions of quaintness and old-fashion- edness and stay-at-homeness — the staring that the Parisians permit themselves. The bright, strong beauty of the American Privileged is still a shock to French urbanity — the long step, the head held back, the alert expression 'trop dure'; these things the cultured but provincial French still gape at.

Many critical, though not unkind glances follow the direct, free movements of the Daughters of the Crude World. 'Elles sont toujours un peu sauvages,' murmurs a motherly-looking Frenchwoman. This lady, however, is happily ignorant of the patronizing glances bestowed upon her by the *jeunesse* she criticises; the Privileged, by their comments, find her and her associates distinctly humdrum.

'All the men wear beards and those hateful, turned-up moustaches; there is n't a single nice, sharp chin here. And their eyes are silly. How funny those black satin stocks are, and the opera hats are always either too big or too little.'

'I have n't seen a really pretty lady!'

'And what plain dresses!'

Hélas! Mon Dieu! is all this decorum and humdrum respectability Paris? The Privileged, who have hith-

erto received their ideas of the wonderful city from that peculiar and poisonous reservoir 'popular impression,' are aghast. They had anticipated something glaring and glittering and gay. Instead, raw as they are, untrained as are their perceptions, they feel gravity and rebuke in the atmosphere in which they find themselves. The low voices, the omnipresent compliment, the significant 'Pardon, je vous en prie,' and 'à votre disposition,' impress them; even to their wandering eyes comes the curious effect as of a 'finished' crowd, as of an assemblage perfected in the outer points of good-breeding; blasé, perhaps, among themselves, but alive to every surface demand of deference and courtesy. The little Privileged seek in vain for some word to define this crowd-ego. When they are older they will call it 'a subtle something'; when they are still older they will call it a 'je ne sais quoi'; but when they are very old indeed they will smile and not call it anything at all.

It is almost midnight. The curtain has fallen upon Les Précieuses; upon the dainty absurdities of the little countesses, the ruffled, wriggling, scented rascality of Mascarille, the painful spectacle of the two masquerading lackeys deprived of their wigs and embroidered waistcoats; and now, because it is Molière's birthday, and because it is Paris, and because it is the Théâtre Français, something happens that could not happen anywhere else.

As the curtain rises for the last time, there is a hush all over the house. The Privileged, alert for sensation, feel that this hush is different from any hush at home, realize vaguely that it is a hush that travels back over the centuries, though it may not beckon their memory back to Bertrand de Born and Gregory of Tours, back to the jongleurs and trouvères. It is a hush peopled with scented kings and curled

courtiers, amorous nobles and laughing dames; it is a hush through which an intense ear hears the clatter of spirited steeds in cobbled courtyards, the ringing of postern bells, the clanking of chained bridges, the fall of dead bodies into oubliette and moat.

There is a pedestal placed in the centre of the stage, and on this pedestal is set a bust of Molière. The little Privileged stare at the sweet whimsicality of the marble face. Their hearts beat rapidly at the sound of a pure French voice beginning in grandiose measure the ode to the gypsy playwright. For a swift flash the children of the new world have the Gallic impulse; they feel themselves to be part of that French bourgeoisie so critically and intently listening; they guess what it is like to be faultlessly faulty, exquisitely contradictory; to be brave cowards. They guess what it is like to light a hundred torches of art and science and research and then to hurry flippantly on to the great French darkness of negation and oblivion. They feel that ardor which keeps the world full of theories and philosophies like a sky full of aeroplanes and balloons, that wistfulness that immortalizes love, sorrow, and sin.

On the stage is grouped the entire company of the Comédie Française. In every actor's hand is a stiff, artificial palm. There is also a curious stiffness, an overdone solemnity in the young man in evening dress who has begun to deliver the ode. He strikes a strange black note against the background of spangles and fringes, doublet and hose, charming white headdress and little flowered hat, the long mitts and puffs and curls of the women, the long wigs and swords and cloaks of the men. Even his voice, pure to insipid tonality, with its long upward inflections, its *empressement*, the sophistication and precision of its diction, has a seeming

artificiality, a stiffness which to the children of the land of free speech and swinging gesture seems almost ridiculous. After a moment, the Privileged move restlessly in their seats.

'The goose, he looks like an undertaker,' pouts Kate.

Maud's face has an expression vacant and sleepy.

Little Bell is rueful; is this all the thrill there is to be? For a second the Privileged have a distinct feeling that this young man cheats them of their money's worth, that he is not the one properly to bring climax to the 'anniversaire de la naissance de Molière.'

But he is not yet quite through, this young man. He has only been biding his time, observing preliminaries traditional of the Palais de Justice, the Sorbonne, and the Académie. He has, moreover, encased in those stiff black clothes, a body that is young, that is full of Latin blood. As he goes on with his carefully prepared verses this young man seems to raise some imaginary dike and let that blood sluice into his being, leap into his heart, his gestures, his voice. It is the kind of blood that has held French inventors to their tasks, scientists to their adventures, artists and musicians to their dreams. It is the blood that gave the world Rodin's *Le Baiser*, Detailles's *Vers la Gloire*, Mounet Sully's *Edipe Roi*, Sara Bernhardt's *La Dame aux Camélias*; it is in the step of French soldiers marching over the roads, French chevaliers flashing by on the emerald courses. It is only blood, French blood; but for the purposes of destiny and art and achievement it is blood that is crimson fire.

When the young man finishes what he has to say to that strangely cold bust of the wandering playwright, when each member of the Comédie Française has raised his palm in salute to the beloved memory, there is a pause, a few mo-

ments' perfect stillness. It seems as if in this pulsing pause the gypsy playwright must turn that graceful, dreaming, periwigged head of his, and smile acknowledgment down the long years; instead, however, the French audience breaks through its habitual reserve, there is a steady clatter of applause, and the curtain falls on the 'two hundred and eighty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Molière.'

The Privileged rise. Speechlessly they fold their wraps around them and follow the Gracious Lady. Once more they pass the statue of Voltaire and blink at it with childish, sleepy eyes; once more, on the staircase and in the foyer, they see the tall young dragoons. Then comes the soft damp night air, the drifting gayety of the streets. Moving cabs, lights and music from the cafés, streak the midnight, and the

Privileged brush wings with that cloud of human moths that flutter all night along the boulevards. As they sleepily climb into a taxi and are spun down the avenues of fairy light, it is with a pensiveness new and important.

For—*figurez vous!*—one may go to the theatre at home and come away chattering blithely, secure in one's ability to criticise. But, somehow, it has come to Maud with her mantle of silver-green, and Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, and Kate with the scarlet feather, that after their first play at the Comédie Française on the evening of Molière's Birthday there can be no more fitting tribute than the old, old tribute of silence. And because the Privileged know enough to offer it, they look solemnly upon the mystery of midnight Paris and feel that this is Life, and that they are at last 'grown up.'

LEE AND DAVIS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

It will hardly be disputed that Davis and Lee are by far the most prominent figures in the history of the Confederacy. Stephens and Benjamin, Johnston and Beauregard, are not to be named with them. Jackson might have been a conspicuous third, but his premature death left him only a peculiar and separate glory.

Material, of a sort, for the study of Davis's character is more than abundant.* His own work, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, is one of the numerous books that carefully avoid telling us what we wish to know. Half of it is ingenious argument on the

abstract dead questions at issue; the other half is a history of military matters which others have told often, and told better. Of administrative complications and difficulties, of the internal working of the Confederate government, of personalities at Richmond and the Richmond atmosphere, of the inner life and struggles of the man himself, hardly a word. Happily we have Mrs. Davis's life of her husband, which shows him complete, if not exactly as Mrs. Davis saw him. We have other biographies of less value, innumerable references in letters and memoirs of friends and enemies, and the constant

comments of the public press. And we have the immense mass of correspondence in that national portrait gallery, the *Official Records*, where the great — and little — men of a generation have drawn their own likenesses with an art as perfect as it is unconscious.

Davis, then, was a scholar and a thinker, and to some extent he took the bookish view of life, that it can be made what we wish it to be. Compromise with men and things was to be avoided if possible. He was an orator, a considerable orator, after the fashion of the mid-nineteenth century, which bores us now, at any rate in the reading. The orator in politics, though a naturally recurring figure in a democratic society, is too apt to be a dangerous or unsatisfactory one: witness Cicero. Davis never laid aside his robes of rhetoric in public. I doubt if he did in private. I think he wore them in his soul. His passion was rhetoric, his patriotism was rhetoric, his wit was rhetoric; perfectly genuine, there is no doubt of that, but always falling into a form that would impress others — and himself. He told Dr. Craven that he could not 'conceive how a man so oppressed with care as Mr. Lincoln could have any relish for such pleasantries.' There you have the difference between the two.

Doubtless Davis had many excellent practical qualities. For one thing, he had pluck, splendid pluck, moral and physical. To be sure, it was of the high-strung, nervous order, liable to break, as when he put on his wife's garments to escape. 'Any man might have done it,' says Mr. Dodd. You might have done it, I might, Dodd might; Grant or Lee never. There again is the difference in types. Nevertheless, Davis's pluck is beyond question.

He had consistency, too, knew his ideas and stuck to them, had persistency. 'He was an absolutely frank,

direct, and positive man,' said General Breckenridge. And he was sincere in his purposes, as well as consistent. 'As God is my judge, I never spoke from any other motive [than conviction],' he told Seward. Beyond question he told the truth. He was unselfish, too, thoughtful of others and ready to make sacrifices for them. 'He displayed more self-abnegation than any other human being I have ever known,' says one of his aides. He shrank from the sight of every form of suffering, even in imagination. When *The Babes in the Wood* was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it. His sympathy with the oppressed was also almost abnormal, 'so that,' says Mrs. Davis, 'it was a difficult matter to keep order with children and servants.'

All this shows that he was a nervous sensitive, which is a terrible handicap to a leader of men. He suffered always from nervous dyspepsia and neuralgias; and 'came home from his office fasting, a mere mass of throbbing nerves and perfectly exhausted.' He was keenly susceptible to the atmosphere about him, especially to the moods of people, 'abnormally sensitive to disapproval. Even a child's disapproval discomposed him.' And Mrs. Davis admits that this sensitiveness and acute feeling of being misjudged made him reserved and unapproachable. It made him touchy as to his dignity, also, and there are stories of his cherishing a grudge for some insignificant or imagined slight, and punishing its author.

The same sensitive temperament appears in Davis's spiritual life. That he should seek and find the hand of Providence in temporal affairs is surely not to his discredit. But I feel that his religion occasionally intruded at the wrong time and in the wrong way. When his enemies represented him as 'standing in a corner telling his beads

and relying on a miracle to save the country,' I know they exaggerated, but I understand what they meant.

Altogether, one of those subtle, fine, high-wrought, nervous organizations, which America breeds, — a trifle too fine, consuming in superb self-control too much of what ought to be active, practical, beneficent energy.

It will easily be imagined that such a temper would not always get along comfortably with rough, practical, imperious military men, accustomed to regard civil authority with contempt. That Davis had had military experience himself, both in the field and as Secretary of War, did not help matters much, since it greatly increased his own self-confidence. Subordinate officers, such as Stuart, Longstreet, and Jackson, during the latter part of his career, did not have many direct dealings with the President; but the independent commanders fall generally into two classes: those like Bragg, Pemberton, and Hood, who were more or less unfit for their positions and retained them through Davis's personal favor; and those who were able and popular, but whom Davis could not endure, like Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard. Albert Sidney Johnston seems to have been both a favorite and a great soldier, but untimely death blighted Davis's choice in that instance.

The quarrel with Joseph E. Johnston shook the whole fabric of the Confederacy, since the omnipotent editors took part in it. Johnston was a good general and an honest man; but he was surly with a superior, and snaps and snarls all through his correspondence and his book. Davis never snarls, and his references to Johnston are always dignified. Mrs. Davis assures us that 'in the whole period of his official relation to General Johnston I never heard him utter a word in derogation.' She tells us also, however, that 'every

shade of feeling that crossed the minds of those about him was noticed, and he could not bear any one to be inimical to him.' Persons of this temper always exaggerate enmity where it exists, and imagine it where it does not. Another of Mrs. Davis's priceless observations is as to 'the talent for governing men without humiliating them, which Mr. Davis had in an eminent degree.' Samples of this were doubtless the indorsement 'insubordinate' on one of Johnston's grumbling letters and the reply to another: 'The language of your letter is, as you say, unusual; its arguments and statements utterly one-sided, and its insinuations as unfounded as they are unbecoming.' Compare also the indorsement on a letter in which Beauregard, a gentleman, an excellent soldier, and a true patriot, who had long held independent command, wrote that he was perfectly ready to serve under Lee: 'I did not doubt the willingness of General Beauregard to serve under any general who ranked him. The right of General Lee to command would be derived from his superior rank.'

And so we come to the case of Lee, who, during the last years of the war, was universally recognized as the greatest general and most popular man in the Confederacy, and who held Davis's confidence and intimate affection from the beginning to the end. 'General R. E. Lee was the only man who was permitted to enter the Cabinet [meetings] unannounced,' says the official who secured the privacy of those august assemblies.

How did Lee manage to retain his hold on the President? Pollard, who admired Lee, but detested Davis more, says plainly that the general employed 'compliment and flattery.' This is an abuse of words. One can no more associate flattery with Lee than with Washington. Lee respected and admired

Davis in many ways. With that fine insight into character which was one of his strongest points, the general appreciated the President's peculiarities, and adapted himself to them for the sake of the cause to which he had devoted his life. Davis required deference, respect, subordination. Lee felt that these were military duties, and he was ready to accord them. He defends Davis to others: 'The President, from his position being able to survey all the scenes of action, can better decide than any one else.' He defers again and again to Davis's opinion: 'Should you think proper to concentrate the troops near Richmond, I should be glad if you would advise me.' On many occasions he expresses a desire for Davis's presence in the field: 'I need not say how glad I should be if your convenience would permit you to visit the army that I might have the benefit of your advice and direction.' Those know but little of Lee who see in such passages anything but the frank, simple modesty of the man's nature, or who read a double meaning into expressions like the following: 'While I should feel the greatest satisfaction in having an interview with you and consultation upon all subjects of interest, I cannot but feel great uneasiness for your safety, should you undertake to reach me.' The solicitude was perfectly genuine, as we see from many charming manifestations of it elsewhere. 'I cannot express the concern I felt at leaving you in such feeble health, with so many anxious thoughts for the welfare of the whole Confederacy weighing upon your mind.' And there is no doubt that such sympathetic affection held the President more even than the most exaggerated military deference.

At the same time, it is certain that Davis liked to be consulted. He had a considerable opinion of his own military gifts, and would probably have prefer-

red the command of the armies in the field to the presidency, although Ropes, the best of judges, tells us that he did not 'show himself the possessor of military ability to any notable extent.' His jealousy of independent command sometimes appears even with regard to Lee. 'I have never comprehended your views and purposes until the receipt of your letter yesterday, and now have to regret that I did not earlier know all that you have now communicated to others.' Perhaps the most delightful instance of Davis's confidence in his own talents as a general is the little indiscretion of Mrs. Davis. 'Again and again he said [before Gettysburg], "If I could take one wing and Lee the other, I think we could between us wrest a victory from those people."'" One says these things to one's wife; but I doubt if Davis would have wished that repeated — yet perhaps he would.

With all this in mind, it is easy to understand Lee's procedure, and to see the necessity as well as the wisdom of it. He was never free. In the early days he writes almost as Davis's clerk. To the end his most important communications are occasionally inspired by his superior, to the very wording. This subordination is trying at times to Lee's greatest admirers. Captain Battine says, 'It was the commander-in-chief who had constantly to stir up the energy of the President.' Colonel Henderson, whose admirable judgment is always to be respected, thinks Davis's policy was the cause of the failure to fight on the North Anna instead of at Fredericksburg; and he adds more generally, 'A true estimate of Lee's genius is impossible, for it can never be known to what extent his designs were thwarted by the Confederate government. Lee served Davis; Jackson served Lee, wisest and most helpful of masters.' It seems to me, however, that Lee's genius showed itself in over-

coming Davis as well as in overcoming the enemy.

One of the most curious instances of Lee's sensitive deference to the President as his military superior has, so far as I have discovered, remained unnoticed by all the historians and biographers. On August 8, 1863, a month after Gettysburg, Lee wrote the beautiful letter in which he urged that some one more capable should be put in his place (*the italics are mine*):—

'I know how prone we are to censure and how ready to blame others for the non-fulfillment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. *The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal.* . . . I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to Your Excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expression of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I, therefore, in all sincerity, request Your Excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others?'

It has been, I believe, universally assumed by Lee's biographers that this proposal of resignation was the result of his devoted patriotism, and of temporary discouragement caused by press and other criticism of the Gettysburg

failure. Such criticism there doubtless was; but it was so tempered by the deep-rooted confidence in Lee's character and ability that it appears mild in comparison with the attacks on Davis himself and on other generals. Without any reflection on Lee's patriotism, which needs no defense, I think a more important key to his action is to be found in the first sentence of his letter: 'Your letters of July 28 and August 2 have been received and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply.' The letter of July 28 apparently was not printed till 1897, in the supplementary volumes of the *Official Records*. In it Davis writes (*italics still mine*):—

'Misfortune often develops secret foes and still oftener makes men complain. It is comfortable to hold some one responsible for one's discomfort. In various quarters there are mutterings of discontent, and threats of alienation are said to exist, with preparation for organised opposition. *There are others who, faithful but dissatisfied, find an appropriate remedy in the removal of officers who have not succeeded.* They have not counted the cost of following their advice. Their remedy, to be good, should furnish substitutes who would be better than the officers displaced. If a victim would secure the success of our cause, I would freely offer myself.'

It seems of course absurd to suppose that Davis intended any hint here, especially in view of the instant, cordial, and affectionate negative which he returned to Lee's suggestion. Yet I think it quite in the character of the man to feel that it would be a graceful and respectful thing for a beaten commander to take such a step and receive presidential clemency. At any rate, if Davis's remarks were not intended as a hint, they show a gross lack of tact as addressed to a man in Lee's situation; and certainly no one can doubt that Lee's letter was in the main the

response of his sore and fretted humility to what seemed the implied suggestion of his superior.

It must not, however, for a moment be supposed that Lee's attitude toward Davis or any one else was unduly subservient. Dignity, not pompous or self-conscious, but natural, was his unfailing characteristic. 'He was one with whom nobody ever wished or ventured to take a liberty.' Even little slights he could resent in his quiet way. Davis himself records with much amusement that he once made some slur at a mistake of the engineers, and Lee, who had been trained in that service, replied that he 'did not know that engineer officers were more likely than others to make such mistakes.'

Furthermore, Lee never hesitated to urge upon the President the wants of the army. Over and over again he writes, pointing out the terrible need of reinforcements. 'I beg that you will take every practicable means to reinforce our ranks, which are much reduced, and which will require to be strengthened to their full extent to be able to compete with the invigorated force of the enemy.' His tone is roundly decided and energetic when he represents the importance of government action to repress straggling and disorder. 'I have the honor to enclose to you a copy of a letter written on the 7th instant, which may not have reached you, containing suggestions as to the means of preventing these and punishing the perpetrators. I again respectfully invite your attention to what I have said in that letter. Some effective means of repressing these outrages should be adopted, as they are disgraceful to the army and injurious to our cause.' As the difficulty of obtaining supplies became greater toward the end, although it was notorious that they were to be had in various parts of the country, Lee did not hesitate to side with the

public at large, and urge the removal of Davis's favorite, the commissary-general, Northrop; and I think it probable that this is referred to in Davis's remark to Dr. Craven. 'Even Gen. —, otherwise so moderate and conservative, was finally induced to join this injurious clamor.'

In general political questions, Lee was very reluctant to interfere. He did so at times, however. His ideas as to finance and as to the military employment of Negroes are not closely connected with Davis, and belong more properly to the discussion of his relations with the Confederate government. But there were points on which he appealed to the President urgently and directly. At the time of the first invasion of Maryland, he wrote an earnest letter pointing out the desirability of proposals for peace. 'The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence.' Again, just before the second invasion, he writes to the same effect with even more energy. 'Davis had said repeatedly that reunion with the North was unthinkable,' remarks his latest biographer. 'Lee wrote in effect that such assertions, which out of respect to the Executive he charged against the press, were short-sighted in the extreme.' Lee's language is in no way disrespectful, but it is very decided. 'Nor do I think we should in this connection make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former. . . . When peace is proposed, it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of prudence to spurn the proposition in advance.'

In political matters, as affecting

military movements, there was also more or less conflict of opinion between the President and his leading general. Lee wished to fight Burnside on the North Anna instead of at Fredericksburg. Lee regretted deeply the absence of Longstreet before Chancellorsville. And if the testimony of Long, Gordon, and others is to be accepted as against that of Davis himself, Lee would have abandoned Richmond toward the close of the struggle, had it not been for the decided opposition of the President.

In all these differences, however, we must note Lee's infinite courtesy and tact in the expression of his opinion. If he had lectured his superior after the fashion in which he himself was frequently addressed by Longstreet, the Army of Northern Virginia would have been looking for another commander at a very early stage. Instead of this, however decided his opinion, however urgent his recommendations, the language, without being undignified, is such as to soothe Davis's sensitive pride and save his love of authority. 'I earnestly commend these considerations to the attention of Your Excellency and trust that you will be at liberty, in your better judgment, and with the superior means of information you possess . . . to give effect to them, either in the way I have suggested, or in such other manner as may seem to you more judicious.'

Yet, with all his tact and all his delicacy, Lee must have felt as if he were handling a shy and sensitive horse, who might kick over the traces at any moment, with little provocation or none, so touchy was the President apt to be at even the slightest suggestion. For instance, Lee advises that General Whiting should be sent South. Davis endorses, 'Let Gen. Lee order Gen. Whiting to report here, and it may then be decided whether he will be sent South or not.' Lee ob-

jects earnestly to the organization of the military courts, offering to draft a new bill in regard to them. Davis simply comments, 'I do not find in the law referred to anything which requires the commanding general to refer all charges to the military courts.' Davis hears gossip about Lee's expressed opinions and calls him to order in the sharpest manner. 'Rumors assumed to be based on your views have affected the public mind, and it is reported obstructs [*sic*] needful legislation. A little further progress will produce panic. If you can spare the time, I wish you to come here.'

But the most decided snub of all appears in connection with the punishment of deserters. Lee felt strongly about this, and had urged upon Davis and upon the War Office the ruinous effects of executive clemency. Finally Longstreet calls attention to the depletion of his command by desertion, which he asserts is encouraged by constant reprieve. Lee passes on the complaint with the comment, 'Desertion is increasing in the army, notwithstanding all my efforts to stop it. I think a rigid execution of the law is [best?] in the end. The great want in our army is firm discipline.' Seddon refers the matter to Davis, and he calmly notes, 'When deserters are arrested, they should be tried, and if the sentence is remitted, that is not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander.' Reading these things, one is reminded of Mrs. Davis's delightful remark about 'the talent for governing men without humiliating them,' and one is almost tempted to reverse it.

That, in spite of these small matters of necessary discipline, Davis had the most unbounded and sincere affection for Lee is not open to a moment's doubt. In the early days, when Lee was unpopular, the President supported him loyally. When the South Carolinians

objected to his being sent to them, Davis said, 'If Lee is not a general, then I have none that I can send you.' And no jealousy of later glory or success prevented the repeated expression of a similar opinion. 'General Lee was one of the greatest soldiers of the age, if not the very greatest of this or any other country.' And the praise was as discriminating as it was enthusiastic. 'General Lee was not a man of hesitation, and they mistake his character who suppose that caution was his vice.' Admiration of the general was moreover backed up by a solid confidence, which is expressed repeatedly by Davis himself and by others. 'The President has unbounded confidence in Lee's capacity, modest as he is,' says Jones, at the very beginning of the war. 'Gen. Lee was now fast gaining the confidence of all classes; he had possessed that of the President always,' writes Mrs. Davis. 'I am alike happy in the confidence felt in your ability, and your superiority to outside clamor, when the uninformed assume to direct the movements of armies in the field,' is one among many passages which show unreserved reliance on the commander-in-chief.

Nor was Davis less keenly aware of Lee's great qualities as a man than of his military superiority. This is made abundantly apparent in both speeches and writings after Lee's death. The President extols his subordinate's uprightness, his generosity, his utter forgetfulness of self, and loyal devotion. In the noble eulogy pronounced at the Lee Memorial gathering in 1870 there are many instances of such praise, as in the account of Lee's attitude toward the attacks made upon him before his popularity was established. 'Through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equaled, he stood in silence without defending himself or allowing others to defend him.' And

besides the general commendation there is a note of deep personal feeling which is extremely touching. 'He was my friend, and in that word is included all that I can say of any man.' I have not anywhere met with any expression on Davis's part of deliberate criticism or fault-finding, and if he did not say such things he did not think them; for he was a man whose thoughts found their way to the surface in some shape sooner or later.

With Lee it is different. About many things we shall never know what he really thought. Undoubtedly he esteemed and admired Davis; but the expression of these feelings does not go beyond kindly cordiality. Soon after the war he writes to Early, 'I have been much pained to see the attempts made to cast odium upon Mr. Davis, but do not think they will be successful with the reflecting or informed part of the country.' After Davis's release from captivity, Lee wrote him a letter which is very charming in its old-fashioned courtesy. 'Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have no words to tell. . . . That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy is the sincere and earnest wish of your most obedient and faithful friend and servant.' Lee is, of course, even less outspoken in criticism than in praise of his superior. It is only very rarely that we catch a trace of dissatisfaction, as in his reported comment on the anxiety of the authorities in regard to Richmond: 'The general had been heard to say that Richmond was the millstone that was dragging down the army.'

In the delightful memoirs of General Gordon we get perhaps the most explicit statement of what Lee's feeling about the President really was. At the time when Davis was said to have refused to abandon the capital, Lee spoke to Gordon in the highest terms of the great qualities of Davis's

character, praised 'the strength of his convictions, his devotion, his remarkable faith in the possibility of still winning our independence, his unconquerable will-power. "But," headed, "you know that the President is very tenacious in opinion and purpose."'

The study of the relations of Lee and Davis grows more interesting as the history of the Confederacy approaches its tragic close. In 1861 Davis was popular all through the country. A small faction would have preferred another President, but once the election was settled, the support was enthusiastic and general. With difficulties and reverses, however, there came — naturally — a change of feeling. In the first place, the Confederacy had seceded for state rights. Now, war powers and state rights did not go together. Davis was constantly anxious to have law behind him, so anxious that the Richmond *Whig* sneered at his desire to get a law to back up every act of usurpation. But military necessity knows no law and the states in time grew restless and almost openly rebellious.

More than this, there came — also naturally — a bitter hostility to Davis himself. 'The people are weary of the flagrant mismanagement of the government,' is a mild specimen of the sort of thing that abounds in the Richmond *Examiner*. 'Jefferson Davis now treats all men as if they were idiotic insects,' says the Charleston *Mercury*. And Edmund Rhett, who had been disposed to hostility from the beginning, told Mrs. Chesnut that the President was 'conceited, wrong-headed, wranglesome obstinate, — a traitor.' These little amenities were of course to be expected. Lincoln had to meet them. But the Southern opposition seems to have been more widespread than the Northern, and I imagine an election in the autumn of 1864 would have defeated

Davis decisively. A moderate view of the state of things appears in a letter from Forsythe of Mobile to Bragg, January, 1865: 'Men have been taught to look upon the President as a sort of inexorably self-willed man who will see the country to the devil before giving up an opinion or a purpose. . . . We cannot win unless we keep up the popular heart. Mr. Davis should come down and grapple with that heart. He has great qualities for gaining the confidence of the people. There are many who would leap to his side to fight with and for him and for the country, if he would step into the arena and make the place for them.'

The question now arises, how far was Davis really responsible for this state of things? Could another, larger, abler man have done more than he did, if not have succeeded where he failed? For there is good evidence that the South had men and material resources to have kept up the struggle far longer. 'Our resources, fitly and vigorously employed, are ample,' said Lee himself in February, 1865. It was the people who had lost their courage, lost their interest, lost their hope — and no wonder. But could any people have behaved differently? Would that people with another leader? 'It is not the great causes, but the great men who have made history,' says one of the acutest observers of the human heart.

Such discussion would be futile except for its connection with the character of Davis. In the opinion of his detractors, the lost cause would have been won in better hands; and Pollard's clever book has spread that opinion very widely. Pollard, however, though doubtless sincere enough, was Davis's bitter personal enemy, or at any rate wrote as such. The dispassionate observer will hardly agree at once with his positive conclusions. More interesting is the comment of the diary-

keeping war-clerk, Jones, an infinitely small personage, but with an eye many-faceted as an insect's. Jones was a hearty admirer of the President at first, but fault-finding grows and, what is more important, the fault-finding is based on facts. 'Davis,' says Jones, 'is probably not equal to the rôle he is called upon to play. He has not the broad intelligence required for the gigantic measures needed in such a crisis, nor the health and physique for the labors devolving upon him.'

It is difficult, I think, not to agree with this moderate statement, unless the emphasis should be placed rather on character than on intelligence. It is probable that the Confederacy could never have been saved; but there might have been a leader who could have done more to save it than Davis. In the first place, the greatest men gather about them. Professor Hart writes, with justice, 'President Davis's cabinet was made up in great part of feeble and incapable men.' Mrs. Chesnut tells us that 'there is a perfect magazine of discord and disunion in the Cabinet.' Jones, who had the best opportunities for observation, says, 'Never did such little men rule a great people.' And again, 'Of one thing I am certain, that the people are capable of achieving independence, if they only had capable men in all departments of the government.' Mrs. Chesnut, an admirer of Davis in the main, lays her finger on the secret of the matter when she says, 'He (Toombs) rides too high a horse for so despotic a person as Jefferson Davis.' And we get further insight, when we learn that in 1862 Davis considered making Lee secretary of war, but thought better of it. Perhaps Lee was of more value in the field than he would have been in the cabinet; but it is difficult to believe that even he could permanently have remained Davis's secretary.

There are plenty of other indications, besides his choice of advisers, to show that Davis, able, brilliant, noble figure as he was, was 'overparted' in the enormous rôle he had to play. He could not always handle men in a way to win them, as a great ruler must. In his earlier life we read that 'public sentiment has proclaimed that Jefferson Davis is the most arrogant man in the United States Senate'; and Mrs. Davis herself tells us, when she first meets him, that he 'has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him, when he expresses an opinion, which offends me.' 'Gifted with some of the highest attributes of a statesman, he lacked the pliancy which enables a man to adapt his measures to the crisis,' says his kinsman, Reuben Davis. But the two most decisive comments on Davis's career that I know of are made again by Mrs. Davis, certainly with no intention of judging her husband, and all the more valuable on that account. 'It was because of his supersensitive temperament and the acute suffering it caused him, I had deprecated his assuming the civil administration.' And later she writes, 'In the greatest effort of his life Mr. Davis failed from the predominance of some of these noble qualities,' failed, that is, not by reason of external impossibility, but by causes within himself. Pollard could not have said more. Most of us would hardly say so much. Mrs. Davis certainly did not intend to, yet she knew the facts better than any one else in the world.

Whether another ruler than Davis could have saved the country or not, an immense number of people in the Confederacy thought that one man could—and that man was Lee. Everywhere those who most mistrusted the President looked to Lee with confidence and enthusiasm. At least as early as June, 1864, it was suggested that he should be made dictator. This idea

became more and more popular. On the nineteenth of January, 1865, the *Examiner* expressed itself editorially, as follows, 'There is but one way known to us of curing this evil: it is by Congress making a law investing Gen. Lee with absolute military power to make all appointments and direct campaigns. It may, indeed, be said that in this new position Gen. Lee would have to relieve generals and appoint others and order movements which perhaps might not satisfy the strategick acumen of the general publick; and how, it might be asked, could he satisfy everybody any more than Mr. Davis? The difference is simply that every Confederate would repose implicit confidence in Gen. Lee, both in his military skill and in his patriotic determination to employ the ablest men, whether he liked them or not.'

This sort of thing could not be very agreeable to Davis, and Mrs. Davis is said by the spiteful Pollard to have exclaimed, 'I think I am the proper person to advise Mr. Davis, and if I were he, I would die or be hung before I would submit to the humiliation.' On January 17, however, before the editorial appeared in the *Examiner*, the Legislature of Virginia addressed a respectful appeal to the President to make Lee commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies. Davis, knowing his man well, replied on the eighteenth that nothing would suit him better, and on the same day wrote to Lee offering him the position, thus anticipating the vote of Congress on the twenty-third that a commander-in-chief should be appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate.

It was, of course, the intention of Congress to take the military control entirely out of Davis's hands. It was expected and hoped that Lee would have agreed to this. What would have

happened if he had done so, or what would have happened if such a change could have been made at an earlier date, belongs more properly to a discussion of Lee's general relations to the Confederate government and the national policy as a whole. To have attempted anything of the sort would have meant revolution, for Davis would have fought it to the death. As it was, Lee did not hesitate a moment. To all suggestions of independent authority he returned a prompt and absolute No. The position of commander-in-chief he accepted, but only from the hands of Davis, and with the intention of acting in every way as his subordinate. 'I am indebted alone to the kindness of His Excellency the President for my nomination to this high and arduous office, and wish I had the ability to fill it to advantage. As I have received no instructions as to my duties, I do not know what he desires me to undertake.'

Thus we see that Lee, from personal loyalty, or from a broad view of policy, or both, was determined to remain in perfect harmony with his chief to the end. After the war the general said, 'If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I knew of none that could have done as well.' And it is pleasant to feel that in all the conflict and agony of that wretched time these two noble figures — both lofty and patriotic, if not equally so — could work together in the full spirit of Lee's testimony before the grand jury, as reported by himself to Davis: 'He said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed; and that therefore he had done, with my consent and approval, what he might have done if he had not consulted me.'

THE RHETORICIAN TO HIS SPIDER

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Good gossip, list! The lamp burns low,
As morning climbs our crumbling stair.
My tropes fade, too — but ere I go,
I praise the vigil that we share.

Thy shape transmuted should have shone
A golden spinner in the sky,
Where haunted Algol strays alone,
And gallant Argo plunges by.

More than to pipe on Marsyas' note,
To outweave Pallas! Thou didst know
How skill-less was the hand that smote,
And mocked her web who wrought thy woe.

She housed thee in the common dust,
A withered creature, shrunk and gray;
She mated thee with moth and rust,
And named thee handmaid of decay —

Yet could not tame thy skill, or bring
Thy craft to aid the shame begun:
Each morning sees thee deftly fling
Thine ancient pattern on the sun.

We contradict their social cant:
Ours are not of the eyes that see
Griselda in the patient ant,
Or Brutus in the dying bee —

Mean traffickers for dusty trade,
Betrayers of the simple flowers!
We are recluses, subtle maid;
The solitary cult is ours.

THE RHETORICIAN TO HIS SPIDER

We doubt their vulgar Paradise;
And, throned above the modern stir,
Heretically canonize
Saint Syntax and Saint Gossamer.

Yet serve we, too: thy tender coils
Alone entice the brawling fly;
I trip the demagogue in toils
Of syllogistic symmetry.

The unlettered, whom the letter kills,
May prate of charity for fools —
Through our pedantic peace yet thrills
The sacred fury of the Schools.

We laugh the pragmatist to scorn,
Who seeks his truth in loudest lies,
Awaiting, on the Judgment Morn,
Oracular majorities.

We dream a State of pure design,
Beyond the anarchy of swords,
Whose Code shall match thy lore with mine,
A perfect web of perfect words.

Thy woven heart, my brodered page,
My logic and thy legend, girl —
These isolate us from the Age,
In comradeship above the churl.

Let Peter or Mahomet save,
Jahveh — or Cretan Minos — damn;
So I may pledge, on Styx's wave,
Arachne, in an epigram!

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XIV

EXALTATION had not left Milton. His sallow face was flushed, his eyes glowed with a sort of beauty; and Mrs. Noel, who, better than most women, could read what was passing behind a face, saw those eyes with the delight of a moth fluttering towards a lamp. But in a very unemotional voice she said, 'So you have come to breakfast. How nice of you!'

It was not in Milton to observe the formalities of attack. Had he been going to fight a duel there would have been no preliminary, just a look, a bow, and the swords crossed. So in this first engagement of his with the soul of a woman! He neither sat down nor suffered her to sit, but stood close to her, looking intently into her face.

'I love you,' he said.

Now that it had come, with this disconcerting swiftness, Mrs. Noel was strangely calm and unashamed. The elation of knowing for sure that she was loved was like a wand waving away all tremors, stilling them to sweetness. Since nothing could take away the possession of that knowledge, she could never again be utterly unhappy. Then, too, in her nature, so deeply incapable of perceiving the importance of any principle but love, there was a secret feeling of assurance, of triumph. He *did* love her! And she, him! Well! And suddenly panic-stricken lest he should take back those words, she put her hand up to his breast, and said, — 'And I love you.'

The feel of his arms round her, the strength and passion of that moment, was so terribly sweet, that she died to thought, just looking up at him, with lips parted and eyes darker with the depth of her love than he had ever dreamed that eyes could be. The madness of his own feeling kept him silent. In this moment, the happiest of both their lives, the twin spirits of the universe, Force and Love, had in their immortal, bright-winged quest of the flower-moment, chosen these two for the temple wherein to stay conflict, and worship Harmony, the Overmaster; for they were so merged in one another that they knew and cared nothing for any other mortal thing. It was very still in the room; the roses and carnations in the lustre bowl, well knowing that their mistress was caught up into heaven, had let their perfume steal forth and occupy every cranny of the abandoned air; a hovering bee, too, circled round the lovers' heads, scenting, it seemed, the honey in their hearts.

It has been said that Milton's face was not unhandsome; for Mrs. Noel at this moment, when his eyes were so near hers, and his lips touching her, he was transfigured, and had become the spirit of all beauty. And she, with heart beating fast against him, her eyes half closing from delight, and her hair asking to be praised with its fragrance, her cheeks fainting pale with emotion, and her arms too languid with happiness to embrace him — she, to him, was the incarnation of the woman that visits dreams.

So passed that moment.

The bee ended it; who, impatient with flowers that hid their honey so deep, had entangled himself in Mrs. Noel's hair. And then, seeing that words, those dreaded things, were on his lips, she tried to kiss them back. But they came.

'When will you marry me?'

It all swayed a little. And with marvelous rapidity the whole position started up before her. She saw, with preternatural insight, into its nooks and corners. Something he had said one day, when they were talking of the Church view of marriage and divorce, lighted all up. So he had really never known about her! At this moment of utter sickness, she was saved from fainting by her sense of humor—her gentle cynicism. Not content to let her be, people's tongues had divorced her; he had believed them! And the crown of irony was that he should want to marry her, when she felt so utterly, so sacredly his, to do what he liked with, without forms or ceremonies. A surge of bitter feeling against the man who stood between her and Milton almost made her cry out. That man had captured her before she knew the world or her own soul, and she was tied to him, till by some beneficent chance he drew his last breath—when her hair was gray, and her eyes had no love-light, and her cheeks no longer grew pale when they were kissed; when twilight had fallen, and the flowers and bees no longer cared for her.

It was that feeling, the sudden revolt of the desperate prisoner, which steeled her to put out her hand, take up the paper, and give it to Milton.

When he had read the little paragraph, there followed one of those eternities which last perhaps two minutes.

He said, then, 'It's true, I suppose.' And as she did not answer, he added, 'I am sorry.'

The queer dry saying was so much more terrible than any outcry, that Mrs. Noel remained, deprived even of the power of breathing, with her eyes still fixed on Milton's.

The smile of the old Cardinal had come up on his face, which was to her at that moment like a living accusation. It seemed strange that the hum of the bees and flies and the gentle swishing of the lime-tree leaves should still go on outside, insisting that there was a world moving and breathing apart from her and careless of her misery. Then some of her courage came back, and with it her woman's mute power. It came haunting about her face, perfectly still; about her lips, sensitive and drawn; about her eyes, dark, almost mutinous under their arched brows. She stood, drawing him with her silence and her beauty.

At last he spoke.

'I have made a foolish mistake, it seems. I thought you were free.'

Her lips just moved for the words to pass: 'And I thought you knew. I never dreamed that you would want to marry me.'

It seemed to her natural that he should be thinking only of himself, but with the subtlest defensive instinct, she put forward her own tragedy. 'I suppose I had got too used to knowing that I was dead.'

'Is there no release?'

'None. We have neither of us done wrong; besides, with *him*, marriage is—forever.'

'My God!'

She had broken his smile, that was cruel without meaning to be cruel; and with a smile of her own that was cruel too, she said,—

'I did n't know that *you* believed in release.'

Then, as though she had stabbed herself in stabbing him, her face quivered.

He looked at her now, conscious at last that she was suffering too. And she felt that he was holding himself in with all his might from taking her again into his arms. Seeing this, the warmth crept back to her lips, and a little light into her eyes, which she kept hidden from him. Though she stood so proudly still, some wistful force seemed to be coming from her, as from a magnet, and Milton's hands and arms and face twitched as though palsied. This struggle, dumb and pitiful, seemed never to be coming to an end in the little white room, darkened by the thatch of the veranda, and sweet with the scent of pinks and of a wood-fire just lighted somewhere out at the back. Then, without a word, he turned and went out. She heard the wicket-gate swing to. He was gone.

XV

Lord Dennis was fly-fishing — the weather just too bright to allow the little trout of that shallow, never silent stream to embrace with avidity the small enticements which he threw in their direction. But 'Old Magnificat' continued to invite them, exploring every nook of their watery pathway with his soft-swishing line. In a rough suit, and battered hat adorned with those artificial and other flies which infest Harris tweed, he crept along among the hazel bushes and thorn trees, perfectly happy. Like an old spaniel who has once gloried in the fetching of hares, rabbits, and all manner of fowl, and is now happy if you will but throw a stick for him, so one who had been a famous fisher before the Lord, who had harried the waters of Scotland and Norway, Florida and Iceland, now pursued trout no bigger than sardines. The glamour of a thousand memories hallowed the hours he thus spent by that sweet brown water.

He fished unhasting, religiously, like some good Catholic adding one more row of beads to those he had already told, as though he would fish himself gravely, without complaint, into the other world. With each fish caught he experienced a certain solemn satisfaction.

Though he would have liked Barbara with him that morning, he had only looked at her once after breakfast in such a way that she could not see him, and with a little sigh had gone off by himself. Down by the stream it was dappled, both cool and warm, windless; the trees met over the river, and there were many stones, forming little basins which held up the ripple, so that the casting of a fly required much cunning. This long dingle ran for miles through the footgrowth of folding hills. It was beloved of jays; but of human beings there were none, except a chicken-farmer's widow, who lived in a house thatched almost to the ground, and made her livelihood by directing tourists with such cunning that they soon came back to her for tea.

It was while throwing a rather longer line than usual to reach a little dark piece of crisp water that Lord Dennis heard the swishing and crackling of some one advancing at full speed. He frowned slightly, feeling for the nerves of his fishes, whom he did not wish startled. The invader was Milton: hot, pale, disheveled, with a queer, hunted look on his face. He stopped on seeing his great-uncle, and instantly put on the mask of his smile.

Old Magnificat was not the man to see what was not intended for him, and he merely said, 'Well, Eustace!' as he might have spoken, meeting his nephew in the halls of his London clubs.

Milton, no less polite, murmured, 'I hope I have n't lost you anything.'

Lord Dennis shook his head, and laying his rod on the bank, said, 'Sit

down and have a chat, old fellow. You don't fish, I think?'

He had not in the least missed the suffering behind Milton's mask; for his eyes were still good, and there was a little matter of some twenty years' suffering of his own on account of a woman — ancient history now — which had left him oddly sensitive, for an old man, to the signs of suffering in others.

Milton would not have obeyed that invitation from any one else, but there was something about Lord Dennis which people did not resist; his power lying perhaps in the serenity which radiated from so grave and simple a personality — the assurance that there was no afterthought about his mind, that he would never cause one to feel awkward.

The two sat side by side on the roots of trees. At first they talked a little of birds, and then were silent, so silent that the invisible creatures of the woods consulted together audibly. Lord Dennis broke that silence.

'This place,' he said, 'always reminds me of Mark Twain's writings — can't tell why, unless it's the evergreenness. I like the evergreen philosophers, Twain and Meredith. There's no salvation except through courage, though I never could stomach the "strong man" — captain of his soul, Henley and Nietzsche and that sort. It goes against the grain. What do you say, Eustace?'

'They meant well,' answered Milton, 'but they protested too much.'

Lord Dennis moved his head in silent assent.

'To be captain of your soul!' continued Milton in a better voice; 'it's a pretty phrase!'

'Pretty enough,' murmured Old Magnificat.

Milton looked at him. 'And suitable to you,' he said.

'No, my dear, a long way off that. Thank God!'

A large trout rose in the stillest coffee-colored pool. Lord Dennis looked at the splash. He knew that fellow, a half-pounder at the least, and his thoughts began to flight round the top of his head, hovering over the various merits of the flies. His fingers itched too, but he made no movement, and the ash tree under which he sat let its leaves tremble, as though in sympathy.

'See that hawk?' said Milton suddenly.

At a height more than level with the tops of the hills, a buzzard-hawk was stationary in the blue directly over them. Inspired by curiosity at their stillness, he was looking down to see whether they were edible; the upcurved ends of his great wings flirted just once to show that he was part of the living glory of the air — a symbol of freedom to men and fishes.

Lord Dennis looked at his great-nephew. The boy — for what else was twenty-eight to seventy-eight? — was taking it hard, whatever it might be, taking it very hard! He was that sort — ran till he dropped. The worst kind to help — the sort that made for trouble — that let things gnaw at them! And there flashed before the old man's mind the image of Prometheus devoured by the eagle. It was his favorite tragedy, which he still read periodically, in the Greek, helping himself now and then, out of his old lexicon, to the meaning of some word which had flown to Erebus. Yes, Eustace was a fellow for the heights and depths!

He said quietly, 'You don't care to talk about it, I suppose?'

Milton shook his head, and again there was silence.

The buzzard-hawk, having seen them move, quivered his wings like a moth's, and deserted that plain of air. A robin, from the dappled warmth of a mossy

stone, was regarding them instead. There was another splash.

Old Magnificat said very gently, 'Don't move. That fellow's risen twice; I believe he'd take a "Wistman's treasure."' Extracting from his hat its latest fly, and binding it on, he began softly to swish his line. 'I shall have him yet!' he murmured.

But Milton had stolen away.

The further piece of information about Mrs. Noel, already known by Barbara, and diffused by the *Bucklandbury Gazette*, — in its quest of divinity, the reconciliation of white-wash and tar, — had not become common knowledge at the Court till great Lord Dennis had started out to fish. In combination with the news that Milton had arrived and gone out without breakfast, it had been received with mingled feelings. Bertie, Harbinger, and Shropton, in a short conclave, after agreeing that from the point of view of the election it was perhaps better than if she had been a *divorcée*, were still inclined to the belief that no time was to be lost — in doing what, however, they were unable to determine. Apart from the impossibility of knowing how a fellow like Milton would take the matter, they were faced with the devilish subtlety of all situations to which the proverb 'Least said, soonest mended' applies. They were in the presence of that awe-inspiring thing, the power of scandal.

Simple statements of simple facts, without moral drawn (to which no legal exception could be taken), laid before the public as a piece of interesting information, or at the worst made known, *bona fide*, lest the public should blindly elect as their representative one whose private life might not stand the inspection of daylight — what could be more justifiable! And yet Milton's supporters knew that this simple statement of where he spent his evenings

had a poisonous potency, through its power of stimulating that side of the human imagination most easily excited. They recognized only too well how strong was a certain primitive desire, especially in rural districts, by yielding to which the world was made to go, and how remarkably hard it was not to yield to it, and how interesting and exciting to see or hear of others yielding to it, and how (though here of course opinion might differ) reprehensible of them to do so! They recognized, too well, how a certain kind of conscience would appreciate this rumor; and how the Puritans would lick their lengthened chops. They knew, too, how irresistible to people of any imagination at all was the mere combination of a member of a class, traditionally supposed to be inclined to having what it wanted, with a lady who lived alone! As Harbinger said, it was really devilish awkward! For to take any notice of it would be to make more people than ever believe it true. And yet, that it was working mischief, they felt by the secret voice in their own souls, telling them that they would have believed it if they had not known better. They hung about, waiting for Milton to come in.

The news was received by Lady Valleys with a sigh of intense relief, and the remark that it was probably another lie. When Barbara confirmed it, she only said, 'Poor Eustace!' and at once wrote off to her husband to say that Mrs. Noel was still married, so that the worst, fortunately, could not happen.

Milton came in to lunch, but from his face and manner nothing could be guessed. He was a thought more talkative than usual, and spoke of Brook's speech — some of which he had heard. He looked at Courtier meaningly, and after lunch said to him, —

'Will you come to my den?'

In that room, the old withdrawing room of the Elizabethan wing, — where once had been the embroideries, tapestries, and missals of beruffled dames, — were now books, pamphlets, oak panels, pipes, fencing-gear, and along one wall a collection of Red Indian weapons and ornaments brought back by Milton from the United States. High on the wall above them reigned the bronze death-mask of a famous Apache chief, cast from a plaster taken of the face by a professor of Yale College, who had declared it to be a perfect specimen of the vanishing race. That visage, which had a certain weird resemblance to Dante's, presided over the room with cruel, tragic stoicism. No one could look on it without feeling that there the human will had been pushed to its furthest limits of endurance.

Seeing it for the first time, Courtier said, 'That's a fine thing. It only wants a soul.'

Milton nodded. 'Sit down,' he said.

Courtier sat down.

There followed one of those silences in which men whose spirits, though different, are big, can say so much to one another.

At last Milton spoke. 'I have been living in the clouds, it seems. You are her oldest friend. The question now is how to make it easiest for her. This miserable rumor!'

Not even Courtier himself could have put such whip-lash sting into the word 'miserable.'

He answered, 'Oh! take no notice of that. Let them stew in their own juice. She won't care.'

Milton listened, not moving a muscle of his face.

'Your friends here,' went on Courtier with a touch of contempt, 'seem in a flutter. Don't let them do anything, don't let them say a word. Treat

the thing as it deserves to be treated. It'll die.'

Milton smiled. 'I'm not sure,' he said, 'that the consequences will be what you think, but I shall do as you say.'

'As for your candidature, any man with a spark of generosity in his soul will rally to you because of it.'

'Possibly,' said Milton, 'but it will lose me the election.'

They stared at one another, dimly conscious that their last words had revealed the difference of their temperaments and creeds.

'Damn it!' said Courtier, 'I never will believe that people can be so mean!'

'Until they are.'

'Anyway, though we get at it in different ways, we agree.'

Milton leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, and shading his face with his hand, said, 'You know her story. Is there any way out of it, for her?'

On Courtier's face was the look which so often came when he was speaking for one of his lost causes — as if the fumes from a fire in his heart had mounted to his head.

'Only the way,' he answered calmly, 'that I should take if I were you.'

'And that?'

'The law into your own hands.'

Milton unshaded his face. His gaze seemed to have to travel from an immense distance before it reached Courtier. He answered, 'Yes, I thought you would say that.'

XVI

When everything, that night, was quiet in the great house, Barbara, with her hair hanging loose outside her dressing-gown, slipped from her room into the dim corridor. With bare feet thrust into fur-crowned slippers which made no noise, she stole along, looking at

door after door. Through a long Gothic window, uncurtained, the mild moonlight was coming. She stopped just where that moonlight fell, and tapped. There came no answer. She opened the door a little way, and said, —

‘Are you asleep, Eusty?’

There still came no answer, and she went in.

The curtains were drawn, but a chink of moonlight, peering through, fell on the bed. It was empty. Barbara stood uncertain, listening. In the heart of that darkness there seemed to be, not sound, but, as it were, the muffled soul of sound, a sort of strange vibration, like that of a flame noiselessly licking the air. She put her hand to her heart, which beat as though it would leap through the thin silk coverings. From what corner of the room was that mute tremor coming? Stealing to the window, she parted the curtains, and stared back into the shadows. There, on the far side, lying on the floor with his arms pressed tightly round his head and his face to the wall, was Milton.

Barbara let fall the curtains, and stood breathless, with such a queer sensation in her breast as she had never felt: a sense of something outraged — of lost divinity — of scarred pride. It was gone in a moment, before a rush of pity. She stepped forward quickly in the darkness, was visited by fear, and stopped. He had seemed absolutely himself all the evening. A little more talkative, perhaps, a little more caustic than usual. And now to find him like this!

There was no great share of reverence in Barbara, but what little she possessed had always been kept for her eldest brother. He had impressed her, from a child, with his aloofness, and she had been proud of kissing him because he never seemed to let anybody else do so. Those caresses, no doubt, had the savor of conquest; his face had

been the undiscovered land for her lips. She loved him as one loves that which ministers to one’s pride; had for him, too, a touch of motherly protection, as for a doll that does not get on too well with the other dolls; and withal a little unaccustomed awe.

Dared she now plunge in on this private agony? Could she have borne that any one should see herself thus prostrate? He had not heard her, and she tried to regain the door. But a board creaked; she heard him move, and flinging away her fears, she said, ‘It’s me! Babs!’ and sank on her knees beside him. She tried at once to take his head into her arms, but she could not see it, and succeeded indifferently. She could but stroke his arm, wondering whether he would hate her ever afterwards, and blessing the darkness, which made it all seem as though it were not happening, yet so much more poignant than if it had happened. Suddenly she felt him slip away from her, and getting up, stole out. After the darkness of that room, the corridor seemed full of gray, filmy light, as though dream-spiders had joined the walls with their cobwebs, in which innumerable white moths, so tiny that they could not be seen, were struggling. Small eerie noises crept about. A sudden frightened longing for warmth and light and color came to Barbara.

She fled back to her room. But she could not sleep. That terrible, mute, unseen vibration in the unlighted room — like the noiseless licking of a flame at bland air; the touch of Milton’s hand, hot as fire against her cheek and neck; the whole tremulous dark episode possessed her through and through. Thus had the wayward force of love chosen to manifest itself to her in all its wistful violence. At this first sight of the red flower of passion, Barbara’s cheeks burned; up and down her, between the cool sheets, little hot, cruel shivers ran;

she lay, wide-eyed, staring at the ceiling. She thought of the woman whom he so loved, and wondered if she too were lying sleepless, flung down on the bare floor, trying to cool her forehead and lips against a cold wall.

Not for hours did she fall asleep, and then dreamed of running desperately through fields full of tall spikey flowers like asphodels, and behind her was running herself.

In the morning she dreaded to go down. Could she meet Milton, now that she knew of the passion in him, and he knew that she knew it? She had her breakfast brought upstairs. But she need not have feared. Before she had finished, Milton himself came in. He looked more than usually self-contained, not to say ironic, and he only said, 'If you 're going to ride, you might take this note for me over to old Haliday at Wippincott.'

By his coming she knew that he was saying all he ever meant to say about that dark incident. And sympathizing completely with a reticence which she herself felt to be the only possible way out for both of them, Barbara looked at him gratefully, took the note, and said, 'All right!'

After glancing once or twice round the room, Milton went out.

But he left her restless, divested of the cloak 'of course,' in a mood of strange questioning, ready as it were for the sight of the magpie wings of Life, and to hear their quick flutterings. The talk of the big house jarred on her, with its sameness and attachment to things done and about to be done, its essential concern with the world as it was. She wanted to be told that morning of things that were not, yet might be; to peep behind the curtain, and see the very spirit of mortal happenings riding on the tall air. This was unusual with her, whose body was too perfect, too sanely governed by the flow of her

blood, not to revel in the moment and the things thereof. Restlessness sent her swinging out into the lanes. It drove her before it all the morning, and hungry, at midday, into a farmhouse to beg for milk. There, in the kitchen, like young jackdaws in a row with their mouths a little open, were the three farm boys, seated on a bench gripped to the alcove of the great fire-way, munching bread and cheese. Above their heads a gun was hung, trigger upwards, and two hams were mellowing in the smoke. At the feet of a black-haired girl, slicing onions, lay a sheep-dog of tremendous age, with nose stretched out on paws, and in his little blue eyes a gleam of approaching immortality. They all stared at Barbara, as if an archangel had asked for milk. And one of the boys, whose face had the delightful look of him who loses all sense of other things in what he is seeing at the moment, smiled, and continued smiling, with sheer pleasure. The milk was new. Barbara drank it, and wandered out. She went up a lane, and passing through a gate at the bottom of a steep, rocky tor, she sat down on a sun-warmed stone. The sunlight fell greedily on her here, like an invisible, swift hand, touching her all over as she leaned back against the wall, and specially caressing her throat and face. A very gentle wind, which dived over the tor-tops into the young fern, stole down at her, spiced with the fern sap. All was warmth and peace, and only the cuckoos on the far thorn trees — as though stationed by the Wistful Master himself — were there to disturb her heart.

But all the sweetness and piping of the day did not soothe her. In truth, she could not have said what was the matter, except that she felt so discontented, and as it were empty of all but a sort of aching impatience, with what exactly she could not say. She had that

rather dreadful feeling of something slipping by which she could not catch. It was so new to her to feel like that — no girl was less given to moods and re-pinings. And all the time a sort of contempt for this soft and almost sentimental feeling in her, made her tighten her lips and frown. She felt distrustful and sarcastic towards a mood so utterly subversive of that fetich 'hardness' which unconsciously she had been brought up to worship. To stand no sentiment or nonsense either in herself or in others was the first article of faith; not to slop over anywhere. And to feel like this was almost horrible to Barbara. And yet she could not get rid of the sensation. With sudden recklessness she tried giving herself up to it entirely. Undoing the scarf at her throat, she let the air play on her bared neck, and stretched out her arms as if to hug the wind to her; then, with a sigh, she got up, and walked on.

And now she began thinking again of Mrs. Noel; turning her position over and over with impatience. The idea that any one young and beautiful should thus be clipped off in her life, roused indignation in Barbara. Let them try it with her! They would soon see! Besides, she hated anything to suffer. It seemed to her unnatural. She never went to that hospital where Lady Valleys had a ward, nor to their summer camp for crippled children, nor to help in their annual concert for sweated workers, without a feeling of such vehement pity that it was like being seized by the throat. Once, when she had been singing to them, the rows of wan, pinched faces below had been too much for her; she had broken down, forgotten her words, lost memory of the tune, and just ended her performance with a smile, worth more perhaps to her audience than those lost verses. She never came away from such sights and places without a feeling of revolt

amounting almost to rage; yet she continued to go, because she dimly knew that it was expected of her not to turn her back on things.

But it was not this feeling which made her stop before Mrs. Noel's cottage; nor was it curiosity. It was a quite simple desire to squeeze her hand.

She seemed to be taking her trouble as only those women who are not good at self-assertion can take things — doing exactly as she would have done if nothing had happened; a little paler than usual, with lips pressed rather tightly together.

Neither of them spoke at first, but they stood looking, not at each other's faces, but at each other's breasts.

At last, Barbara stepped forward impulsively and kissed her.

After that, like two children who kiss first and make acquaintance afterwards, they stood apart, silent, faintly smiling. It had been given and returned in real sweetness and comradeship, that kiss, for a sign of womanhood making face against the world; but now that it was over, both felt a little awkward. Would that kiss have been given if Fate had been auspicious? Was it not proof of misery? So Mrs. Noel's smile seemed saying, and Barbara's smile unwillingly admitting. Perceiving that if they talked it could only be about the most ordinary things, they began speaking of music, flowers, and the queerness of bees' legs. But all the time, Barbara, though seemingly unconscious, was noting with her smiling eyes the tiny movements by which one woman can tell what is passing in another. She saw a little quiver tighten the corner of the lips, the eyes suddenly grow large and dark, the thin blouse desperately rise and fall. And her fancy, quickened by last night's memory, saw this woman giving herself up to love in her thoughts. At this sight

she felt a little of that impatience which the conquering feel for the passive, and perhaps just a touch of jealousy.

Whatever Milton should decide, that would this woman accept! Such resignation, while it simplified things, offended that part of Barbara which rebelled against all inaction, all dictation, even from her favorite brother.

She said suddenly, 'Are you going to do nothing? Are n't you going to try and free yourself? If I were in your position, I would never rest till I'd made them free me.'

But Mrs. Noel did not answer; and sweeping her glance from that crown of soft dark hair, down the soft white figure, to the very feet, Barbara said, 'I believe you are a fatalist.'

Then, not knowing what more to say, she soon went away. But walking home across the fields, where full summer was swinging on the delicious air, and there was now no bull, but only red cows to crop short the 'milkmaids' and buttercups, she suffered from this strange revelation of the strength of softness and passivity—as though she had seen in Mrs. Noel's white figure, and heard in her voice, something from beyond, symbolic, inconceivable, yet real.

XVII

Lord Valleys, relieved from official pressure by subsidence of the war scare, had returned for a long week-end. To say that he had been intensely relieved by the news that Mrs. Noel was not free, would be to put it mildly. Though not old-fashioned, like his mother-in-law, in regard to the marriage question, and quite prepared to admit in general that exclusiveness was out of date, he had a peculiar personal feeling about his own family, and was perhaps a little extra sensitive because of Agatha; for Shropton, though a good fellow and extremely wealthy, was only a third bar-

onet, and had originally been made of iron. And though Lord Valleys passed over with a shrug and a laugh—as much as to say, 'It's quite natural nowadays'—those numerous alliances by which his caste were renewing the sinews of war; and indeed, in his capacity of an expert, often pointed out the dangers of too much in-breeding; still, when it came to his own family, he felt that the case was different. There was no material necessity whatever for going outside the inner circle; he had not done it himself; moreover, there was a sentiment about these things!

On the morning after his arrival, visiting the kennels before breakfast, he stood chatting with his head man, and caressing the wet noses of his two favorite pointers, with something of the feeling of a boy let out of school. Those white creatures, cowering and quivering with pride against his legs, and turning up at him their yellow Chinese eyes, gave him that sense of warmth and comfort which visits men in the presence of their hobbies. With this particular pair, inbred to the uttermost, he had successfully surmounted a great risk. It was now touch-and-go whether he dared venture on one more cross to the original strain, in the hope of eliminating that last clinging touch of liver color. It was a gamble—and it was just that which rendered it so vastly interesting.

A small voice diverted his attention; he looked round and saw his granddaughter, little Ann Shropton. She had been in bed when he arrived the night before, and he was therefore the newest thing about. She carried in her arms a guinea-pig, and began at once:—

'Grandpapa, granny wants you. She's on the terrace; she's talking to Mr. Courtier. I like him—he's a kind man. If I put my guinea-pig down, will they bite it? Poor darling—they shan't! Is n't it a darling?'

Lord Valleys, twirling his moustache, regarded the guinea-pig without favor; he had rather a dislike for all senseless kinds of beasts.

Pressing the guinea-pig between her hands, as it might be a concertina, little Ann jiggled it gently above the pointers, who, wrinkling horribly their long noses, gazed upwards, fascinated.

'Poor darlings, they want it — don't they, grandpapa?'

'Yes.'

'Do you think the next puppies will be quite white?'

Continuing to twirl his moustache, Lord Valleys answered, 'I think it is not improbable, Ann.'

'Why do you like them quite white? Oh! they're kissing Sambo — I *must* go!'

Lord Valleys followed her, his eyebrows a little raised. As he approached the terrace, his wife came towards him. Her color was deeper than usual, and she had the look, higher and more resolute, peculiar to her when she had been opposed. In truth, she had just been through a passage of arms with Courtier, who, as the first revealer of Mrs. Noel's situation, had become entitled to a certain confidence on this subject. It had arisen from what she had intended as a perfectly natural and not unkind remark, to the effect that all the trouble had arisen from Mrs. Noel not having made her position clear to Milton from the first.

He had gone very red.

'It's easy,' he said, 'for those who have never been in the position of a lonely woman, to blame her.'

Unaccustomed to be withstood, Lady Valleys had looked at him intently.

'I am the last person to be hard on a woman for conventional reasons. I merely think it showed a lack of character.'

Courtier's reply had been almost rude.

'Plants are not equally robust, Lady Valleys. Some are sensitive.'

She had retorted with decision, 'If you like so to dignify the simpler word "weak."'

He had become very rigid at that, biting deeply into his moustache.

'What crimes are not committed under the sanctity of that creed, "survival of the fittest," which suits the book of all you fortunate people so well!'

Priding herself on her restraint, Lady Valleys answered, 'Ah! we must talk that out. On the face of them, your words sound a little unphilosophical, don't they?'

He had looked straight at her with a queer, rather unpleasant smile; and she had felt at once uneasy, and really angry. But remembering that he was her guest, she had only said dryly, 'Perhaps, after all, we had better not talk it out.'

But as she moved away, she heard him say, 'In any case, I'm certain Audrey Noel never willfully kept your son in the dark.'

Though still ruffled, she could not help admiring the way he stuck up for this woman; and she threw back at him the words, 'You and I, Mr. Courtier, must have a good fight some day!'

She went towards her husband, conscious of the rather pleasurable sensation which combat always roused in her.

These two were very good comrades. Theirs had been a love match, and making due allowance for human nature beset by opportunity, had remained, throughout, a solid and efficient alliance. Taking, as they both did, so prominent a part in public and social matters, the time they spent together was limited, but productive of mutual benefit and reinforcement.

They had not yet had an opportunity of discussing their son's affair; and, slip-

ping her arm through his, Lady Valleys led him away from the house. 'I want to talk to you about Milton, Geoff.'

'H'm!' said Lord Valleys. 'Yes. The boy's looking worn. Good thing when this election's over, anyway!'

'If he's beaten and has n't something new and serious to concentrate himself on, he'll fret his heart out over this woman.'

Lord Valleys meditated a little before replying.

'I don't think that, Gertrude. He's got plenty of spirit.'

'Of course! But it's a real passion. And, you know, he's not like most boys, who'll take what they can.'

She said this rather wistfully.

'I'm sorry for that woman,' mused Lord Valleys; 'I really am.'

'They say this rumor's done a lot of harm.'

'Oh, our influence is strong enough to survive that.'

'It'll be a squeak; I wish I knew what he was going to do. Will you ask him?'

'You're clearly the person to speak to him,' replied Lord Valleys. 'I'm no hand at that sort of thing.'

But Lady Valleys, with genuine discomfort, murmured, 'My dear, I'm so nervous with Eustace. When he puts on that smile of his, I'm done for, at once.'

'This is obviously a woman's business; nobody like a mother.'

'If it were only one of the others,' muttered Lady Valleys; 'Eustace has that queer way of making you feel lumpy.'

Lord Valleys looked askance. He had that kind of critical fastidiousness which a word will rouse into activity. Was she lumpy? The idea had never struck him.

'Well, I'll do it, if I must,' sighed Lady Valleys.

When she entered Milton's 'den,'

he was buckling on his spurs preparatory to riding out to some of the remoter villages. Under the mask of the Apache chief, Bertie was standing, more inscrutable and neat than ever, in a perfectly-tied cravat, perfectly-cut riding-breeches, and boots worn and polished till a sooty glow shone through their natural russet. Not specially dandified in his usual dress, Bertie Caradoc would almost sooner have died than disgrace a horse. His eyes, the sharper because they had only half the space of the ordinary eye to glance from, at once took in the fact that his mother wished to be alone with 'old Milton,' and he discreetly left the room.

That which disconcerted all who had dealings with Milton was the discovery, made soon or late, that they could not be sure how anything would strike him. In his mind, as in his face, there was a certain regularity, and then — impossible to say exactly where — it would shoot off and twist round a corner. This was the legacy, no doubt, of the hard-bitted individuality which had brought to the front so many of his ancestors; for in Milton was the blood not only of the Caradocs and Fitz Harolds, but of most other prominent families in the kingdom, all of whom at one time or another had had a forbear conspicuous by reason of qualities, not always fine, but always poignant.

Now, though Lady Valleys had the audacity of her physique, and was not customarily abashed, she began by speaking of politics, hoping her son would soon give her an opening. But he gave her none, and she grew nervous. At last, summoning all her coolness, she said, 'I'm dreadfully sorry about this affair, dear boy. Your father told me of your talk with him. Try not to take it too hard.'

Milton did not answer, and silence

being that which Lady Valleys habitually most dreaded, she took refuge in further speech, outlining for her son the whole episode as she saw it from her point of view, and ending with these words, 'Surely it 's not worth it.'

Milton heard her with the peculiar look, as of a man peering through a vizor. Then smiling faintly, he said, 'Thank you,' and opened the door.'

Lady Valleys, without quite knowing whether he intended her to do so, indeed without quite knowing anything at the moment, passed out, and Milton closed the door behind her.

Ten minutes later he and Bertie were seen riding down the drive.

XVIII

That afternoon the wind, which had been rising steadily, brought a flurry of clouds up from the southwest. Formed out on the heart of the Atlantic, they sailed forward, swift and fleecy at first, like the skirmishing white shallops of a dark fleet, then in great serried masses overwhelmed the sun. About four o'clock they broke in rain, which the wind drove horizontally with a cold, whiffing murmur. As youth and glamour die in a face before the cold rains of life, so glory died on the moor. The tors, from being uplifted, wild castles, became mere gray excrescences. Distance failed. The cuckoos were silent. There was none of the beauty that there is in death, no tragic greatness — all was moaning and monotony. But about seven the sun tore its way back through the swath, and flared out. Like some huge star, whose rays were stretching down to the horizon, and up to the very top of the hill of air, it shone with an amazing, murky glamour; the clouds, splintered by its shafts, and tinged saffron, piled themselves up as if in wonder. Under the sultry warmth of this new great star, the heather be-

gan to steam a little, and the glitter of its wet, unopened bells was like that of innumerable tiny, smoking fires.

The two brothers were drenched as they cantered silently home. Good friends always, they had never much to say to one another. For Milton was conscious that he thought on a different plane from his brother; and Bertie grudged, even to his brother, any inkling of what was passing in his spirit, just as he grudged parting with diplomatic knowledge, or stable secrets, or indeed anything that might leave him less in command of life. He grudged it, because, in a private sort of way, it lowered his estimation of his own stoical self-sufficiency; it hurt something proud in the withdrawing-room of his soul. But though he talked little, he had the power of contemplation — often found in men of decided character, with a tendency to liver. Once in Nepal, where he had gone to shoot, he had passed a month quite happily with only a Ghoorka servant who could speak no English. In describing that existence afterwards, he had said, 'No, was n't bored a bit; thought a lot, of course.'

With Milton's trouble he had the professional sympathy of a brother and the natural intolerance of a confirmed bachelor. Women were to him very kittle-cattle. He distrusted from the bottom of his soul those who had such manifest power to draw things from you. He was one of those men in whom some day a woman might awaken a really fine affection; but who, until that time, would maintain a perfectly male attitude to the entire sex. Women were, like life itself, creatures to be watched, carefully used, and kept duly subservient. The only allusion, therefore, that he made to Milton's trouble, was very sudden.

'Old man, I hope you're going to cut your losses.'

The words were followed by undisturbed silence. But passing Mrs. Noel's cottage, Milton said, —

'Take my horse on, old fellow. I want to go in here.'

She was sitting at her piano with her hands idle, looking at a line of music. She had been sitting thus for many minutes, but had not yet taken in the notes.

When Milton's shadow blotted the light by which she was seeing so little, she gave a slight start, and got up. But she neither went towards him, nor spoke. And he, without a word, came in and stood by the hearth, looking down at the empty grate. A tortoiseshell cat which had been watching swallows, disturbed by his entrance, withdrew from the window beneath a chair.

This silence, in which the question of their future lives was to be decided, seemed to both interminable; yet neither could end it.

At last, touching his sleeve, she said, 'You're wet!'

Milton shivered at that timid sign of possession. And they again stood in silence broken only by the sound of the cat licking its paws.

But her faculty for dumbness was stronger than his, and he spoke first.

'Forgive me for coming; something must be settled. This rumor —'

'That!' she said scornfully; but quickly added, 'Is there anything I can do to stop the harm to you?'

It was the turn of Milton's lips to curl. 'God! no; let them talk!'

Their eyes had come together now, and, once together, seemed unable to part.

Mrs. Noel said at last, 'Will you ever forgive me?'

'What for? it was my fault.'

'No, I should have known you better.'

The depth of meaning in those words — the tremendous and subtle admission they contained of all that she had been ready to do, the despairing knowledge in them that he was not, and never had been, ready to 'bear it out even to the edge of doom' — made Milton wince away. With desolate dryness, he said, 'It is not from fear — believe that, anyway.'

She answered, 'I do.'

There followed another long silence. So close that they were almost touching, they no longer looked at one another. Then Milton said, —

'There is only to say good-by, then.'

At these clear words, spoken by lips which, though just smiling, failed so utterly to hide his misery, Mrs. Noel's face became as colorless as her white gown. But those eyes, which had grown immense, seemed, from the sheer lack of all other color, to have drawn into them the whole of her vitality; to be pouring forth a proud and mournful reproach.

Shivering and crushing himself together with his arms, Milton walked towards the window. There was not the faintest sound from her, and he looked back. She was following him with her eyes. He threw his hand up over his face, and went quickly out.

Mrs. Noel stood for a little while where he had left her; then, sitting down once more at the piano, began again to con over the line of music. And the cat stole back to the window to watch the swallows. The sunlight was dying slowly on the top branches of the lime tree; a drizzling rain began to fall.

XIX

Claud Fresnay, Viscount Harbinger, was, at the age of thirty-one, perhaps the least encumbered peer in the United Kingdom. Thanks to an ancestor who had acquired land, and departed this

life one hundred and thirty years before the town of Nettlefold was built on a small portion of it, and to a father who had died in his son's infancy, after selling the said town, he possessed a very large and well-nursed income independently of his landed interests.

He was tall, strong, and well-built, had nice easy manners, a regular face, with dark hair and a light moustache, more than average wits, and a genial smile. He had traveled, written two books, was a Captain of Yeomanry, a Justice of the Peace, a good cricketer, a very glib speaker, and marked for early promotion to the Cabinet. He had lately taken up Social Reform very seriously, so far as a nature rapid rather than deep, and a life in which he was hardly ever alone, or silent, suffered him. Brought into contact day and night with people to whom politics was a game, run after everywhere, subjected to no form of discipline, it was a wonder that he was as serious as he was. Moreover, he had never been in love until, the year before, during her first season, he met Barbara. She had, as he would have expressed it, — in the case of another, — 'bowled his middle stump.' But though deeply smitten, he had not yet asked her to marry him — had not, as it were, had time; nor perhaps quite the courage, or conviction. Yet, when he was near her, it seemed impossible that he could go on longer without knowing his fate; but then again, when he was away from her it was almost a relief, because there were so many things to be done and said, and so little time to do or say them in. During the fortnight, however, which, for her sake, he had managed, with intervals of rushing up to London, to devote to Milton's cause, his feeling had advanced beyond the point of comfort. He was, in a word, uneasy.

He did not admit that the cause of this uneasiness was Courtier, for, after

all, Courtier was, in a sense, nobody, and an extremist into the bargain; and an extremist always affected the centre of Harbinger's anatomy, causing it to give off a peculiar smile and tone of voice. Nevertheless his eyes, whenever they fell on that sanguine, steady, ironic face, shone with a sort of cold inquiry, or were even darkened by the shade of fear. They met seldom, it is true, for most of his day was spent in motoring and speaking, and most of Courtier's in writing and riding, his leg being still too weak for walking. But once or twice in the smoking-room late at night, Harbinger had embarked on some bantering discussion with the champion of lost causes; and very soon an ill-concealed impatience had crept into his voice. Why a man should waste his time flogging dead horses on a journey to the moon, was incomprehensible. Facts were facts, and human nature would never be anything but human nature! It was peculiarly galling to see in Courtier's eye a gleam, to catch in his voice a tone, as if he were thinking, 'My young friend, your soup is cold!'

On a morning after one of these encounters, seeing Barbara sally forth in riding-clothes, he asked if he too might go round the stables; and walked at her side, unwontedly silent, with an odd, icy feeling about his heart, his throat unaccountably dry.

The stables at Monkland Court were as large as many country-houses. They accommodated thirty horses, but were at present occupied by twenty-one, including the pony of little Ann. For height, perfection of lighting, gloss, shine, and purity of atmosphere, they were unequalled in the county. It seemed indeed impossible that any horse could ever so far forget himself in such a place as to remember that he was a horse. Every morning a little bin of carrots, apples, and lumps of sugar

was set close to the main entrance, ready for those who might desire to feed the dear inhabitants.

Reined up to a brass ring on either side of their stalls, with their noses towards the doors, they were always on view from nine to ten, and would stand with their necks arched, ears pricked, and coats gleaming, wondering about things, soothed by the faint hissing of the still busy grooms, and ready to move their noses up and down the moment they saw some one enter.

In a large loose-box at the end of the north wing, Barbara's favorite hunter, a bright chestnut, patrician all but one sixteenth of him, having heard her footstep, was standing quite still with his neck turned. He had been crumping up an apple placed amongst his feed, and his senses struggled between the lingering flavor of that delicacy, and the perception of a sound with which he connected carrots. When she unlatched his door, and said, 'Hal,' he at once went towards his manger, to show his independence; but when she said, 'Oh! very well!' he turned round and came towards her. His eyes, which were full and of a soft brilliance, under thick chestnut lashes, explored her all over.

Perceiving that her carrots were not in front, he elongated his neck, let his nose stray round her waist, and gave her gauntleted hand a nip with his lips. Not tasting carrot, he withdrew his nose, and snuffled. Then, stepping carefully so as not to tread on her foot, he bunted her gently with his shoulder, till with a quick manoeuvre he got behind her and breathed low and long on her neck. Even this did not smell of carrots, and putting his muzzle over her shoulder against her cheek, he slobbered a very little. A carrot appeared about the level of her waist, and hanging his head over, he tried to reach it. Feeling it all firm

and soft under his chin, he snuffled again, and gave her a gentle dig with his knee. But still unable to reach the carrot, he threw his head up, withdrew, and pretended not to see her. And suddenly he felt two long substances round his neck, and something soft against his nose. He suffered this in silence, laying his ears back. The softness began puffing on his muzzle. Pricking his ears again, he puffed back, a little harder, and with more curiosity, and the softness was withdrawn. He perceived suddenly that he had a carrot in his mouth.

Lord Harbinger had witnessed this episode, oddly pale, leaning against the wall of the loose-box. He spoke as it came to an end:—

'Lady Babs!'

The tone of his voice must have been as strange as it sounded to himself, for Barbara spun round.

'Yes?'

'How long am I going on like this?'

Neither changing color nor dropping her eyes, she regarded him with a faintly inquisitive interest. It was not a cruel look, had not a trace of mischief, or sex-malice, and yet it frightened him by its serene inscrutability. Impossible to tell what was going on behind it.

He took her hand, bent over it, and said in a low, hurried voice, 'You know what I feel; don't be cruel to me!'

She did not pull her hand away; it was as if she had not thought of it.

'I am not a bit cruel.'

Looking up, he saw her smiling.

'Then — Babs!'

His face was close to hers, but Barbara did not shrink back. She just shook her head; and Harbinger flushed up.

'Why?' he asked; then, as though the enormous injustice of that rejecting gesture had suddenly struck him, dropped her hand. 'Why?' he said again, sharply.

But the silence was broken only by the cheeping of sparrows outside the round window, and the sound of the horse, Hal, munching the last morsel of his carrot.

Harbinger was aware in his every nerve of the sweetish, slightly acrid, husky odor of the loose-box, mingling with the scent of Barbara's hair and clothes. And rather miserably, he said for the third time, 'Why?'

But, folding her hands away behind her back, she answered gently, 'My dear, how should I know why?'

She was calmly exposed to his embrace if he had only dared; but he did not dare, and went back to the loose-box wall. Biting his finger, he stared at her gloomily. She was stroking the muzzle of her horse, and a sort of dry

rage began whisking and rustling in his heart. She had refused him — Harbinger? He had not known, he had not suspected, how much he wanted her. How could there be anybody else for him, while that young, calm, sweet-scented, smiling thing lived, to make his head go round, his senses ache, and to fill his heart with longing? He seemed to himself at that moment the most unhappy of all men.

'I shall not give you up,' he muttered.

Barbara's answer was a smile, faintly curious, compassionate, yet almost grateful, as if she had said, 'Thank you — who knows?'

And rather quickly, a yard or so apart, and talking of horses, they returned to the house.

(To be continued.)

THE FOUR WINDS

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

FOR a season it was my fortunate lot to live in a villa called The Tower of the Four Winds. Just where it lies is no matter. Enough to say that behind it fissured crags and gaunt monoliths tear the song from the strong winds, while below it olives and trellised vines answer to every whisper of the fairer breeze. From its terrace one surveys at will either a gulf bordered by monumental peaks, or an endless expanse of proper sea, — to wit, the Mediterranean. From such a watch-tower one might recognize the winds from afar. Evening after evening one saw the bland

Northwestern breeze ripple over the gulf, and shake the still leaves of the vines before it filled our loggia with perfumed coolness. Over the shattered cliff behind, the West wind combed out the fleecy clouds and gave back the shreds to the blue ether. The crag itself would be full of the petulant wail of the Levantine or of the more stolid complaint of the African wind, long before either had visibly tarnished the waters. In such a place, with abundant leisure, it was natural that I should look much at the waters, and hearken much to the winds. Thus they became

familiar to me — my friends and my foes — persons to me as much as ever they were to Greek or Roman suppliant. And as the Ancients set up fanes to the bad winds, but not to the good, and as my master Chaucer teaches me that men

demen gladly to the badder ende,

I will begin with the bad winds in general; and then, Sirocco, that I may the sooner have done with thee, I will deal with thee specifically. Afterwards let the order be as the winds themselves shall intimate.

The evil winds, in a word, are the Norther (though not, as you shall see, invariably), the three southern winds, and the Levantine. If any one doubts, let him watch the scared sails flutter landward when the clouds declare one of these winds in the upper air. For a more solemn demonstration we have only to turn to Virgil, and note what befell Æneas fleeing from Troy when Juno had persuaded Æolus to do his worst. We read that all together the East wind, the South, and the South-wester rushed squally upon the sea, —

Una Eurisque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis

Africus, —

and rolled the huge waves shorewards,
et vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus.

Then, as if this southeastern concentration were not enough, a howling Norther was added, which naturally caught Æneas's sail aback, —

stridens aquilone procella

Velum adversa ferit.

How Æneas, whose seamanship was usually impeccable, should have been carrying more than a rag of try-sail in such weather I have never understood. Possibly there was no time to clew up the belling lateen sails and bring the yard inboard. Yet the poet makes Æneas pray at length, with the main-sail aback. Or Virgil may have been

no sailor-man. Still again, the crew may have dropped work for prayer and ululation, as well might be, when three of the worst winds were unitedly threatening a jibe. However this be, Æolus's choice of bad winds for Æneas — East, South, Southwest, and North — would still strike a Mediterranean skipper as a suitable combination for a hated rival.

Since Virgil has passed for a sentimentalist and an over-literary chap, — just why this should seem a defect in a poet has never been wholly clear to me, — I feel glad that his roster of evil winds is confirmed by that good head Horace. Be it noted too that Horace does not name these winds academically, he invokes them most practically upon the loathed poetaster Mævius, who is about to set sail. Horace's famous imprecation involves an artistic *crescendo* of merely terrifying, positively damaging, and completely destructive winds. He starts Mævius rather gently with a stiff South wind (Auster, the equivalent of Virgil's Notus): —

Do you, Auster, beat both sides of the ship with your horrid waves.

This induction is clearly intended to be more disconcerting than dangerous. For the steady work of punishment, Horace very properly depends on the East wind: —

Let Euris, having turned the sea upside down
[nothing expresses a Mediterranean storm
like that sickening *inverso mare*] sweep
away the broken oars.

Now the ill-omened bark of the vile Mævius wallows helplessly in the worst — shall we say the most 'inverted'? — of seas, and Horace calls upon a Northern blast, such as finally wrecked Æneas, to complete the job: —

Let the North wind with his mountainous waves
arise as when he shatters the trembling
illexes.

The urbane cool-headed Horace agrees

so closely with Virgil that we may be sure the tearful poet has, after all, recorded truly the actual proceedings of *Æolus re Æneas*. Like a finished man of the world, Horace simplifies matters. An unaided South wind suffices for *Mævius*, whereas *Æneas* endures also a Southwester. But then *Æneas* had offended, not a poet, but a goddess. It appears that *Æolus* prudently kept one bad wind, the Southeaster, in reserve, on the off chance that *Æneas* might outmanœuvre that buffeting Norther.

So much concerning foul winds, and now for the worst of them.

Sirocco, the Southeaster, may seem to divide the infernal honors with his brother Mezzogiorno (the South wind) and his remoter kinsman Libeccio, the Southwester. In fact, it seems to have been Libeccio that the ancients regarded as the 'pestilent African.' But Sirocco is after all the type of a hot and humid storm-wind, and the others merely borrow and live on his unhallowed repute. A moaning and persistent blast when once he starts, he often comes insidiously, in disguise. For hours it has been calm; the sun beats pitilessly upon the trembling sea; humid vapors shimmer whitely before distant headlands: above, only a few light clouds fleck the vibrant blue. The sea sparkles uniformly, except where meeting currents etch the surface with dull filaments, or plaques of smooth enamel tell that the last ripple is at rest. Soon an invisible breeze scatters a grayness over the sea, powders it with the dust of black pearls. Then the lower air surges with inchoate vapors, something between mist and cloud. These giant embryos cast deeply-blue shadows upon the sea. Through thin places in the mist-cover the sunshine strikes, and penumbral iridescences play slowly across the waters. The surface now is mottled with lines of cream, deep blue, rose-gray. These

widely-spaced nacreous areas unite in a satiny iridescence, which soon tarnishes to a pewtery gleam.

At the Tower of the Four Winds is heard a moaning. The mist-wrack smites our mountain at mid-cliff, and flings itself upward over the crest. The torn fragments fly over the bay, dulling its sheen as they go, till they shut out the farther shore and the darkling blue mountains beyond. Seaward the waves are rising, and their breaking becomes a steady clamor. Under the crags and in the grottoes, the island wears a hem of whitest spume. A light diffused from the mist strikes thousands of dull reflections from the leaden wave-crests. Here and there the worrying blast strains the cloud-veil to the tearing point, and then a shifting spot of zinc-like lustre hurries across the lumpy surface. The African wind is here, and may stay for three days, nay, five. 'It is Sirocco, have patience,' one says to his neighbor.

If one could but look at the African blast without breathing it or moving in it, one might enjoy the spectacle. About his operations over the sea, in the cliff crannies, and in the cloud-wrack, there is something grandiosely willful and potent. It is only to unhappy mortals that he demonstrates his seamy side. A hundred times I have loyally trusted Sirocco, believing the native report of him to be too black, and a hundred times I have been pitifully undeceived. With the same sentiment, I can never reconcile myself to the notorious historical fact that Titian, like Sirocco a great tonalist, like Sirocco was 'close.'

A discomfort is announced in the first breathings of this wind. At the slightest motion the sweat starts out, and the breeze chills it upon you. If you sit still, the air seems too thick for respiration. Watery humors seem to enter one's head and curdle. Think-

ing passes into deliquescence; reading produces no mental response; business decisions become a tribulation, — no wise man makes them while Sirocco blows, — personal adjustments, a torment. We may, however, unburden ourselves, if we must, in unknightly phrase or gesture. It will be resented, but as soon forgiven us. 'Bah! is it not Sirocco?'

Like other disagreeable wights, he has his usefulness, for which he receives small gratitude. His humidity is drunk up by powdery fields and thirsty trees and vines. Three days of him equal perhaps an hour of overt drizzle. Above the parched terraces of the vineyards, you will find the mountains clothed deep with a moist tangle of roots and herbage. It has not rained for three months. What is this precious liquor, then, but so much life-blood drawn from Sirocco's battering wings? Without him, would there be summer roses drooping from the Amalfi cliffs? I doubt it. These apologies should be made; and as for his disagreeable habit of saturating the air we breathe with hot and sticky vapors, does not kind Doctor Watts in explanation hold that 'tis his nature to? Consider his origin. He begins to moan and speed on the torrid Libyan sands, the mere desiccated ghost of a wind. What wonder that he quaffs to bloating when his brittle pinions touch the tideless sea. Destiny wills that he come to land again with his desert heat unquenched, nay, raised to a tropical fervor by the humors he licks up as he flies. It is, as the Italians say, 'a combination' that oppresses him and us. Yes; on days when he bloweth not, much may be said for Sirocco.

After he has sufficiently belabored the sea, a change comes over his sullen, humid spirit. The orchards, vineyards, and porous cliffs have sucked the courage out of him. The lower vapors evade

his harrying, and assert themselves in the upper air as clouds. The moaning ceases in the crannies of the rocks, the island drops its hem of ermine into a mild and hesitant sea. Large tranquil undulations cross the choppy gray waves, carrying a pale cerulean blue piecemeal through the trembling surface. Above, the clouds wheel uncertainly, then set to the east with draperies proudly trailing. The West wind is here. Ave, Zephyrus! May thy going be delayed!

Of all the winds the most open-hearted, the most delicately attentive to mankind, the West wind alone comes freighted with oceanic mystery. We scent the desert in the three southern gales, the North wind carries the witness of its abode in Alpine heights, the testy Levantine has clearly had its stride and temper broken upon the countless islands of the Ægean and Ionian seas. But the West wind obeys a rhythm that admits of no proximate terrestrial explanation. Is it merely the echo of the rise and fall of Atlantic waves, the stress of currents that rise from the unfathomed depths,

A thousand miles to westward of the West?

Or is there a hint of spice-laden Fortunate Islands? A memory of blest Atlantis sunk in the blue sea when the world was yet young? Something of all this there is in the throb of the West wind, but his secret is not thereby exhausted.

With a sense of this, the Romans called him the tricky wind, Favonius, — the Fauns' wind. To him they imputed all manner of gracious offices. As Zephyr, accompanied by Venus and Cupid, he was the harbinger of spring. On the Ides of March he became more specifically the swallow-bringer, Chelidonios. It is Favonius, sings Horace, that after sharp winter drags the dry

hulls to the wave; or, again, it is Favonius that shall waft back the lover Gyges to waiting Asteria.

The Fauns' wind can also be heroic. In such an exceptional phase Shelley invokes him:—

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and Preserver: hear, oh, hear!

In some such guise the West wind presents himself at the autumnal equinox, but the year round I fancy he would hardly know himself in Shelley's magnificent lines. It would particularly surprise him to find himself serving as a symbol of death, for by and large he represents joy of life, intense, varied, and capricious. There is in him something of Puck, more of Ariel, with a good deal of sheer woman to boot. He is at once a soothing and a teasing elf. There is in him as little stability as treachery. Variable like a woman, like one who puts heart into her caprices, his inconstancy is ever fertile in unhackneyed delights. Of all winds he is the most personal. His endearments are so modulated that you never take them for granted. Your gratefulness to him is as unintermittent as his own mindfulness of you.

Like most serene and joyous things, the outer signs of Favonius are only diminished by transcription. Let me, then, say bluntly that his tokens are the contented sibilation of the olives and the smoother rustle of the vines; the even sailing of bright clouds athwart cerulean skies; the frosty splendor of blue water, argentine where the flaws pass; the measured dancing of sapphire waves, over which a swimmer may reach a rhythmically clasping arm. Though wind and sea rise high, the cadence is never broken. An opaline blue gleams in the greater as in the lesser billows. Ships charge lightly through such a sea. Even the pounding brigs assume the poise of skimming

birds, their sordid patches of weathered canvas catching a silvery quality from the universal azure.

The racing waves carry the celestial hue into the grottoes. Shoot your deft skiff into one or another and hold it away from the rounding walls, and you shall see gleam and brightness and casual reflections of the rocks mingle in sanguine, verdant, and silver harmonies, or in some triple distillation of the blue outside.

Always the Fauns' wind prizes his blue and silver, but when he must spend either, the silver goes first. Watch him clearing up the heavens after the East or the South wind. He urges the shapeless clouds and they fall apart in negotiable masses. At the frayed edges he nibbles playfully. The fringes whirl as he breathes. Silver strands detach themselves, hang dwindling for a moment in the blue, turn thin and ashen, then vanish like snowflakes in the surface of a lake. So Favonius forms and fines his cloud-argosies, each of which trails over the leaping sea its shadow disk of darkling azure.

Like all elfin creatures, the West wind plays most freely by moonlight; and mad work he makes with the lunar refulgences on a coursing sea. Here he effaces, there imposes a steely coruscation; here he spreads silver miles, and there mottles them with dusky cloud shadows. So, in velvety mood, he weaves over the waters; and, as he wills, the waves stifle in blue murkiness or exult in lunar incandescence, while the firm silhouettes of clouds or sails move with funereal precision across the serene or pulsing blue.

This is the wind of all pageantry and romance. It has bellied the sails of the dromonds of Tyre and Sidon, bearing gold from Iberia or tin from the Hyperborean Isles. Upon its wings the Norsemen drave their bucklered hulls into fragrant Sicilian havens. It carried

to Paynim ears the distant canticles of Crusaders pent up in castellated galleys. The course of empire is admittedly western, but empire is content to crawl trader-like by land, or beat its way on sea against the headwinds. The course of adventure, on the contrary, is down the Western wind. The causes that perish, the proud races that vanish, the fond quests of sunnier dominions or of desecrated holy sepulchres, have all spread their sails and banners to a following West wind. Favonius then is in some fashion the patron of the extravagant element in us, of the quality that makes the knight-errant, the corsair, and the saint — he blows not merely to refresh us, but to keep our souls alive. We need not live, but we must set sail, is his message: a profitable one to meditate, since it draws all terrors from the storm-winds.

At the Tower of the Four Winds we were doubly favored. The Fauns' wind parted at a mountain behind us and came from the south, rebounding gustily from immense cliffs, and again more suavely from the north across vineyards and rustling groves of saplings. By moving from one end of a terrace to the other we might enjoy Favonius in his boisterous or caressing mood. But his winning quality was ever the same. At every lull you craved renewal of his touch on your brow. Before your ear grew dull to his constant murmur, it fell to a sigh, or rose to a vibrant organ note. So delicately he fingered the keys of your flesh and spirit, that you were always aware of him, ever awaiting the surprise of his next benefaction. Yes, incorrigibly variable, woman-like refusing to be monotonous in blessing, delicately personal, insinuating himself in the realms below thought — such is Favonius. And some women take from him the hue and rhythm of their souls. Happy he who domesticates such a woman, more blest than

one about whose ivory tower the West wind should ever blow. And if such a woman, like the Fauns' wind of our terrace, should at intervals have a gustier phase, why that would be only an enhancement of her life-giving variety.

There is a kindly theory, Aristotelian I believe, by which a vice is to be regarded merely as the excess of a virtue. If this be so, the East wind may be taken as a reversed caricature of the West wind. The capricious and playful qualities of Favonius, that is, reappear in Eurus, but in extravagantly intensified form, all sprightly geniality of the Fauns' wind being converted into active malevolence. The East wind is a booming and impatient spirit — should you personify him it must be as a mad giant, the *Hercules furens* of Æolus's family. He abounds in wanton violence. Stirring the sea to its depths, he also torments its surface. Whatever great rollers he launches toward the Pillars of Hercules, he straightway falls upon and decapitates. The spindrift smitten from their crests slides level and dense above the slower billows, low clouds clash above, stinging showers unite tumbling vapors with frothing sea, a spectral pallor seems churned up from phosphorescent depths. This is 'the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon,' before which St. Paul's ship drove helpless upon the reefs of Malta. Woe to the ill-fated bark that lacks a roadstead now. On shore the tall pines are being wrenched to their spreading roots. Some fall before the test. Achilles fell, so Horace sings, 'like a cypress smitten of the East wind,' —

velut
... impulsa cupressus Euro
Cecedit.

Again, he writes from the shelter of the Sabine roof-tree, 'To-morrow a tempest from the East shall strew the

woods with many leaves and the strand with useless sea-weed, unless indeed that augur of the rains, the crow, deceives us.'

Nobody speaks disrespectfully of the giant Eurus. His cousin Auster-Notus (the South wind) men call rash and heady, the sweltering African blast (the Southwester, the Libeccio of modern sailors) is qualified abusively as scorching, pestilent, and the like, but the East wind is dealt with reverently. When the shade of a drowned mariner begs a handful of sand for his mound, — Archytas overtaken and ignobly stranded by the South wind (Notus), — what does he promise the pious wayfarer? Why, protection against Eurus.

'Howsoever Eurus shall threaten the Hesperian waves, let the Venusian forest be shattered, thou being safe!'

quodcumque minabitur Eurus

Fluctibus Hesperiiis, Venusinæ

Plectantur silvæ, te sospite.

And again, when Horace wants a simile to tell the ruthless speed of care, he finds that it boards the ships more swift than Eurus bearing storms.

Yes, a battering, potent wind is Eurus, full withal of significant sound and fury, for he can make good every threat. Like most of the bad winds he is a tarnisher, blazoning with nothing brighter than lead or zinc. He beats the clouds down close to earth and sea as if to form low corridors in which he may rage the more terribly. In him there is something insensate, yet also purposeful. He exhausts by his steady pounding, and overwhelms by his sudden furious blasts. His frenzies are calculated. Beside the Anarch in him there is much of the Jacobin. He plays the leveler. Perhaps he was long ago the great wind that sounded before Elijah, in which God was not.

The younger Pliny declares that the North wind is the most healthful of

them all. Otherwise I have never read a good word about Tramontano. In winter the shivering Italians shut him out with muffling cloaks; in summer even, they regard him as a mixed blessing. On the sea he is almost always an enemy, for he stirs the waves, if not from the bottom, like Sirocco, at least most lamentably from the top. He dashes the powdery dust from the mainland upon island vineyards and parched decks far beyond the looming of the cliffs. And yet, summer or winter, he is a brave and revealing wind. The well-moulded clouds rise high and escape him in the upper blue, crisp jets of foam flower at random through the level sea. Above them spreads a mist infinitely subtile in texture, — a lens, not a screen, — for through it one may see beyond a chaplet of white cities the blue bulwark of far-away mountains. At sunset the rugged sea rejects the glow, and the gulf lies like a sombre slab of rippled porphyry between its amethystine headlands. Above, the heaven, barred with flaming clouds, passes from a coppery red at the horizon through yellow to palest green and an upper blue interspersed with rose.

Other winds are harmonizers, melting into a single element earth and sea and sky. Not so your North wind. He is a stickler for distinctions. The land, though it be ten leagues distant, remains the firm rim of the sea. The mountains project their gaunt ribs toward you like an athlete swelling his chest. Artists shut up their paint-boxes in despair, and protest they are not topographers. The uttermost mountains rise clear and massive against the sky. In the jargon of the studios, there is no atmosphere, but there is a crystalline something in the air that for the plain man's purpose is better.

I suppose the bad name Aquilo had with the Romans, and Tramontano equally with the Italians, comes from

the fact that, being a good thing, one almost always has too much of him. And as our unperceptive fellow beings are too prone to judge us by those very rare occasions when we are at our worst, so Tramontano, perhaps, takes his unpopularity from the unusual phase in which he well deserves the epithet 'black.' A black Tramontano may bring thunder, and always, as the case may be, rain, sleet, or hail. It brings along also pretty much anything that is detachable, favoring, however, shutters, tiles, chimney-pots, and like articles of *vertu*. After two days of the sable North wind a great liner came in salted from water-line to truck. You would have declared her to be sprayed with whitewash. Hardy revelers in the grill-room forty feet above the spume were forced to desist, as their table was covered with a mixture of salt water and shattered window-panes. It was this wind that Horace invoked against the driveling Mævius, and that overcame Æneas when black night settled upon the deep, —

ponto nox incubat atra.

Was it not this wind which the patriarch Job had in mind when he groaned, 'O remember that my life is wind: mine eyes shall no more see good'? And Horace rejoiced that his monument more durable than brass was not to be exposed to the gnawing of the frosty North wind.

But why judge old Boreas by his worst blowing? There was once a very young clergyman who discoursed on the duty of cheerfulness. When, by way of illustration, a jackal slays a child or a tiger a man, we are too prone to say, 'Unlucky child! unhappy man!' Why look only at one side of the transaction, protested the apostle of cheerfulness. Why not say rather, 'Lucky jackal! happy tiger!' The plea was so effective with the parish that now I

venture to borrow it in behalf of my boisterous friend. Why not say, 'Fine old Boreas, how he enjoys himself!' when he playfully prostrates a row of cypresses, or casually removes a few square metres of your tiles? Or, better yet, let us judge the North wind not at his worst, but at his best. Mark that loveliest of the winds, the refresher of sultry sun-settings, Maestrale.

For long hours there has been no breeze. The heat reverberates from the cliffs in visible whorls. The shingly strand is scorching even to a bather's wet skin. Fishermen snore in the shadow of their warping boats. The vines are still, and the fig-leaves stand out motionless against a coppery sky as if cut in enameled metal. The olives drenched with the sunlight sparkle from within. All is silence save for the minor drone of a returning goat-herd. On the crest of the bluff far below, the ilxes stand stiffly before the smooth water. The burnished level rises for miles unruffled, but variously polished and tinted and veined by the slow play of invisible currents. A sullen mistiness broods over all. The marbled expanse receives streams of orange and crimson from the sinking sun. Far up, under the looming white cities, the polished sheet is tarnished. The corroding area sweeps down toward our island, and at the edge may be seen a violet ripple racing for the shore. As it passes, the brighter hues of sunset yield. Soon the undulation vanishes under the projecting cliffs, and in a moment there is a tossing of their crowning ilxes; far down the slopes the vines are already sibilant, and their increasing rustle deepens into a cheer which flapping fig-leaves and vibrating olives take up more sonorously. A great freshness surges into our loggia: Maestrale is here.

As he leaps down through vineyards and orchards, the formerly silent peasants hail each other from terrace to

terrace. Below, the snorers under the boats have counted upon his coming. A dozen tiny sails begin to mount a sea fairly damasked by the passing flaws. In hurdling our craggy island, Maestrale has literally gone to pieces. To pull himself together on the farther side he may need a mile. As the climbing boats scatter right and left, another dozen dart out from the port, and then a score. The tiny patches of sail soon lose themselves in the growing dusk, but if the moon withhold her rays, ever unfriendly to fisher-folk, covey after covey of these winged skiffs will rise from somewhere under the cliff and disappear in the gloom. Wait but a moment and lights will be twinkling on the deep. Tens, twelves, whole constellations will merge into one greater figure, until you may see a hundred beacons deployed in even lines upon the mysterious parade-ground below. To-morrow the whole island will feast on slender young octopuses fried to a golden crisp. As for Maestrale, his day's work is done. He may sleep until to-morrow needs him.

The Ancients are on the whole ungrateful to Maestrale, giving to the gentle West wind, Zephyr, a praise that should be shared. But a wind of a few hours' duration may perhaps hardly expect better treatment, insistent repetitiousness being of the very essence of popular impressiveness. I think, however, we may believe it was Maestrale that wafted Æneas on the last stretch of his fateful voyage from Gaeta to Tiber mouth. The sense of gentleness and sudden breathing in two of Virgil's loveliest lines forbids me to think that the stronger, and for

this course slightly adverse, West wind is intended. No, it can only be Maestrale of which it is written, —

*Adspirant auræ in noctem; nec candida cursus
Luna negat; splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.*

Such were the winds that visited our tower. While we sojourned there we naturally took the seafarer's self-interested view of them, and perhaps dwelt overmuch upon the bad winds. Would Sirocco blow and make climbs impossible? Would the Levantine blast make the shallows too rough and turbid for bathing? Might too vigorous a Tramontano keep in port the little steamer that brought the mails? — These were the questions we asked of the winds. We quite understood why the mariners of old Rome set up a fane to the tempests near the Porta Capena, whereas the Fauns' wind and the delectable Maestrale have never, I think, boasted altar nor obtained votive garlands of flowers and fruit. So in all our traffic with Nature we are wont to take her favors for granted, while shabbily calling upon the gods to avert her buffets. This, I confess, was our pagan mood so long as the winds had power to work us annoyance. But now that the Tower itself is becoming a fading memory, and vague and featureless winds play about our American cottage, our minds hold most clearly the buoyant Western wind and the healing northern breeze that preludes the setting of the sun. May these erstwhile benefactors deign to accept an humble altar of alien sod, and thereon some modest oblation of New World posies, propitiatory, I trust, albeit uncouth to Favonius.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MINE¹

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

IN the days that followed the explosion there came to all the men the unconscious realization that the next attempt to open the mine would in all probability be the last. If the attempt should prove successful, a few months' time might see the mine again in working order; but should another disaster occur, the mine—now partially ruined—would probably be wrecked beyond any immediate recovery.

As there had been no trace of smoke following the explosion, and as the mine had been so promptly sealed, it was reasonable to suppose that little, if any, fire existed in the workings; and the only question was, how much of the work of restoration that had been effected was destroyed by the explosion of the gas?

Ten days later, the helmet-men again were lowered into the mine, and, after remaining underground for an hour and a half, came out and reported that the force of the explosion had expended itself principally up the air-shaft, and that although the numerous stoppings that we had erected had been for the most part destroyed, there were no serious 'falls' that they could discover, or any special damage to the entries which they had explored. Immediately the work of restoration began afresh, and all day and night the helmet-men in regular shifts entered the gas-filled

mine, and put back in place the stoppings around the mine-bottom, in order to create once more an air-zone for the workers. The work was dangerous. Again we lost a man, an enormous Negro, who had in some way loosened his helmet and fallen unconscious, too far from the foot of the hoisting-shaft for his comrades to drag him to the hoist; before the rescue party, consisting of three more helmet-men, had reached him, he was dead. And during these more recent days, another miner had met his death in the blackness of the entry. The pressure of the pneumatic washer beneath the helmet had stopped the circulation around the top of his head, and in endeavoring to loosen his helmet and relieve the pain, he had let in a breath of the gas. We got him to the surface with his heart still faintly beating, but death soon followed.

The men used to get into their helmets in a little room that we had fitted up for the purpose in the warehouse, one hundred feet from the top of the hoisting-shaft; and as we saw the doors close behind the men as they entered the hoist, every man of us would instinctively look at his watch and mark the time of the entrance of the shift. An hour later, some one was sure to remark, 'They've been gone an hour—just'; and then, a little later, 'They're down an hour and ten minutes.' It was then reasonable to expect their signal to the hoisting engineer at any minute. An hour and twenty minutes, or often thirty, would sometimes pass before

¹ In the November number of the *Atlantic* Mr. Husband described the mine and the conditions of life attending it. In the December issue he gave an account of a long fight with fire. — THE EDITORS.

the little bell in the engine-house rang its 'hoist away.' If it were an hour and a half, some one would say, 'They ought to be out by now'; and Billy Tilden, who had charge of the helmets, would silently begin getting ready a second set. It was a terrible feeling that would come over us as we watched the minutes slip past the time when the men should appear; and it was a thought that had come to us all, that Charley one day voiced: 'Times like this, I'd rather be down with 'em than safe on top and all scareful.'

'They are coming out!' some one would yell from the door of the hoisting engineer's house; and then the strain would become intense. An hour and a half or an hour and three quarters down was a long trip, and if it were the latter, the question would arise silently in every one's thoughts: 'How many will appear?'

Four always went down on a shift, and twice I remember when the door of the gas-lock above the hoisting-shaft burst open, and but three helmeted men staggered out into the sunlight. As the first man's helmet was loosened, a dozen questions were fired at him. Whom had they left? Where was he? And while they were talking, the second shift was already on the hoist to the rescue.

After three weeks it seemed that success would reward us. An air-zone was created between the two shafts, and helmets were practically discarded except for exploration into the more distant workings of the mine. From the north end of B entry the air-current had been directed into the West North portion of the mine, and that entire section had been cleared of the gas. There had been no fire here, nor had the effects of the explosion been felt, and it was like walking the streets of a silent and long-deserted city to explore these entries so hastily abandoned on

the night of the fire four months before. Day and night, like the skirmish line of an army, the men in charge moved slowly from place to place at the edge of the air-zone, each day penetrating farther and farther from the foot of the man-hoist as the air-currents drove back the gas, and forced it up and out through the shaft; and with these men ever on ceaseless guard, gangs of miners attacked the great falls in B entry, and carried on the slow work of removing the piles of fallen stone, and retimbering and strengthening the weakened roof.

I went on at three o'clock, on a shift that lasted until eleven in the evening, and for those eight hours my chief work consisted in testing and marking the line where the life-supporting air ceased, and the invisible, tasteless, odorless gas began. Holding our safety-lamps in the right hand, level with the eyes when we suspected the presence of gas, we would watch the flame. The safety-lamp—a heavy, metal, lantern-shaped object, with a circular globe of heavy plate glass—is the only light other than electricity that can be safely carried into a gaseous mine. The lamps were lit before they were brought into the mine, and in addition were securely locked, that no accident or ignorant intention might expose the open flame to the gases of the mine. Over the small, sooty, yellow flame which gives a light less bright than that of an ordinary candle, are two wire-gauze cones fitting snugly inside the heavy globe; and it is through these cones that the flame draws the air which supports it. The presence of black-damp, or carbon dioxide, can easily be detected, if not by its odor, by the action of the flame, which grows dim, and, if the black-damp exists in any quantity, is finally extinguished.

White-damp, the highly explosive gas which is most feared, has, on the

other hand, a totally different effect. In the presence of this gas the flame of the safety-lamp becomes pointed, and as the gas grows stronger, the flame seems to separate from the wick, and an almost invisible blue cone forms beneath it. If the miner continues to advance into the white-damp, he will pass through a line where there are nine parts of air to one part gas (the explosive mixture), and the lamp will instantly register this explosive condition by a sudden crackling inside of the gauze and the extinguishing of the flame. Were it an open lamp, the explosion ignited by the flame would sweep throughout the entire workings, carrying death and destruction before it; but by the construction of the safety-lamp, the explosion confines itself to the limited area within the gauze cones, and unless the lamp is moved suddenly and the flame is dragged through the gauze at the instant that the explosion occurs within the globe, it will not extend beyond the gauze. So dim was the light given from these lamps that we usually carried a portable electric lamp for light, using our safety-lamps principally for detecting the presence of gas.

As the days went by, the men became more hopeful, and it seemed that we were winning in our fight against the invisible. Already an entire quarter of the mine had been recovered from the gas, — a section where men might work without the use of helmets, restoring the burned and blown-down timbering, doors, and brattices.

Rob Carr, assistant mine-manager, was a tall young Scotsman who had been but a year or two in America. He had been brought up from early boyhood in the coal-mines, and had won the confidence of all who knew him, on account of his knowledge of the difficulties which beset the miner, and his ability in overcoming them. He was

a tall man, — about six feet two in height, — with slightly stooping shoulders, caused perhaps by the attitude which days and nights of work under the low roofs of the mine-tunnels made necessary. I never heard him swear, and the men who knew him maintained that he never drank or smoked; and yet, in that rude community, where virtues were often more criticised than faults, there was no man more respected — and, perhaps, loved — than he.

He joined me every afternoon in the scale-house at about five, and for four hours we followed the long west entries out to their headings, testing for gas, and confirming the safety of the men who worked at bottom and trusted their lives in our hands. Each day he joined me, and for the last hours of my shift we remained together, examining and marking everywhere the progress of the air, and the ever-widening boundaries of the air-zone. At eleven our shift left the mine, and the night shift, under Carr, went down; and it was in order that he might be fully informed as to the conditions underground before he entered the mine with his men that he spent these additional hours in the evening with the men of the shift which preceded him.

One day we had walked from the scale-house down Second West North to the brattice-door which separates that entry from two other entries which cross it at right angles a half-mile from the mine-bottom. It was our purpose to open this door slightly and start the clean air-current behind us, moving through it into the crossing entries, which were filled with gas. A temporary brattice had to be erected in the nearer of the cross-entries, and for an hour we sat on the track while the air hummed through the half-open door, until the gas had been sufficiently blown back to permit us to pass through and put up the stopping.

As we sat on the track, talking in the low voice that men always use in dark and quiet places, we remarked how like the sound of surf on a hard beach and a wind from the sea was the sound of the air-current as it murmured through the cracks in the brattice-door. For the first time, Carr told me of his wife and the two small children whom he had left in Scotland, to whom he would some day return. 'And I'm going to quit mining then,' he told me. 'I'm going to build a cottage down somewhere along a cove that I know of; where you can hear the surf on the beach, and where you can keep a sail-boat.' He had made good, he felt. There was money in the bank that, with the additions of a year or two more, would give him all that he desired, and then he was going home. And so we talked and, later, tested and found that the air was clear at last in a little area beyond the door. We erected the stopping, and, waiting a few minutes more to measure with our lamps the speed of the retreating gas, we turned and walked down the track. It was about ten o'clock. In an hour more I would be out, the long, hard day would be over; and then Carr with his night shift would return into the mine, and take up the work where we had left it.

There were lights and voices in B entry at the mine-bottom, and now and then a bit of laughter; and there was a cheerful noise of sledges and the rumble of the wheels of the flat cars as the men pushed them, laden with the broken stone from the falls, down the track to the hoisting-shaft. A little before eleven, the orders were given and the men laid down their tools, and picked up their safety-lamps, to leave. Two decks on the great hoisting-cage carried us all, and a minute later we stepped out into the fresh, cold air of the winter night.

From the yellow windows and open

door of the warehouse came the sounds of voices and the laughter of the night shift who were getting ready to go down. We tramped in through the open door, blackened and wet, and for a few minutes rested our tired bodies, and warmed ourselves in the pungent heat of the little room, telling the others what we had accomplished. As I left the warehouse, I stopped for a minute on the doorstep and took a match from Johnny Ferguson, another Scotsman, a strong, silent man, with friendly eyes; then turned and walked home in the darkness of the cloudy night.

It was about half an hour later when I reached my room, for I had stopped on the way to chat with the gate-man. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, loosening the heel of one of my rubber boots with the toe of the other, when suddenly, through the stillness of the sleeping town, from the power-house half a mile away came a low and rising note, the great siren whistle in the power-house. Almost fascinated, I listened as the great note rose higher and more shrill and died away again. One blast meant a fire in the town; two blasts, fire in the buildings at the mine; and three blasts, the most terrible of all, a disaster or trouble in the mine. Once more, after an interminable pause, the sound came again; and once more rose and died away. I did not move, but there was a sudden coldness that came over me as once more, for the third time, the deep note broke out on the quiet air. Almost instantaneously the loud jingle of my telephone brought me to my feet. I took down the receiver: 'The mine's blown up,' said a woman's voice.

It was half a mile between my room and the gate to the mine-yards, and as my feet beat noisily on the long, straight road, doors opened, yellow against the blackness of the night, and voices called out — women's voices mostly.

The gate-man knew little. 'She's let go,' was all that he could say.

There were two men at the fan-house, the fan-engineer and his assistant, and in a second I learned from them that there had come a sudden puff up the air-shaft that had spun the fan backward a dozen revolutions on the belt before it picked up again. The explosion doors, built for such an emergency on the new dome above the air-shaft, had banged open noisily and shut again of their own weight. That was all.

There were half a dozen men at the top of the hoisting-shaft. The hoisting engineer sat, white-faced, on his seat by the shaft-mouth, one arm laid limply on the window-sill, his hand clenched on the lever. 'I tried to telephone 'em,' he said, 'but they did n't answer. The cage was down. She came out with a puff like you blow out of your pipe; that's all.' He stopped and awkwardly wiped his face. 'Then I left the hoist down five minutes and brought her up,' he continued, 'but there was no one in it. Then I sent it down again. It's down there now.'

'How long has it been down?' I asked.

'Ten minutes,' he hazarded.

I gave him the order to hoist; and the silence was suddenly broken by the grind of the drums as he pulled the lever back, and the cable began to wind slowly upward. A minute later the black top of the hoist pushed up from the hole, and the decks, one by one, appeared — all empty.

There was no one at the mine except the hoisting engineer and some of the night force who were on duty at the power-house and in the engine-room. In the long months of trouble our force had gradually diminished, and of those who had remained and who were equal to such an emergency, part were now in the mine, and the rest, worn out and exhausted by the long day's work, were

faraway in the town, asleep; or perhaps, if the whistle had aroused them, on their way to the mine. Instant action was necessary, for following an explosion comes the after-damp, and if any were living this poisonous gas would destroy them.

As I turned from the shaft-mouth, McPherson, the superintendent, a square-built, freckled Scotsman about fifty years of age, came running toward the warehouse. There were but two helmets ready, for so favorably had our work progressed that we had neglected to keep more than two charged with oxygen, and had allowed the rest to be taken apart for repairs. Familiar with the conditions existing in the mine, we realized that the explosion, however slight, must have blown down many of the stoppings which we had erected, and allowed the pent-up gas to rush back into the portion of the mine which we had recovered, and in which the night shift was now imprisoned. If the gas had been ignited by open fire, immediate action was necessary, for our own safety as well as for the chance of rescuing the men in the mine; for in the month preceding we had seen the mine 'repeat' at regular intervals with two explosions, and if the fire had been ignited from open flame we must enter it, effect the rescue of our comrades, and escape before we could be caught by a second explosion. On the other hand, the chances were equal that the explosion might have been set off by a defective gauze in a safety-lamp or some other cause, and that there would be no immediate explosion following the first one.

In the hurry of adjusting our helmets, no one noticed that the charge of oxygen in mine was short, and that an hour and forty minutes was my working limit; and all unconscious of this, I tightened the valve, and with the oxygen hissing in the check-valves, we

left the bright light of the room, and felt our way down the steps into the darkness of the yard, where a great arc-light above the hoisting-shaft made objects visible in its lavender light. A crowd had already gathered; a dark, silent crowd that stood like a flock of frightened sheep around the mouth of the man-hoist. With a man on either side of us to direct us, we walked to the hoist, our electric hand-lanterns throwing long white beams of light before us. There was no sound; no shrieking of women, no struggling of frenzied mothers or sisters to fight their way into the mine; but there was a more awful silence, and as we passed a pile of ties, I heard a whimpering noise, like a puppy, and in the light of my lamp saw the doubled form of a woman who crouched alone on the ground, a shawl drawn over her head, sobbing.

We stepped on the hoist, and for an instant there came the picture of a solid line of people who hung on the edge of the light; of white faces; of the lavender glare of the arc-lamp, contrasting with the orange light from the little square window in the house of the hoisting engineer. 'Are you ready?' he called to us. 'Let her go,' we said; and the picture was gone as the hoist sank into the blackness of the shaft. We said nothing as we were lowered, for we knew where the men would be if we could reach them, and there was nothing else to talk about. The grind of the shoes on the hoist as they scraped the rails made a sound that drowned out my feeble whistling of the *Merry Widow* waltz inside of my helmet.

We felt the motion of our descent slacken, and then came a sudden roaring splash as the lower deck of the hoist hit the water which filled the sump. Slowly we sank down until the water which flooded that part of the mine rose, cold and dead, to our knees, and the hoist came to a stop. Splashing clumsily

over the uneven floor, we climbed the two steps which led to the higher level of B entry, and for a minute turned the white beams of our lights in every direction. There was nothing to be seen, and no trace of any explosion except a thin, white layer of dead mist or smoke which hung lifeless, like cigar-smoke in a quiet room, about four feet from the ground; but there was a silence that was terrible, for in it we listened in vain for the voices of men. At first we assured ourselves that there was no one around the bottom of the shaft, for we had expected that some one, injured by the explosion, might have been able to crawl toward the man-hoist; but there was no trace of any human being.

Walking slowly and peering before us through the bull's-eyes of our helmets, to right and left, we advanced down the entry, our lights cutting the blackness like the white fingers of twin searchlights. Suddenly, far off in the darkness, there came a sound. It was laughter. We stopped and listened. High, shrill, and mad the notes caught our ears. Again we advanced, and the laughter broke into a high, shrill song. To right and left we swung the bars of our searchlights, feeling for the voice. Suddenly the white light brought out of the darkness a tangled mass of blackened timbers which seemed to fill the entry, and into the light from the pile of wreckage staggered the figure of a man, his clothes hanging in sooty ribbons, and his face and body blackened beyond recognition. Only the whites of his eyes seemed to mark him from the wreckage which surrounded him. In a high-pitched voice he called to us, and we knew that he was mad. 'Come! Come!' he cried. 'Let's get out of here. Come on, boys! Let's go somewhere'; and then, as his arms instinctively caught our necks, and we felt for his waist, he began talking to Jesus. With

our swaying burden, we turned and retraced our steps down the entry, and fifteen minutes after our descent into the mine, we handed out of the hoist the first man rescued, to his friends.

Once more came the vision of the great black wall of people in the lights at the mine-mouth, and again we plunged down into the blackness and silence of the mine. Reaching bottom, we walked as rapidly as we were able beyond the point where we had found the madman, to where the great structure of the scale-house had once filled a cross-cut between B entry and the air-course behind it. Where once had been solid timbers and the steel structure of the scales, now remained nothing but the bare walls of the cross-cut, swept clean by a giant force, and in the entry the crumbled and twisted wreckage marked where the force of the explosion had dropped it in its course. With a swing of my light I swept the floor of the cross-cut. Halfway down it, on the floor, lay what seemed to be a long bundle of rags. I knew it was a man. There was no movement as I walked toward it, and as I knelt over it a sudden impulse came to me to disbelieve my first thought that this could be a man. Prevented from seeing clearly by the bull's-eye of my helmet, and the poor light of my electric lamp, I felt for his chest, and as my hand touched his breast, I felt that it was warm and wet. Perhaps he was alive. I ran my light along the bundle. Those were his feet. I turned it the other way. The man was headless. Instantly I got to my feet, and in the faint glimmer of McPherson's light I saw that he had found something in the wreckage. 'What is it?' I bellowed to him through my helmet. He pointed with his ray of light. A body hung in the mass of wreckage, thrown into it like putty against a screen. We turned and continued our way up the entry.

Halfway between the shafts there was a temporary canvas stopping, and we knew that if we could tear this down, the air from the fan which had been speeded up must short-circuit, and pass through B entry, clearing out the after-damp before it. Most of the men, if not all, would be in this entry; of that we were confident. By tearing down the brattice and freeing the direction of the ventilation, life might be saved.

As I have said, I had entered the mine on my first trip with a short charge of oxygen, and in the urgency had failed to replenish it before going down the second time. As I turned from the cross-cut a sudden tugging at my lungs told me that my air was running low. Beside the track, in a pool of water, lay a blackened object that I knew to be a man. He was the only one I recognized, and I knew that it must be Daman, one of the gas-inspectors, — the body was so small. A few feet beyond him lay another, and another, all blackened and unrecognizable. The white wall of the brattice gleamed suddenly before us, and in a second we had torn it from its fastenings. One side had already disappeared from the force of the explosion. Why it was not all torn to ribbons, I do not know.

As I turned, I called to McPherson that I was in, and as I spoke a sudden blackness engulfed me. My air was gone. The sights of that awful night and the long strain of the months of dangerous work on high-strung nerves had caught me. I came to with my eyes closed, and a clean, sweet taste of fresh air in my mouth. I thought I was above ground, but opening my eyes I saw that I was looking through the bull's-eye of my helmet at a blackened roof, dim in the single shaft of a lamp. McPherson was talking to me. He had dragged me from where I lay to where he had felt the air blow strongest. My

weight, increased by the forty-five pounds of the helmet, made it impossible for him to think of moving me unaided. There was no time to summon assistance. In the strong current of air, he had opened my valves and trusted that, revived by the fresh air, I could reach the hoisting-shaft under my own locomotion before the after-damp could overcome me. Faint and reeling,

I got to my feet; we started down the entry, our arms about each other's necks. We were both staggering, and halfway to the sump I fell. Then we crawled and rested and crawled again. I think I remember splashing in the water at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, but nothing more. We had saved only one man of the twenty-seven who had entered the mine.

THE TRAINING OF THE JOURNALIST

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

In the days when men 'drifted into journalism' nothing was heard of any special schools for the education of the journalist. You do not need lessons in navigation in order to go with the current. But its recognition as a distinct profession has now given journalism a right to a chapter by itself in books on 'What To Do With Our Boys,' and there are young men in college who of malice prepense are intending to adopt it as a life-career. Newspaper-writing, like acting, has thrown off much of its ancient Bohemianism and become respectable. The journalist is still a step ahead of the actor, for in England the stage knighthoods are eclipsed by the peerages of Lord Northcliffe and the late Lord Glenesk, and no American has been translated from the boards of a theatre to a foreign embassy. Apart from its financial and social prizes, the press nowadays offers irresistible attractions to many young men whose temperament makes the exercise of influence over the multitude the most desirable form of ambition.

It is not surprising, then, that the question should be asked: If the older professions, such as law and medicine, train their novices in special schools, why should not this new profession provide its recruits with opportunities of technical preparation?

The analogy of the older professions is not, however, as cogent as it might appear at first sight. We may be justified in using the word 'profession' of what was formerly known as a 'pursuit,' but the change of name does not of itself make the occupation of journalism quite parallel with law and medicine. That there is an important difference is clear from the fact that, while a man may still drift into journalism without being a quack, it is impossible so to drift into these other professions. A candidate for one of them has to spend years in mastering a multitude of facts quite outside the range of a liberal education, and also, especially in surgery, in the acquisition of a skill that is purely technical. But there is no such body of special knowledge to

be assimilated by a journalist before he can be permitted to begin to practice. There is, indeed, no other kind of intellectual work in which the necessary technique is so little in amount. To be assured of this, we have only to glance over the shelves of text-books that compose the professional library of the young physician or lawyer or clergyman, and then consider what can be set over against all this as representing the special studies of the journalist.

An analysis of the esoteric qualifications of the newspaper writer yields little result. A few mechanical details have to be learned, — as to the revision of proofs, the use of various sizes of type, etc., — but these may be ascertained by a few hours' reading of any guide for literary beginners, and may be fixed in the memory by a few weeks' experience. The occupant of a regular position on a newspaper staff has further to acquaint himself with the custom of his own office in such matters as paragraphing, and the use of capitals, italics, and quotation marks; but as the practice in these respects varies in different printing-offices, there is no stable substance for special tuition here. If the recruit decides to qualify himself for verbatim reporting, he will of course need to devote a good deal of time to shorthand, an accomplishment which may be gained at any ordinary commercial school. As to its importance for newspaper work in general, journalists are not agreed.

Where, then, is the need or room for a special school of journalism? The function of such a school can scarcely be anything else than that of supplying the lack of general education from which those young men suffer who have been unfortunate enough to spend their school and college period in institutions of a low standard.

That this is so is shown by some of the arguments used in favor of a special

preparation for journalists. Not many years ago a distinguished English editor, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in supporting the establishment of an endowment for this purpose in London, pleaded that a school for journalism would teach its pupils to write paragraphs well; it would train them to put their points in a clear way, and not encumber their work by technicalities and irrelevancies. But what has the lad's English teacher been doing all the time, if this is yet to learn? When Dr. Nicoll went on to speak of accuracy as the first quality required by a journalist, and to say that 'most people when turned out from school are habitually inaccurate,' he showed still more plainly that what is wanted is not the establishment of technical schools, but an improvement in the quality of general education. A critic would reply to this argument, so Dr. Nicoll suggested, by alleging that these things must indeed be learned, but can be best learned in the office. Not so; the true answer is that these things must be learned, but can be best learned in high school or college.

The main preparation, then, for a journalistic career can be obtained in any places of secondary and higher education that live up to their advertisements. What are the main requirements? The candidate must, of course, possess certain natural aptitudes. Unfortunately these cannot always be surely determined until the pupil is a good way on in his teens. He must have that native intelligence which no school can impart, but which some methods of education can undoubtedly impair. There must also be a peculiar alertness to the facts of human life, a quickness and catholicity of mind which would almost justify the maxim that there is nothing dull to the born journalist. In addition, there appears to be especially needed wide and thorough information, ability to observe and reason, and

skill in literary expression, together with what may be called the essential intellectual habits, including accuracy and freedom from prejudice.

If this is a fair account of the needs of the journalist, it is evident that his purpose will best be served by just such an equipment as would most be desired by a student who aimed simply at a liberal culture. On the side of knowledge, nothing comes amiss to a newspaper writer, though it would perhaps be wise to pay special attention to modern languages, modern history, and economics. Natural science, particularly laboratory and field-work, should cultivate the power of observation. Logic and the allied studies supply the best stimulus to thought as well as the best training in method. The study of the English literature and language, with practice in essay-writing, suggests itself as most likely to communicate the power of idiomatic expression, but equal stress should be laid on the study of Greek and Latin — or at least one of these languages — with constant practice in translation. It is not possible in translation, as in essay-writing, to shirk the choice of the fitting word or phrase. Translation from the classics is sometimes condemned as injurious to English style, but it can be so only where the instructor is incompetent, for no teacher worth his salt will suffer a pupil to present to him versions which lazily retain the alien constructions of the original instead of transmuting them into the characteristic speech of the mother tongue.

Whatever the particular curriculum followed, it is essential that the education given be of a disciplinary quality. It must quicken the intellectual conscience to the point of disgust with all scamped work, and of readiness to take pains in securing the exactness of a date or a quotation; it must

strengthen the nerves of the mind to grapple with subjects that are not superficially attractive.

Other things being equal, the more thoroughly a young man prepares himself by an education along these lines the wider will be his range as a writer for the press. He will have an easier grasp of the everyday work of journalism, and at the same time will be competent to deal with topics that are beyond the reach of the average newspaper man.

A striking proof of what can be done by the scholar in journalism was given by the career — unhappily cut short by fever during the siege of Ladysmith — of Mr. G. W. Steevens, who went on the daily press after winning several high distinctions in classics at Oxford. In his accounts of the Diamond Jubilee procession, of the Dreyfus court-martial, and of the bivouac at Elandslaagte, he beat the descriptive reporter on his own ground, while he could deal adequately with literary and philosophical subjects which the mere reporter could not even approach. His skill in the craft of the special correspondent so impressed itself upon his contemporaries, that a London literary weekly, commenting on the lack of any notable descriptions of the coronation of the present King, remarked that 'the absence from among us of the late G. W. Steevens was severely felt.' For an earlier example one may turn to Taine's *Notes on England*, some chapters of which contain writing which would have won the author high eulogies for his 'reportorial' talent from the most exigent of American city editors.

Further, the man who comes to his task equipped with a liberal education is likely to regard the work itself with greater freedom from convention and less respect for precedent. Many of the chief successes in modern journalism have been won by men who have de-

fied tradition and have struck out in an entirely opposite direction from what had come to be regarded as the only safe course. In any profession such originality is most commonly found in men who have cultivated breadth of view. A student of pedagogy, for example, whose special studies have not been based on a good general education is likely to become narrowed by his work at the normal college. What he is told about educational methods is accepted by him as a code of inflexible rules, instead of as principles that are to be applied in various forms according to circumstances. We thus come across kindergarten instruction that faithfully carries out a certain mechanical syllabus, but has almost forgotten Froebel's fundamental truth that the child's mind is to be treated as a garden. In the same way a journalist may easily sink into a rut unless his outlook has been widened by a training that gives him a feeling of proportion and makes him sensitive to fresh impressions.

It is not until this foundation has been laid that the novice need pay attention to studies that will differentiate him from his fellows who are entering other professions. He may now specialize in two directions. On the one hand, he may carry to a higher stage those college studies which most appeal to him, in order that he may be able to write about them with the authority of an expert. There is a growing demand for writers who are com-

petent to deal with the affairs of some particular department, such as art, or economics, or foreign politics. On the other hand, he must diverge from the general path by making himself acquainted with the *minutiæ* of the actual practice of the profession, partly by reading books about journalism — not forgetting the best biographies and autobiographies of journalists — and partly by observing the methods of a competent practitioner and working under his guidance. This clinical course will be most fruitful when the student has prepared himself for it by careful preliminary reading and thinking.

Whatever may be the future development of journalistic education, one thing is certain — journalism will never become a close profession. Courses of study may be organized whose certificates and diplomas will come to be accepted by editors as *prima facie* evidence of aptitude for certain kinds of newspaper work. But no trade-union will ever prevent an editor from printing matter that suits him, whether the contributor is a Bachelor of Journalism or not. Whatever privileges journalistic or other graduates may attempt to secure, a memorable utterance of Mr. J. Noble Simms, that delightful character in Mr. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*, will long remain true. The calling of a writer for the press will still be open to everybody who has access to pen, ink, and paper, with a little strawberry jam to fasten the pages of manuscript together.

SAFE

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

My dream-fruit tree a palace bore
 In stone's reality,
And friends and treasures, art and lore
 Came in to dwell with me.

But palaces for gods are made;
 I shrank to man, or less;
Gold-barriered, yet chill, afraid,
 My soul shook shelterless.

I found a cottage in a wood,
 Warmed by a hearth and maid;
And fed and slept, and said 't was good, —
 Ah, love-nest in the shade!

The walls grew close, the roof pressed low,
 Soft arms my jailers were;
My naked soul arose to go,
 And shivered bright and bare.

No more I sought for covert kind;
 The blast bore on my head;
And lo, with tempest and with wind
 My soul was garmented.

Here on the hills the writhing storm
 Cloaks well and shelters me;
I wrap me round, and I am warm,
 Warm for eternity.

BIG MARY

BY KATHERINE MAYO

MACLISE, at his office desk, dropped his pen, swung his chair, and turned upon the street without a distant, ruminative gaze. Clad in his fresh tan linens, with his sturdy form, his ruddy, hearty, fine-featured face, his silver hair, his clear and kind blue eyes, he made a pleasant picture, to which the window view gave background well in harmony. Paramaribo is unique among South American towns, and the Heernstraat, at the early morning hour of peace and cool and freshness, displayed it at its comeliest.

But Maclise's eyes, for once, took no note of outward things. That afternoon he should set forth, with a heavily laden expedition, by river, by creek, and by jungle-trail, for his placer, far back in the gold-bush. His mind was absorbed in the business of it. Every detail of organization had received his personal care. Now the great 'fish-boats' rode at the riverside, ready laden since the night before. All the miscellany of supplies for men, beasts, and machinery needed at the mine for three months to come, lay packed in perfect trim and balance beneath their broad tarpaulins. The crews were contracted and safe corralled under the police's hand.

Maclise's own launch, the Cottica, tested, stored, and in perfect order, rocked at her moorings. The lists had been reviewed and supplemented till further care seemed useless. And still Maclise pondered.

'Cornelis!' said he.

'Ja, mynheer?' The office porter, a

slender, spaniel-eyed mulatto, darted forward at attention.

'Cornelis, I'll take three more wood-choppers. Get Moses, and a couple of good Para men, if you can find them. But be sure you get Moses.'

'Ja, mynheer, — but —' The humble voice trailed and faded in reluctant deprecation.

'Well?' — Cornelis's trepidations were among the minor thorns of Maclise's life; yet he took them with that humorous understanding and indulgence that, coupled with a generous hand and sharp authority, wins the Negro's heart, respect, and unquestioning obedience. 'Well, Cornelis?'

'I shall do my best, mynheer, but last night I saw Moses in a Portuguese shop on the Waterkant, and he was drinking — too much drinking, mynheer.'

Maclise considered. Moses was the best wood-chopper in the colony — a Demeraran, pure black, with the strength and patience of an ox; also, with an ox's intelligence. Moses' arms chopped cord-wood in the beauty of perfection, but the brain of Moses did nothing at all; whence it happened that, like an ox, Moses was led by whoever pulled on his nose-ring. Drunk, however, — drunk and ugly, — he would surely be no subject for the gentle Cornelis to tackle, and the boats must be off by three o'clock. Maclise's eyes signaled a conceit that jumped with his fancy.

'Cornelis, find Big Mary. Say I want to take Moses to the placer, and

that I look to her to send him here by noon. Find Big Mary, tell her simply that, and then hurry on about the Para men.'

An hour later, over the iced papaya that prefaced breakfast, Maclise recurred to the subject. 'Nora,' said he to the presence behind the coffee-pot, —and told the story. 'It would stump half the police force in the town to move Moses against his will,' he concluded. 'If Big Mary sends him, will you thank her for me? It would please her.'

'Surely I will. But how far do you really suppose she is vulnerable, on the human side — that huge primeval thing — that great black buffalo? One can't but wonder.'

The morning at the office passed rapidly, with its press of last details. Loose ends were tied. The Para men were caught and duly contracted; and when from Fortress Zeelandia, down by the river, the noon gun sounded, all was in shape.

'All except Moses,' thought Maclise. 'The rascal was evidently too far gone to listen to — why, Mary!'

For the side window, at which laborers reported to the office, suddenly framed the head and shoulders of a burly Negress.

It was indeed an aboriginal type — pure Negro, thin-lipped, but flat-nosed, ape-eared, slant-chinned, broad-jawed, and with the little eyes of an intelligent bush animal.

'Yes, mahster, mahnin', mahster. Ah hope mahster *quite* well.'

'Howdy, Mary. Where's that villain Moses? Could n't find him, eh?'

Turning silently, Mary reached into space. One heave of her brawny arm, a scramble, and a giant figure lurched beside her, darkening the window with sheer bulk. It was Moses, but Moses dejected, spiritless, with drooping head and abject gaze. Moses, more-

over, with one eye closed, a great fresh cut across his ebony jaw, and his right hand bandaged. With honest pride his helpmate pointed to her work. 'Here he, mahster. He done come mighty hard, *but Ah fotch he.*'

Maclise considered the pair briefly, in quiet enjoyment; then, with the gesture natural to the moment, slid his hand into his trousers pocket. 'All right, Mary. Good girl. Here you are. Now go tell the Mistress howdy.'

Nora looked up in surprise as Mary loomed before her, and the contrast of her slight little figure, her blonde hair, and her climate-blanching face, with the rough-hewn form of the great Negress, was the contrast of the Twentieth Century with the Age of Stone.

'And did you bring Moses? Oh, Mary, I am *so* pleased with you! The Master particularly wanted him.' With a sudden impulse a small white hand went out and rested upon the huge blue-black one. 'Mary, I *like* to feel that we can trust you!'

The giantess looked down upon the slim white fingers that lay upon the great seamed fist, with visible wonder, as though they had been snowflakes from the equatorial sky. A slow, vague wave of something like emotion ebbed across her face, making it, in passing, more formless. Then an earlier pre-occupation resumed control. She seized a corner of her apron, and began torturing it into knots, while her unstockinged feet shuffled dubiously in their flinty feast-day slippers.

'Is something troubling you, Mary?'

'Lil' Mistress,' — Mary's voice came oddly small and husky, — 'Mahster ain't never 'low no womens on the placer, is he?'

'You know he does not, Mary.'

'Lil' Mistress, Moses ain't want to come. Dat mek Ah 'bliged to mash he up. Ah *glad* ef Mahster want leff me go, des dis one time, fo' look po' Moses.'

Nora regarded the timid Amazon with the wider comprehension of experience. 'I will see what the Master says,' she replied. And so it happened that Big Mary, against all precedents, that day was allowed to embark with her dilapidated partner upon the long journey to the gold-bush.

The run that followed Maclise's arrival at the placer surpassed anything in its history. For three glorious weeks the whole affair worked as by charm, without an accident or a drawback, and the 'clean-ups' were beautiful. Then came the eternal unexpected. The 'Directors at Home,' those fog-inspired bugaboos of colonial enterprise, cabled a foolishness. Maclise, would he or would he not, must drop all and go to town to answer it. With wrath in his heart, therefore, he fore-guidd his beloved work as best he might, and addressed himself to the downward journey.

And here, again, a fresh vexation met him: the Cottica's picked and trusty crew failed. Duurvoort, best engineer on the river, was down with the fever. Jacobus, the faithful stoker, had taken to his hammock with snake-bite. Only old Adriaan, the steersman, remained. Adriaan, to be sure, knew his river, *hoek* by *hoek*, and, with the fine sense of a wild beast, distinguished landmarks where others saw naught but unfeatured stretches of leaves and water and mud. Yet Adriaan's faculties were like the launch's engine — of no use unless a hand and brain compelled them. Given Duurvoort behind him to keep him alive and alert, he managed his wheel with perfect skill. But Adriaan unwatched, alone? — Hendrick, the untried substitute engineer, had the reputation of a good man. To him Fate added Willy, a hair-lipped Barbadian mulatto, and the scrub crew was complete as the journey began.

It was sunset-time, of the last afternoon of the trip. The Cottica, despite her handicap, had thus far made her distance without delays or accidents. By midnight she should reach her mooring before the town. Maclise, who had finished supper, lay on his cabin couch watching the shore slip by and thinking opprobriums. A vague physical discomfort fumbled at the door of his consciousness, and from moment to moment he tossed and twisted restlessly. He tried to calm himself. Nora, at least, he reflected, would be pleased. He had managed to send her warning of his coming and —

Maclise slowly sat up, with a face of pure dismay. The door of his consciousness had opened at last, to admit a sensation no longer vague but all too sure and familiar. Again the aching tremor shot through his body, with increased force. 'Bless my soul!' said Maclise, quite gently, '*did* I need this now?'

He rose and went forward to the engine-room, knowing he had no time to lose. He spoke to the engineer in short, sharp words, saying the same three sentences over and over, to the punctuation of the Negro's 'Ja, mynheer,' and 'Ja, mynheer.' Then he moved on toward the wheel. The steersman had heard the voice behind him, and sat erect as duty's self, eyes straight forward on the river and the rosy sky.

'Adriaan —' A fresh rigor seized the speaker and he laid hold of the rail to steady himself. Maclise would never learn the colonial Negro-language, the '*taki-taki*'; but a pidgin of his own seldom failed to carry its meaning, and the gesture replaced the word. 'Adriaan, fever catch me. No can watch Adriaan. Duurvoort no here. Jacobus no here. Adriaan must run boat. No must sleep. *No must sleep. Hear?*'

The little Negro's wrinkled face beamed limitless good-will and sym-

pathy and confidence. '*Poti, mynheer! Mino sa slibi.* (Too bad! I will not sleep.) Mynheer need not fear. Mynheer must go lie down, and Adriaan will carry him safe. Ja, mynheer, ee-ja, mynheer!'

Maclise looked down upon his willing servitor with little faith. But help there was none. 'No must sleep,' he repeated, 'and *count the hoeks.*' Stumbling back to his cabin, he stretched on his couch. The fever, curse of the country, gathered him into her grip, gradually effacing all thought and understanding. And the shadows deepened into night.

'Thud-thud, thud-thud,' the engine beat on, smoothly. Smoothly the launch clove her way over the darkening waters; and 'tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle,' the little ripples sang around the nose of her tow. The tow was only a 'fish-boat,' going back to town for repairs. And in it was nothing in particular, — only its oars, and, curled up asleep in the stern, under a cotton blanket to keep out the dark and the Jumbies, — Big Mary.

Three weeks in the bush had more than exhausted her fancy for sylvan life. Moses' wounds had promptly healed, depriving him, thereby, of a sentimental interest. In fact, in such daily proximity he palled upon her. 'Ah close 'pon sick 'n' suffik o' de sight o' dat man,' she explained. 'Ef Ah ain't get some reliefement soon Ah gwine loss' ma tas'e fo' he.' The news of Maclise's sudden sortie, and of the fish-boat tow with its possibilities of conveyance, had therefore come to her as a godsend, for whose realization she had begged too earnestly to be denied.

'Thud-thud,' hummed the engine. Hendrik, singly intent upon his immediate job, hung above it, the intermittent gleam of the fires making strange masques of his black and dripping face. The ministering Willy, like

a hair-lipped, banana-colored goblin, hovered in and out, or slumbered profoundly in the doorway; and forward at the wheel, alone in the dark, old Adriaan struggled with the Adversary.

'*Granmasra taki, mi no sa slibi,*' he muttered aloud from time to time. '*Granmasra siki. Adriaan wawan de vo tjari hem boen na foto. Fa mi sa slibi!*' (How should I sleep, with Granmasra sick and Adriaan the only one to take him safe to town!)

And yet, with the soft, cool fingers of the silky night pressing his eyelids down and down, with the river singing her silver, rhythmic undertone, endless, changeless, with no human governance to sustain and spur him, the task was very hard — too hard. Slowly the small bright eyes grew dim, the woolly head sank forward, the body swayed against the wheel, and the hands on the spokes hung lax. Easily, swiftly, the Cottica slid from her course and made for the shadows of the eastern bank. On she sped, unheeded, — on till a branch of brush, caught in the deep-sunk top of a drifting tree, struck her a spattering blow across the bows. The shower of water upon his face awoke the steersman with a jump. He sprang to place, peering forward into the misty dark.

'*Mi Gado! Mi Gado!*' he shivered. But there was yet time. With a sharp veer he put the launch upon her course again, and soon had rediscovered his familiar bearings. '*Pikinso moro, ala wi dede na boesi,*' Adriaan reproached his inward tormentor. 'A little more, and we were all killed in the bush. What makes you trouble me so, *you!*'

He sat very erect now, facing his duty determinedly. But the night was so still and soft, the wind so small and sweet, the river's song so lulling! The woolly head nodded, then recovered with a jerk. 'Sleep kills me, for true,' muttered poor Adriaan, pulling at his

pipe fiercely. For a moment it served; then again the quick and heavy slumber of his race descended upon him, claiming its own. Slowly, an inert, crumpled heap, the steersman collapsed upon his seat, and the boat swept on.

The noise was like the noise of a volley of musketry, and like the breaking of a great sea on a liner's deck, and like the sucking and rending of the roots of the world. Out in the tow Big Mary sprang to her knees, flinging aside her covering before any conscious thought could paralyze her muscles with the image of Jumbies. Close above her rose the broad stern of the Cottica. But the Cottica's body, like Daphne of old, was transformed into bush. For an instant Big Mary stared, collecting her wits. Then grim understanding dawned. With a haul on the slack tow-line she brought herself close, and swarmed up over the stern. Peering into the cabin, she made out Maclise, lying on his couch quietly.

'Mahster!' she called, alarmed at the inexplicable sight. 'Mahster!'

Through the craze of his dreams Maclise heard, subconsciously, and answered with incoherent mumblings. Mary laid her finger gently on his head.

'The fever!' she groaned. 'Now who gwine he'p we!' But the fiercely faithful spirit of the good old-time Negro even then possessed her. Her hour had come.

Turning, she started forward. The moko-moko, dense withy growth of the border waters, had buckled and bent and twisted in its violent displacement, and crowded across the decks in an almost solid mass. On all fours, burrowing through it like a bush beast, she made the engine-room. Hendrik and Willy stared out at her with helpless, panic faces. Through the tangle on the other side protruded

Adriaan's ghastly visage, wrinkled in a thousand seams of terror, his goat-beard twitching, his wild eyes rolling like jetsam by a rudderless wreck. The engine-room light caught upon the broad, lustrous surfaces of the moko-moko leaves that framed him in, making them spear-heads of false and lurid green. Mary gazed upon the speechless three in a scorn that, despite her attitude, became magnificent.

'Well, niggers?'

A palpable shiver was the only answer.

'You! Ah ain' want neider wise man fo' mek me know what *you* is done. Wha' you gwine do now? *Wha' fo' you isn' wukkin'?*'

It was the wretched Adriaan, from his lurid ambush, like a sacrificial ram, that first essayed an answer. 'Sissa, don't be too hard on us,' he bleated in his native tongue. 'Night is black. Boat too much full of bush. Must wait for day. Can't see to cut a path to my wheel till day comes.'

'True, true, sissa, don't be hard on us,' echoed Hendrik. 'The propeller is wound tight into the moko-moko, way down below. Can't cut her loose till day comes.'

'Too true,' urged the fatuous Willy, 'mus' wait 'pon day.'

Yet they shriveled before the glittering eyes of the great Negress.

'Mens, less yo' noise. Don' mek me sin dis night. Mahster lie down sick, eh? Lil' Mistress watchin' fo' he comin', eh? *You t'ink Ah's gwine leff Mahster dead on de ribber an' lil' Mistress wring she lil' white hands off 'cause a pa'cel o' wufless black trash ain' wan' wuk in de dark?* You, Adriaan, back to yo' wheel. Has'y, now,' as the steersman hesitated, 'has'y! You t'ink Ah foolin'?'

Dominated, Adriaan slunk back, and the straining and crackling of wood bespoke the ardor of his obedience.

'You, Hendrik, *you* gwine sot right wha' you is, wuk yo' engines, till dis boat a-movin', hear? Willy, tek dat cutlass behime you on de wall, an' come outside to me.'

Hypnotized by her imperiousness and by the example of the others, Willy followed the leader, creeping painfully to the free space about the stern. But rebellion dared in his heart, for he was a new hand, and knew not Mary. On the open deck she arose and faced him in the dark.

'Willy,' she said, pointing over the side, 'you, now, dive, an' cut dat compeller clean clear.'

Willy stared with sincere surprise. 'Woman, you is mad?'

'Ain' Ah tole you, *dive*? Ah ain' foolin', man.'

Willy laughed a laugh of ugly meaning. Big Mary's bulk seemed to rise and broaden. With a lunge she sprang for him. The mulatto drew back, quick as a cat, and, swinging his cutlass over his head, brought it down viciously. They clinched, for a moment rocked in each other's grip, and then the greater strength triumphed. The cutlass rattled upon the deck, the giant Negress, lifting her victim bodily, flung him over the rail, and the inky waters closed above him.

Hanging over the side Mary watched. In a moment a head appeared on the surface, and Willy's strangled voice bellowed for mercy.

'Tek dis,' shouted Mary, thrusting into the upstretched, grasping hand the cutlass. 'Tek dis, boy, go down an' do lak Ah tole you. *You try to bo'd dis boat befo' you is clear dat compeller, an' Ah gwine bus' you wi-ide open!*' She flourished a crowbar over the swimmer's head, bringing it down with a crash on the launch's side.

Willy needed no more. 'Don' hit me!' he shrieked, 'Ah 'se gwine'; and, half-amphibian that he was, like all

Barbadians, disappeared to his horrid work. In a moment the black head bobbed up again.

'She loose!' it sputtered. But Mary knew it lied.

'Boy, go back down!'

The head again vanished, and a tremor along the boat's frame told of the force of the attack on her entanglement. Once more he emerged.

'Ah loose she fo' true dis time, Miss Mary. Le' me up, in Gaad's name!'

'You, Hendrik, dis boat loosed?' Mary shouted to the engine-room.

'No-no,' Hendrik called back; 'propeller fast yet.'

Mary addressed herself to the round thing bobbing in the water. 'You dirty — black — *Nigger!* You *black Nigger!*' she howled, 'you go back down, an' ef ma eyes catch you once mo' befo' dis boat loose, Ah —'

Willy sank beneath the whistling sweep of the crowbar. The launch quivered and quivered again with the snap of breaking bonds. One final tug, and the thing was done. The Cottica backed away into her natural element.

At two o'clock that morning, only two hours behind schedule, the Cottica made her moorings off the Waterkant. Then it was Mary who, brushing aside all other aid, half-lifted Maclise into the small boat. It was she, too, who helped him from the boat to the waiting carriage. And it was she who, through the dark streets of the town, stalked at the carriage step, all the way to the house door.

The door flung open wide at the sound of approaching wheels. In the light stood Nora, her women about her. Maclise was quite himself now, and could walk alone, though weakly.

'Mary fotch me,' he said, with his whimsical smile, as he stopped to rest in the hall. '*Ah done come mighty hard, but she fotch me.*'

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

XII. THE END OF THE DIARY

Tuesday, July 14, 1868.

THE Democrats and conservatives do not yet get reconciled to the New York nominations. It was undoubtedly a mistake, but they must support it as preferable to Grant in his ignorance, and radicalism in its wickedness. It will not do to sacrifice the country from mere prejudice against or partiality for men. I judge from what I hear that Chase and his friends felt a degree of confidence that he would be the nominee. He had, I have no doubt, the money interest in his favor.

When I went to Cabinet to-day, only Seward was in the Council room. He said, jocosely, that he understood I was for the New York nominations and he opposed to them. Said the papers so stated. I observed that I had not seen the statement, but I had no hesitation in saying I was opposed to Grant and the radicals, and, consequently, I had, under the circumstances, no alternative but to go for Seymour. I tried to draw from him some expression, but without success.

Friday, July 17, 1868.

The President read a veto which he had prepared on the Edmunds bill excluding certain States from casting electoral votes, or preventing them from being counted. The veto is very well done and is the President's own work.

He afterwards laid before us a mes-

sage suggesting sundry alterations of the Constitution. I was uncomfortable while it was being read, and I could perceive it was a favored bantling which he had prepared with some care. Seward, at once, on its conclusion, met the subject frankly and candidly. Said he made no objection to the document as an exhibit, as the President's own personal views, but he did object to its being given out as an administrative or Cabinet paper. He could readily assent to some of the propositions, to others he could not, and as a general thing did not admire changes of the fundamental law. He did not wish the Presidential term lengthened, nor did he wish there should be a prohibition to re-elect.

McCulloch said as a general thing he was against constitutional changes, but thought it well for the President to present his views. He rather liked extending the term. Browning had never given the subject much thought, but was favorably impressed with the suggestions that were made.

Schofield and Randall said very little. I concurred generally in the remarks of Seward, but excepted, which he did not, to the encroachments proposed to be made on the federation features of our system. I was not for taking from the States the single sovereign vote in case there was no election on the first trial.

Tuesday, July 21, 1868.

Mr. Evarts appeared in Cabinet Council to-day for the first time. He arrived in Washington on Sunday. This appointment makes Seward potent beyond what he has hitherto been with the President, but that fact will not strengthen the administration. Neither of the political parties likes Seward. He is disliked by both, has not public confidence, and there is no affection for him in any quarter. The President does not see this, nor will he; but from this time forward he will probably be too much under the combined influence of his Secretary of State and Attorney-General.

Monday, July 27, 1868.

There was little to interest during the closing hours of the session — less excitement than usual, and more of the great absorbing constitutional struggle, — such as I have sometimes seen in other years. Statesmanship was wanting. The members talked and acted as if in a village caucus. Petty intrigues, tricks, and contrivances to help the party were the great end and aim. Instead of the usual adjournment *sine die* to meet at the regular session in December, Congress took what they call a recess until the 21st of September. This was a scheme to cheat the Constitution and innovate on the executive prerogative, for it is the President's duty to convene Congress, if public necessity requires. But it was not pretended there was any public necessity. The recess was to prolong the session, and watch and circumscribe the President in the discharge of his executive duties.

There being no cause for assembling, the radical members, before leaving, knowing that an extra session was unnecessary, signed a paper to the purport that they would not convene in September until called together by

E. D. Morgan, Senator, and Schenck, Representative. These two men are chairmen of the radical party committees of their respective Houses, and on them was conferred the executive authority of calling an extra session for party purposes. Such is radical legislation and radical government.

Thursday, September 17, 1868.

The returns from Maine give a very decided victory to the radicals. The Democrats have, it is true, greatly increased their vote but so have the radicals also. All their members of Congress are elected.

Saturday, October 3, 1868.

The country is absorbed with politics and parties. More of the latter than the former. Speakers are overrunning the country with their hateful harangues and excitable trash. I read but few of the speeches. Those of the radicals are manufactured, so far as I have seen them, of the same material: hatred of the rebels, revenge, the evils of reconciliation, the dangers to be apprehended if the whites of the South are not kept under, the certainty that they will, if permitted to enjoy their legitimate constitutional rights, control the government, [in which event] the radicals will be deprived of power.

This is the stuff of which every radical oration is made, interlarded sometimes with anecdotes. No allusion to the really great questions before the country — the rights of man, — the rights of the States, — the grants and limitations of the Constitution.

Had the Democrats made a judicious nomination they would have enlisted the good sense and patriotism of the people, and had an easy victory. As it is they have given the radicals every advantage and, of course, are likely to suffer a terrible defeat. At all events things appear so to me.

Saturday, October 10, 1868.

A letter from General Schofield to General Grant, congratulating him on his nomination and hoping for his election, is published. It was written last May and confirms my impression that Grant was consulted by Fessenden and Grimes, and participated in making S[chofield] a Cabinet officer. Schofield, like Grant, is shrewd, and in the civil service acts with a view to his own interest in all he does. This is the fact as regards both. They each have astuteness — a certain kind of ability. Schofield is much the best informed of the two, but Grant has more obstinacy and self-will. It was natural enough for Schofield to ally himself to his superior in command. Most of the army officers would be apt to do it. There is not, however, much enthusiasm for Grant. He has not many warm personal friends. Sherman is quite devoted to him, — sincerely, I think, — others because he is the lucky man, in place, and the Democratic nomination renders Grant's election almost certain.

The elections will, I think, be adverse to the Democrats next Tuesday — and also in November. If so, a sad fate, I fear, awaits our country. Sectional hate will be established.

Wednesday, October 14, 1868.

The President says this P. M. that he has no definite news, nothing more than is in the papers. No one sends to him. Heretofore he has always had friendly telegrams giving results. He says Randall called just before I did, and was feeling very blue, and when he left said he would telegraph Tilden to get Seymour out of the way. It was pretty evident, the President said, that the present ticket could have little hope.

Although guarded in his remarks, I could perceive the President was not greatly displeased with the turn things

were taking, and I think began to have hopes that attention may yet be turned to himself. But his intimacy with and support of Seward forecloses, if nothing else would, any such movement. On that rock he split. It was Seward who contributed to the retention of Stanton; it was Seward who counselled him to submit and yield to radical usurpation; and it was Seward who broke down his administration; it was Seward who drove from him the people. The President is bold and firm, when he has come to a decision, but is not always prompt in reaching it. The people would have stood by him against the usurping Congress, had he squarely met them at first and asserted the rights of the Executive and the Constitution.

Friday, October 23, 1868.

At the Cabinet meeting General Schofield read a letter from the Governor of Arkansas expressing great apprehension of trouble from the people who are armed, and requesting that he might have U. S. arms that are in the Arsenal to put in the hands of the militia. General Schofield was very earnest in this matter, said the opponents of the Governor were rebels who retained their arms when Kirby Smith surrendered, that they are organized, and unless something was done, the loyal men would be overpowered and killed by the Ku-Klux. After hearing him for some time and a few commonplace expressions of concern from others, I asked if the Governor of Arkansas was afraid of the people of Arkansas, if General S[chofield] advised the arming of the Governor's [party] against their opponents, — the people of that State. In other words, is popular government a failure in Arkansas?

General S[chofield] said that he and the military gentlemen generally had believed there was but one way to establish the reconstruction of the states

south, and that was by martial law. I asked how long martial law should be continued. He said until those governments were able to sustain themselves. 'Do you mean by that,' I enquired, 'until the black and the ignorant element controls the intelligent white population?' The General said he was not a politician, nor intending to discuss the subject politically; he was describing practically how these governments were to be maintained. 'And you come to the conclusion that form is requisite?' said I. Then he said he knew no other way to keep down the rebels.

'Then,' said McCulloch, 'if I understand you, General S[chofield], the reconstruction laws are a failure. The people in those States are incapable of self-government.'

Browning said there must be a standing army to carry out the radical policy, and it would have to be kept up through all time. All agreed that it was not best to let the governor have the arms of his party.

Seward proposed U. S. troops to Arkansas. This Schofield thought would perhaps answer, if we had the troops, but we had not got them. He urged that General Smith, commanding, might be authorized to issue arms if he thought it necessary.

After a long and earnest, but not satisfactory discussion, the compromise of Seward was adopted by Schofield, who proposed to order the twelfth regiment, stationed here in Washington, to proceed to Memphis, and by the time they reached that point, it could be determined what disposition should be made of them.

Tuesday, November 17, 1868.

Exhausted and fatigued with office labor during the day and with preparing my annual report and receiving company evenings, I have been unable to make note in this book for some time.

But events of interest have transpired, and I regret that I did not from day to day make at least a brief memorandum. There was excitement over the election, but acquiescence in the declared result.

In New York and Philadelphia there was a great outcry of fraud by the radicals, who, as a party, now as in other days and under other names, are given to frauds. They denounce the vote of intelligent whites of foreign birth, while they illegally and by fraud polled hundreds of thousands of ignorant Negro votes.

The defeat of Seymour did not surprise me. There has been mismanagement and weakness on the part of the Democratic leaders, if nothing worse.

In nominating Seymour the war issue was unavoidably raised, and the Democrats have been busy in trying to make people believe Seymour to have been a good war man. They did not convince the voters, nor believe their own assertions.

Grant has returned to Washington after loitering away several months in Galena and the region round about, since he was nominated. Colfax has been back here also. He and Wade have again adjourned Congress, — a mockery upon the Constitution and honest government.

A dinner is given by the New York bar to Attorney-General Evarts this evening, to which all the Cabinet men were invited. I omitted writing the Committee until Saturday evening. McCulloch and Randall did not write until yesterday. The others wrote a week ago, declining. The papers state that Grant, who is in New York, declines to attend, if Secretaries McCulloch and Welles and P. M. General Randall are to be present. This announcement, publicly made, is from his factotum, Adam Badeau, but by Grant's authority.

Wednesday, December 9, 1868.

As I anticipated, Congress ventilated its rage against the President. His message in its soundest portions annoyed them. They felt his rebuke and knew they deserved it. Conness, who is innately vulgar, Cameron, who is an unconscionable party trickster, and Howe, cunning and shrewd but not profound or wise, had their sensibilities aroused. The President had no business to insult Congress by communicating his opinions. It was indecorous to the Senate, and they would not permit it to be read. So they adjourned in a huff.

The House permitted the message to be read, and then denounced it as infamous, abominable, wicked. Schenck the leader was against printing, and others of about the same calibre ranted. They attacked most violently that part which suggests payment of the bonds, not in conformity with the original understanding. It is the most weak and indefensible [portion of the message].

Thursday, December 10, 1868.

The Senators have recovered their senses, and quietly submitted to the reading of the message after an exhibition of folly and weakness that would discredit a party caucus. All seemed ashamed. The House, however, prints only the legal number of the message and documents—no extras.

These displays of puerile anger by the legislative body are ridiculous.

Saturday, December 19, 1868.

There has been some discussion on the finances in Congress, and also in the newspapers. Almost the whole that I see is crude absurdity. Morton of Indiana has submitted propositions and made a speech which exhibit some ingenuity and talent, but, if sincere, they evince little financial knowledge or ability. There are some clever things, of course.

I do not, I confess, read much of the shallow, silly trash that appears in the debates,—there is not so far as I can perceive a single financial mind in Congress. Most of the editors are perfect blockheads on the subject. The more ignorant give us the most words.

Senator Doolittle is beginning to bestow attention on financial matters. He made some enquiries of me this evening. I told him I had given the subject very little thought for years. It has been painful for me to do so, from the time Chase commenced issuing irredeemable paper and making it a legal tender for debt. Where the crude, unwise and stupid management of party schemers and managers is to lead the country God only knows. We have no fixed standard of value. Everything is uncertain. There is a redundant currency, all of irredeemable paper, and the radical leaders may at any time increase it and make what is bad worse. There is no coin in circulation. In this, as in almost everything else, the country is drifting and the government and all sound principles are likely to be wrecked. Morton is said to be fishing for the Treasury, but it would be a source of regret to see him appointed Secretary, yet I know not who Grant can select. There is talk of E. B. Washburne, who has no capacity for the place. He can, and so could any thick-headed numskull, oppose appropriations without judgment or discrimination, but this affectation of economy from a notoriously mean man, is no qualification for a financier.

The whole pack of radicals are, as I expected they would be, fierce in their denunciations of the President for his suggestions, yet many of their leaders have made quite as exceptional propositions.

The President did not intend repudiation, although his financial scheme renders him liable to be so represented.

I was sorry he made it. His scheme is virtually a plan to extinguish the public debt by paying the interest for sixteen years and a fraction. But the creditors are entitled to the principal.

If our financiers will bring around specie payments the debt can be reduced; loans at reduced rates could be negotiated to advantage. But there is no proposition yet made to effect the first, and until that is done we cannot expect to accomplish the other.

So long as the Government discredits its own paper, there will be no resumption of specie payments. The first step to be taken is to stop the issuing of any more fractional currency. Call it in, burn it up. The vacuum will be supplied by specie, which will come when invited, treated respectfully and according to its worth. Let the second step be a prohibition against all paper money below five dollars. This might be gradual. Coin would take its place. Specie will come when demanded. Supply and demand in this as in other matters will regulate themselves.

These steps cannot be taken without an effort. Values are to be effected and prices brought to a proper standard. They are now inflated. We are not to get a return to specie payments without some embarrassment. But the movement can be made and carried much sooner and easier than is supposed. Senator Morton's plan of hoarding specie until 1871 is ridiculously absurd. Instead of hoarding in the vaults of the Treasury and the banks, let it go into the pockets of the people when demanded for ordinary business transactions. Then [there] will be a basis for resumption. The gold and silver would be retained in the country, for here the demand would be greatest, until there was a supply.

To discredit its own paper, compel it to be received as money and in payment of debt, and sell the specie which

it collects, is bad government. While this practice is pursued we cannot expect resumption. Our wise Congressmen think they can order resumption by law without any strain or pressure on the public, but they are careful to fix a distant day, and before it arrives they know and intend it shall be further postponed and abandoned. If they would forbear persecution, hate, and oppression of the South, let war cease when none but themselves make war, give us real peace, instead of constant strife, develop the resources of the country, that will contribute to the restoration of confidence and a stable currency.

Tuesday, December 29, 1868.

Quite a discussion took place on the subject of the currency at the Cabinet meeting. The President insisted, positively and with sincerity, that specie payment might be resumed to-morrow without difficulty or derangement. Although believing that gold and silver, like other commodities, are regulated by demand and supply, provided there were no paper substitute, I could not assent to the feasibility of an immediate resumption without causing some embarrassment. It might be less perhaps than was generally believed, but whenever we did return to a specie standard there would be suffering and hardship. Fasting is essential to restoration after a plethora. McCulloch came in while we were discussing the subject, and he and the President soon became engaged [in conversation] — the President laying down certain propositions which I did not perhaps fully comprehend, to the effect, if I understood him, that if twenty-five per cent of the greenbacks were redeemed at once, their place would be immediately supplied with gold. McCulloch controverted this, said the customs barely yielded sufficient coin to pay accruing

interest and the requisitions of the State and Navy departments. To resume at once, therefore, he declared an impossibility. The greenbacks and paper must be gradually retired, and had not Congress improperly interfered and prevented the withdrawal of greenbacks, we should at this time have been near the point of resumption,

The President insisted resumption could just as well take place now as if the withdrawal had gone on. Schofield protested it would be most unjust to the whole debtor class to resume without previous notice. I asked if injustice had not been already done the whole creditor class by cheapening the currency by which they received really but seventy cents on the dollar. This view completely stumped Schofield, who evidently had thought and talked on only one side of the question.

This subject is one of absorbing interest, and its rightful solution is of the utmost importance. It must necessarily be attended with some hardships, but less I apprehend than is generally believed. The great body of the supporters of Grant are not hard-money men. They belong mostly to the old Whig party, and while full of expedients have no sound or fixed principles on currency, finance or any other subject. If Grant has any views in regard to currency or finance they are not avowed or declared. I doubt if he has any, and should feel quite as well satisfied to know that he had none as that he had, for he may, provided he is well advised, fall into a correct train, if not already committed to some one or more of the many wild and vague theories that are pressed. If he has any opinions on these subjects my apprehensions are that his notions are crude, and that from ignorant obstinacy he will be likely to aggravate existing evils.

The country needs at this time a firm, intelligent and able executive,

and he should be sustained in wholesome efforts by a decisive congressional majority. A wise policy persistently adhered to is wanted. The standard or measure of value must be maintained to insure stability and confidence.

Wednesday, December 30, 1868.

There was, last evening, an interesting party of two or three hundred young folks at the Presidential mansion, called thither to meet the grandchildren of the President in a social dance. It was the President's birthday; he being sixty years old that day. The gathering was irrespective of parties, and all were joyous and festive. General Grant, the President-elect, would not permit his children to attend this party of innocent youths, manifesting therein his rancorous and bitter personal and party animosity.

Saturday, January 2, 1869.

The weather is still unpleasant. Made a short business call on the President. He says General B. F. Butler called on him yesterday; Butler also called on me and I believe most of the Cabinet. It was impudent and vulgar to intrude himself on the President, — the man whom he had vilified, slandered, and abused, for the President could not, if so disposed, treat him as he deserved. Butler undertakes to discriminate between the man and the President; says he has no controversy or difference with Andrew Johnson, and the Senate, wiser than himself, have acquitted the President of official misconduct with which Butler and his co-conspirators deliberately and maliciously charged him.

The President while conversing freely on Butler's call was careful to express no opinion as to its propriety or otherwise. He says the visit was entirely unexpected, and was prompted as much by the absence of Grant, as a desire to be courteous to him.

Tuesday, January 12, 1869.

Butler, who yesterday carried the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Bill through the House, made his long-promised speech to-day in favor of paper money, and against specie; in plain words, a preference of false promises over truth. Irredeemable paper is a lie; gold is truth. He is a controlling spirit in this Congress, and with the radical party. He is strong-willed, when clothed with power, energetic, cunning, unscrupulous, and consequently, dangerous, potent for good sometimes, for evil often. There is very little true wisdom or good sense in the House on matters of currency or finance.

Seward had three or four treaties to send up to the Senate. He said with a self-complacent air of triumph that they completed the fifty-sixth which he had concluded; about as many as had been made during the whole previous existence of the government. I could not resist remarking 'entangling alliances' — our predecessors deemed it wise and prudent to have no more than were absolutely necessary. The remark vexed him.

Wednesday, February 10, 1869.

Congress to-day counted and declared the presidential votes. There was nothing novel or interesting in the proceeding, save that certain States were excluded. The truth is, Grant is elected by illegal votes and fraudulent and unconstitutional practices. He would not have had a vote south of Washington but for the usurping and inexcusable acts of Congress.

The folly of the Democrats north in nominating Seymour insured Grant's election and gave encouragement to the outrageous legislation to help them.

Thursday, February 11, 1869.

It seems there were some not very creditable proceedings in Congress yes-

terday when the two Houses were in joint session, followed up by the House after the joint convention was dissolved. The subject has been continued and discussed to-day, though with less heat and rancor. Still there has been sufficient to show the antagonisms in the radical party which must break out before Grant shall have been long in office. The hate between Butler and Bingham is intense. Both are unscrupulous and unprincipled; both are cunning and adroit. Butler has most talent, most will, most daring and persistency; Bingham is more subtle and deceptive, has more suavity, is more snaky and timid, with less audacity. Most of the members are with Bingham at present. He has also Stanton and Grant, who are too afraid of Butler to support him. The difficulties yesterday grew out of the radical intrigue and villainy to exclude the vote of Georgia, and treat her as out of the Union.

These revolutionary and wicked proceedings are having their effect in more ways than one on their authors. I do not see how Grant — if he has the comprehension, which is doubtful — can reconcile these differences; and before his administration will be half served out, serious calamities are likely to befall the country.

Friday, February 19, 1869.

Seward says he intends to leave Washington on the 8th of March and go to Auburn. The President appears to think that the Cabinet should all go out at noon on the 4th of March. This is my wish, and I believe that of most of the members of the Cabinet, and yet there is an apparent impropriety, if not a positive wrong in abandoning our posts until there has been a seasonable time for our successors to qualify and to take upon themselves the duties.

Saturday, February 20, 1869.

Had some talk with the President in relation to Inauguration Day. Something was said a few days ago about his going to the Capitol and remaining to the close of the session to sign bills, etc. I advised him to do no such thing, but to remain at the White House and discharge his duties there. Unlike proceedings at inaugurals, the next Congress would assemble on the 4th; there would be no interruption of business. He should therefore put himself to no special inconvenience, and was not requested to do so.

Monday, February 22, 1869.

I enquired how the President was to dispose of himself, if at the Capitol at 12 meridian on the 4th prox. Would he go on the platform with the man who had deceived him.

He assured me he would not; that he would close out his administration in the room where we were. I do not think he can be persuaded to a different course, though Seward and others, fond of show and parade, will urge him to form part of the pageant.

Tuesday, February 23, 1869.

I asked Seward, whom I found in the Council room alone this noon, when he proposed to leave the Cabinet and Washington. He said his resignation would take effect at noon on the 4th of March, and that he should leave Washington that day. This would be personally agreeable to me, but I queried as to the propriety of abandoning our posts before our successors appeared, and were qualified.

Monday, March 1, 1869.

The Committee have of course been embarrassed how to proceed, and have finally a programme studiously arranged, which is for the President and President-elect to proceed in separate

carriages. The President will pass through Pennsylvania Avenue, on the right, the President-elect, on the left, etc., etc. Seward and Evarts opened the subject of the procession and our attendance, and had evidently had some understanding with each other and with the Committee in regard to it. Seward said he did not know but they had intended to shut us off entirely, but since they have been polite enough to provide us a place, he believed he would remain over another day to perform his part. Evarts thought it best we should go in the procession, and he made enquiry about carriages. The President brought out a letter he had from the Marshal, enquiring about carriages informally.

I expressed a hope the President would perform no part in the parade, and advised he should remain at the Mansion until meridian, ready to discharge any and all duties. At that time his functions would cease, and ours would cease with his.

I asked whenever before there had been such a programme. Two processions, one on each side of the street! What did it indicate, but division, and what would the effect be, but to irritate and promote hostility? I disclaimed any neglect, or want of courtesy; but on the other hand, I would submit to none. There was a decency and proper self-respect to be observed.

Tuesday, March 2, 1869.

At the Cabinet much time was consumed as to the course to be pursued on the 4th. Seward and Evarts were determined that the President and Cabinet should go to the Capitol and take part in the proceedings. I combatted this course, but no one sustained me except Randall, who, near the close, expressed a hope that the President would do nothing derogatory to himself and his position.

Mr. Evarts had the matter much at heart, and he and Seward proceeded to dispose of it as a matter of course and as if nothing further was to be said. They assumed for granted that things must be as they wished and directed.

Wednesday, March 3, 1869.

Went with the Chiefs of Bureaus and officers to the Executive Mansion to introduce each and give all an opportunity to bid the Chief Magistrate farewell. Rear Admiral Joe Smith, the senior officer, who eight years ago, as now, walked by my side, then addressed President Lincoln, with a few remarks, saying there were evidences of approaching convulsion, — that 'we [navy officers] will perform our duty, and expect you to do yours.' I now introduced the officers to President Johnson with the remark, that these are the men who in war and peace have stood first by the Government and the Union. He received each cordially, took each by the hand and bade them farewell.

On returning to the Department, the Chiefs of Bureaus, the clerks, messengers and employees came successively to take their leave, and express their regard and kind wishes for me and my future welfare. It was something besides mere formality. Some, more sensitive perhaps than others, or possessed of deeper feelings, were unable to give utterance to their thoughts; others with tears expressed their regrets and spoke of lasting obligations. I, not less than they, was moved. Ties of friendship, formed and many of them continued through eight active and eventful years, cannot be easily and lightly severed or forgotten.

It was past four, when, probably for the last time and forever, I left the room and the building where I had labored earnestly and zealously, taken upon myself and carried forward great responsibilities, endured no small de-

gree of abuse, much of it unmerited and undeserved, where also I have had many pleasant and happy hours in the enjoyment of the fruits of my works and of those associated with me.

Thursday, March 4, 1869.

I went at nine this morning to the Executive Mansion, agreeably to appointment at the last Cabinet meeting. There was quite a crowd on the portico and walks as I drove up and entered. Schofield was already in the Council room, having preceded my arrival a few moments. The President was busy examining and signing bills. As I shook hands with him, he said quietly, 'I think we will finish our work here without going to the Capitol.'

The President now said he thought it but right that the Congress should forward the bills to him here. This I knew would be a disappointment to my colleagues, and I had no doubt that a strong effort would be made to bring around a different result. Randall, who came next after me, was very well satisfied. Schofield discreetly said nothing, but I could perceive he was not pleased with the new phase of affairs. McCulloch was disappointed and disturbed. Browning said not a word. Evarts who did not come in until about ten was determined to change the programme; said the understanding was that we should go to the Capitol, that we were expected there. When the President accidentally left the room, McCulloch twice told E[varts] that the President would not go to the Capitol unless he put in strong for him to do so. Evarts would not take off his overcoat. Seward came in last, smoking his cigar. Asked if all were ready — meant to have come sooner — seemed to suppose we were waiting for him. The President continued busy at his desk, while Seward, Evarts and others talked. At length Seward, who sat on the op-

posite side of the room from the President asked aloud if we would not be late, ought we not to start immediately? The President said he was inclined to think we would finish up our work now by ourselves.

They were discomfited, of course, and it was easy to perceive they thought me the author of their disappointment.

A few minutes past twelve the President said we would part. As he was to leave, it was proposed that we should wait his departure. He then shook hands with each of us, and we with each other, and, descending to the portico, where our respective carriages were waiting, the President entered his. Mine followed, and we drove away.

At my house were the President's daughter, Mrs. Patterson, and her children who had come over in the morning. They propose to remain with us a few days before going to Tennessee.

The proceedings at the Capitol are represented to have been without order or system, and the immense crowd swayed and pushed aside the dignitaries. I am more than ever gratified that we did not attend.

Friday, March 5, 1869.

It is obviously a Grant Cabinet. The members belong to the radical Republican party, but neither one, unless it be Creswell,¹ would have been selected by that party. They are not the men the radicals wanted, but they are such men as Grant wants. Washburne² is coarse, comparatively illiterate, a demagogue without statesmanship or enlarged views, with none of the accomplishments or attributes that should belong to a Secretary of State. Jefferson is the first, Washburne is the last. Hamilton, a man of talents

¹ J. A. J. Creswell, Postmaster-General.

² E. B. Washburne, Secretary of State for a brief period.

and genius, was the first Secretary of the Treasury. He had financial skill and ability to develop the resources of the nation. Stewart,³ the last Secretary of the Treasury, has made a princely fortune in the trade of silks, calicoes, laces, and stockings. So of the others. From first to last there is not an experienced politician or statesman among them. Most of them are party men. All are Grant men. Creswell was a secessionist in 1861, and, like Logan, raised a company to resist the Unionists. There is not now a more bitter and intolerant radical in the country, but his radicalism is obsequious and subservient to Grant.

The radicals are astounded, thunderstruck, mad, but after taking breath, try to reconcile themselves and be composed that things are no worse, that Grant has not, besides kicking them one side, selected Democrats. In this is consolation. They therefore try to praise the Cabinet and like it. The administration is to be Grant's, based on radical usurpations. Both parties are to be bamboozled, and if Grant really has any policy, which I doubt, it is that the animosity of each is to be played off against the other.

Saturday, March 6, 1869.

There is disturbance and trouble in the radical camp. Mr. Stewart is not ready to give up his extensive business for the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Grant did not know that it was illegal for an extensive importer to be Secretary of the Treasury. A sagacious and honest-minded man would have seen the incompatibility of such a conjunction, even were there no legal objections. Had Grant been less secretive he would have been wiser. His friends, had he consulted them, would have advised him properly. Stewart of course knew no better. The Senate

³ Alexander T. Stewart.

confirmed Stewart unanimously, supposing, probably, that it was arranged that he should give up his business to take the place. This was the general supposition. But to-day, Grant sends in a special message addressed to the Senate only, asking Congress to permit the newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury to be exempted from the law; that the most conspicuous case of the propriety and necessity of the law in the whole United States shall be relieved from the disabilities which the law imposes; that Mr. Stewart, the largest importer, shall have a privilege which the law was enacted to prevent and which is denied every other importer.

This message is a more conclusive evidence of unfitness, than the ignorance of appointing.

Tuesday, March 9, 1869.

The *Intelligencer* of this morning contained a very extraordinary leader — first under its head — double-leaded — laudatory of Stewart and Grant, because the former offers to give his income, some two millions a year, to the poor of New York, provided he can thereby be permitted to hold the office of Secretary of the Treasury and manage the finances. Every one on reading the article pronounced the paper purchased.

Wednesday, March 10, 1869.

The papers publish Stewart's deed of trust, and also his letter declining the office of Secretary of the Treasury. It was found, after enquiry and consultation, that the arrangements would not work, and that the rich man could not buy the place.

Thursday, March 11, 1869.

Grant has finally surrendered and nominated Boutwell¹ for the Treasury. He would not at the beginning give him

¹ George S. Boutwell.

the place, but has been humbled and subdued in a measure by the exposure of his ignorance in the first instance; by his readiness to cheat the law in the second; third, by his inability to procure a repeal of the enactment, and being finally compelled to withdraw his grossly improper proposition. The radicals have been very clamorous and violent for distinctive recognition as a power, which Grant has tried to evade, but he at last yields.

He yields in another respect from his repeated declarations and immovable principles that he would not have two members of his Cabinet from one State. But it is reported that this difficulty will soon be corrected. The Supreme Court is to be enlarged, and Hoar² is to be got rid of by being transferred to the Bench. Bargains, intrigues, and arrangements are the order of the day; the country's welfare is of little consideration. There is an inaccuracy and readiness in these vicious proceedings which is startling. But the 'party of moral ideas' seem to consider the whole thing proper.

Hamilton Fish of New York is appointed Secretary of State; Washburne held the office four days. He could not fill it. Grant told Farragut that he gave Washburne the place as a compliment. That was in character.

General Rawlins succeeds Schofield as Secretary of War. Of the three persons who figured not very largely eight years ago in the village of Galena³ but who are now in the most prominent places in the Republic, I have always considered Rawlins as possessing the superior, though not great mind. His health is not good, but I think his influence will be, in the right direction, beneficial for Grant and the administration.

² E. Rockwood Hoar, the new Attorney-General.

³ Grant, Washburne, and Rawlins.

Wednesday, March 17, 1869.

A smart debate took place between Butler and Schenck, neither very scrupulous men. Schenck has perhaps more influence in the House, but Butler knows the most.

I, this evening, parted with ex-President Johnson and his family, who leave in the morning for Tennessee. No better persons have occupied the Executive Mansion, and I part from them, socially and personally, with sincere regret. Of the President, politically and officially, I need not here speak further than to say, he has been faithful to the Constitution, although his administrative capabilities and management may not equal some of his predecessors. Of measures he was a good judge, but not always of men.

Saturday, April 17, 1869.

McCulloch called on me last evening, and regretted that I leave Washington. Thinks I would be better satisfied here than in Hartford, — for eight years' separation from old friends at the latter place has weakened and severed most of the ties which once endeared the place, while here I have formed new friendly associations, and am generally known and properly regarded. There is much truth in these remarks, and I feel that I have an ordeal and trial to pass through for a few weeks to come which I would be glad to avoid. Blair was here this evening and expressed himself even warmer and more feelingly on the subject of our approaching separation. I confess to the reluctance with which I part from the people and society of Washington, where I have experienced unremitting

kindness, and especially from the circle of intimate personal and political friends and associates with whom, through storm and sunshine, through trials and vicissitudes in war and peace, under two administrations, I have had many pleasant and happy, as well as some sad and trying hours. But it is best that the brief span of life that remains to me should be passed in the land of my nativity.

I have employed the week in preparation for my departure, gathering up, with my wife and sons, our household effects and making ready to leave.

Not a feeling, or one single moment of regret has crossed my mind on relinquishing office. In leaving the cares, responsibilities and labors, which I have borne and tried faithfully to execute, I feel satisfying relief. I miss, it is true, the daily routine, which has become habitual, but the relief from many perplexities more than counterbalances it. My duties were honestly and fearlessly discharged; these facts are known by all who have any knowledge on the subject. They have passed into history. I look back upon the past eight years of my Washington official life with satisfaction, and a feeling that I have served my country usefully and well. My ambition has been gratified, and with it a consciousness that the labors I have performed, the anxieties I have experienced, the achievements I have been instrumental in organizing and bringing to glorious results, and the great events connected with them, will soon pass in a degree from remembrance, or be only slightly recollected. Transient are the deeds of men, and often sadly perverted and misunderstood.

(The End.)

THE IGNOMINY OF BEING GOOD

BY MAX EASTMAN

IN a recent sermon I heard it stated that, along with the dread of diphtheria, and the bubonic plague, and having your child sold into slavery, there had disappeared out of the world the fear of being caught reading the Bible. I was especially struck by that statement, because the time lies within my own memory when the fear of being caught reading the Bible had not disappeared out of the world. Perhaps it lies within the memory of any man who has had the fortune of a pious rearing. I should speak with hesitation for the girls, but I say with confidence that it is habitual for healthy boys of a certain age to be ashamed of being good. And much as I enjoy rising to an optimistic sermon, I cannot help doubting whether the fear of being caught reading the Bible has actually disappeared.

When I was nine years old, through some accidental preoccupation during one of my recitation hours, I received a prize for good conduct. The prize consisted of a pale blue ribbon placed upon the lapel of my jacket. Now, I am not ashamed to-day when I remember that I received that prize, because I know that it was accidental. I was subject to fits of absentmindedness in which I neglected the business of the hour. And of those it took only the one prize to cure me. I never did it again. So I am not ashamed of it now, but I was then, and I wore my jacket inside out at recess for a week, earnestly wishing that virtue was its own reward.

That state of mind, which let us call the ignominy of the virtuous, is not

confined to boys of nine years. I have seen mortification in the faces of grown men and women when they were accused of saintliness. They would accept with more complacency the tribute that they were getting to be devils in their old age. Nor is the attitude purely jocular or colloquial. At a commencement concert in a church not long ago, a young man stood up in the pulpit and sang, with all the idealistic enthusiasm of the great poet who wrote it, —

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best
is like the worst,

Where there are n't no Ten Commandments, an'
a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be —

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the
sea!

And the parson applauded with the rest, understanding in a sort of mental parenthesis, I suppose, that it was not a sacred or Sunday concert.

To recur to a greater poet, some of the most scandalous and soul-shocking exclamations of Walt Whitman are but a revolt against the insipid taste of the talk we use in Sunday-school. Well he says, —

I think I could turn and live with the ani-
mals . . .

They do not sweat and whine about their con-
dition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for
their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty
to God; . . .

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that
lived thousands of years ago;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the
whole earth.

Walt Whitman had enough perspicuity and insolence to see and say that there is something disgusting about what we call being good.

We find it pretty strong in the churches where sometimes we go to learn how to be good. Much of what we learn there is summed up in the figures that occupy the stained-glass windows. If there is a living man, with the sap of nature running in his veins, who would consent to *be* one of those boneless saints, I have yet to see him. My impression of the whole tribe is that they need help. And if there is anything in the world that would sour me against virtue, it would be to have those lank and morose representatives of it stalking round me.

Winter before last a play appeared in New York called *The Servant in the House*. To sum it up briefly: the home of a preacher was full of trouble and sin; they hired a butler, and the butler turned out to be a reincarnation of Jesus; he won them all, by the power of his character, to piety and peace. The butler was supposed to represent our highest ideal of a man. What then was his first characteristic? He dressed like a woman. He had on a long gown. He could n't run. He could n't kick. What was his next characteristic? He walked like Chopin's *Funeral March*, pausing to regain his equilibrium over each foot. Speed was inconceivable to him. It was unsaintly. And then he came and laid a long solemn hand over a man's shoulder and called him 'comrade' at breakfast the first time he ever saw him.

Now, there is just one answer to that sort of thing in these days, and it is, 'Aw come off!' And everybody uses it. I think I could sum up the whole tone-color of that hero by saying that you had difficulty in making him laugh, and when he did laugh it was a special express act of geniality in the deific, and

you felt as if you must have been honored. The play was very popular, and is said to have gone a long way toward reforming the morals of the churchly; but to my soul it was so distasteful to see that stained-glass mediæval degeneration of the idea of Jesus, who was a man, brought out on the boards as if he were anybody's conception of what he would like to be or have in his house, that I could sit through the play only because I enjoyed scorning it.

We cannot say of a people who congregate to praise in the abstract, or in a mimic of reality, what concretely, in their office, or their playground, or their home, they despise, — a people whose words of high eulogy have decayed in their mouths, till their children are ashamed of the titles, and after their schools of virtue, their Sunday-schools, name the type of mamma's boy that they can least endure to play with, — we cannot say that the fear of being good has disappeared out of their world. They have still a disease in their minds, not second to diphtheria in weakening results, — if it be as near akin to sentimental hypocrisy as it looks. Their ideals and their facts are out of gear, and nothing could be more serious.

I have an idea that the cause of this condition is to be discovered way back in the early days of the church. It dates about the time when Saint Augustine wrote a book in which he divided the universe into two parts — the City of God and the City of Satan. And the City of Satan was just about this very world of solids and liquids and gases, and flesh and blood, in which we live together and beget children; and the City of God was something else. It was a general idea of the congregation of those neutral or fanatical persons who had separated themselves from the desires of nature and the needs of society, and conceived themselves to be

undergoing a supernatural preparation for another world in which desires and needs and admirations would be altogether different. They were the virtuous and the rest were sinful. And thus it was that sainthood and virtue, and even the commonest kind of door-yard *goodness*, got separated from the question of the conduct of life in a neighborhood, and lost for ages the spontaneous heroic admiration of the young, and the candid acceptance in whole-heartedness of anybody.

We still feel that there is a sort of milk-blooded inefficiency and lack of temper in them we call saints, and we avoid for ourselves the title. But we keep right on eulogizing them, and putting up their pictures in the window. We lack the audacity to overthrow the whole calendar, and wash out our minds, and start clean with the natural opinion that virtue is what we deeply want in ourselves and the people around us; and if it is not what we want, then it is not virtue.

As we owe this malady to the times of Saint Augustine, we shall find an example of health in the times before him. In the age and city of Pericles, and long before that, the attitude of men's minds to the question of goodness was ideal. Their Bible was the Iliad, a story of the nation's heroes, and neither in youth nor age did they stand in terror of being caught reading it. It would teach you how to be a leader of the gang, or a prince of the people, admired and loved although superior to love and admiration. It would make you a man of power and beauty on the powerful and beautiful earth—if not always warmly comfortable to your contemporaries, then a beacon and a light unto posterity.

The admirations of the Greeks, to be sure, and their conduct of life, were not ours, nor need we pine for them. Good counsel, oratory, athletics, horse-

taming, strength in battle, hospitality, and the ability to shout loud and carry all the liquor your host offers you—these are some constituents of the Homeric hero, and they are not especially significant for us in our industrial and bed-inhabiting civilization. The significant thing for us is that those qualities of their saints were the very things they admired and demanded of their companions. They praised in their sky-canopied theatres what they loved in the market-place and at the hearth. Their divine temples were peopled with statues of those they would love to see standing there—the chosen of the earth in bodily grace, in athletics, in eloquence, statecraft, warfare, adventure, laughter and jovial conversation—poets, generals, assassins, courtesans, and whoever did to their thinking magnificently carry his part in the drama of our existence here together.

Their ideals being thus geared with the facts of the city they lived in, the love of their ideals was not sterile vapor, but begot conduct. They gave the prizes to their children, not for a sickish and unnatural poverty of demeanor, but for such exploits of individuality and adventurous mischief as in their own hearts they loved. We shall hear much in the coming years about the superiority of the Greek attitude to life, and that in those days men could think straight about morals. The whole essence of that superiority lies in the fact that if you told a hardy Greek boy that a person was virtuous, or that an act was good, he would be attracted to that person or that act, but that the equally hardy modern boy would be repelled.

And if we wish to be superior like the Greeks, we shall see to it that in our times of exaltation we aspire toward a virtue that would be admirable and useful to us in the hours of the days of the week. It can be a virtue

higher than any they thought of, because we inherit from Jesus a fervor for the ideal of universal love, and from our Teutonic fathers a pride in recognizing the equality of men, unknown even to the idealists of Athens. But

our virtue will never be heartily loved by us, as virtue was loved of old, until it is purged of those elements which we condemn in the reality on six days of the week and praise in the ideal on Sunday.

PUNCH

BY ROBERT M. GAY

In the archives of dogdom he is registered as a descendant in the second generation from Sullivan's Punch, who was valued at \$3500. In the same illustrious table his name is given as Felsmere Focus. Why Focus rather than Fieldmouse or Feather-Duster or Flapjack, I shall not pretend to know. Burdened from birth with an august ancestry and a grandiloquent name, it would have been no great wonder if he had not amounted to much. To paraphrase the poet, however, —

Sure some kind saint took pity on him
And blessed him unaware, —

for his master, perceiving that Felsmere Focus did not lend itself aptly to abbreviation, and foreseeing that there might be an element of the ridiculous in a grown man of large dimensions addressing a snub-nosed bow-legged puppy as Felsmere Focus, promptly renamed him Punch; and Punch he has remained, except when derisive friends have inspirationally dubbed him Pop-Eye or Muggins or Snoozer.

He early developed plebeian proclivities of which his grandfather would no doubt have disapproved. No amount of admonition deterred him from bolt-

ing his food; he abhorred the bath, and vanished like a puff of smoke, even before the water began to splash in the washtub; his favorite coign of vantage was the coal-bin, whence he had to be dragged, and whither he betook himself, when he could, to dry; and from the Tartarus of the cellar he was prone to climb to the Olympus of the guest-room bed or the sitting-room sofa. He preferred silk or satin pillows whereon to rest his weary head, and his trail was over them all. Remonstrances accentuated with a slipper or trunk-strap impressed him for a while, and for perhaps an hour he assumed the demeanor of one whose heart has suffered an incurable blight; but he usually cheered up in time to chase the neighbor's cat up a tree, whence she had to be rescued with a ladder, or to frighten the butcher-boy out of some wits he could ill spare.

Affecting an extreme sensibility of soul, he at times deluded the unwary into the conviction that he was a pattern of deportment; as Bridget the maid-of-all-work put it, 'Sure, he's that meek, butter would n't melt in his mouth'; but on such occasions she immediately began a search of the pre-

mises to discover what mischief he had been up to. Gifted with a pair of prominent brown gazelle-like eyes and an appealing snub-nose at one end, at the other a tail which could execute the deaf-and-dumb manual in fifty-three languages, and in the middle a heart as sentimental as the Reverend Laurence Sterne's, he knew how to inveigle the most inveterate canophile with these and the added allurements of a tentatively proffered diffident paw, usually well powdered with coal-dust. The same sentimental heart prompted him to jump into the laps of dozing old ladies, or press an icy nose unexpectedly against the hands of nervously-constituted young ones; and his abject self-effacement when they screamed saved him from punishment until an opportunity offered to do the same thing over again.

A study of Punch, lasting many months, leaves me still in doubt whether he is a Pecksniffian hypocrite or merely the victim of an affectionate temperament and a short memory. Not long ago I chastised him for barking at passing dogs. His grief was so profound that I left the task of correction filled with remorse, but hid behind a door to observe whether it had been effective. In a few moments a coach-dog, spotted with what looked like mildew, trotted by. 'Woof!' said Punch. He knew, however, that I was behind the door, and executed a propitiatory cringe in my direction. I remained silent. 'Woof!' said he again, erecting his scruff and baring his teeth; and again he looked my way, the picture of humble supplication, wagging an uncertain tail and yawning in anguish of spirit. As long as the mildewed dog was in sight, he continued to alternate between leonine ferocity and lamblike docility with a rapidity which would have put a 'lightning-change artist' to the blush. What could one do but defer his further train-

ing until the humor of the occasion should be less fresh in the mind?

Training dogs is like training children. We always know exactly what we would do with other people's children if we only had the chance. Usually we would spank them. When we own the children, — or the dogs, — the problem becomes unexpectedly complicated. We learn that each child is not merely a microcosmical entity, summing up in himself all the features of all children (even if he were, it would be a difficult matter to spank such an abstraction), but a very peculiar and remarkably individual little pagan who does the most unanticipated things for the most admirable reasons, — from his point of view, — and seems daily and hourly bent upon turning topsyturvy our best-laid plans for his education. Some philosophers advocate tossing up a cent when in doubt whether to spank or not; others advise spanking in any event and trusting to luck; while still others, maudlin with the milk of a humanitarian age, as ardently maintain that all spanking is barbarous. Who shall decide when mothers disagree? The problem as it relates to dogs is sufficiently difficult.

In Wood's *Natural History*, richly embellished with over two hundred woodcuts, which I absorbed at the age of nine, we were told that the dog is related to the wolf, and is thought by some to be a descendant of that animal. To look at Punch lying on his back with his Boston-terrier legs pointing ceilingward, the blue blood of his illustrious grandparent not preventing his snoring lustily, he seems a far cry from the four-footed demons who gobbled Little Red Riding-Hood (in the authentic version) and Ivan Ivanovitch's friend's children. Yet, again, seeing him circling tiptoe around a dog he intends to slay, his white fangs gleaming, his hair on end along his

chine, one realizes that his heart is made of sterner stuff than even his lupine cousins'; that, unlike them, he knows no cowardice, scorns treachery, and will fight even on a full stomach.

Perhaps it is the dual nature of the dog — the two strong dogs struggling within him, as in Saint Paul's text, Barnard's statue, and the romances of Stevenson and Poe — that makes him so human to most people. Poor little Punch has a hard time of it between his good and bad instincts. 'Bark,' says his own particular devil. 'Be silent,' says his conscience. Is it any wonder if he temporizes, if he barks at his enemy and propitiates his Nemesis in the same breath? What else are we mortals doing every day?

Not long ago he faced his hardest ethical problem. He was called upon to fraternize with a *rabbit*, — a poor, fluffy, white, long-eared, pink-eyed rabbit! He had received his orders not to hurt Bunny, and he observed them for a time in a way to win him a crown of glory in the canine heaven. But when the rabbit, mistaking an armed neutrality for brotherly love, began to eat out of the same dish and snuggle against him for friendship's sake, Punch's troubles commenced. The proper and usual procedure for a dog in such a fix was to shake Bun's soul out of her puny body. But he had received his commands. And so there followed the unusual spectacle of a misguided but affectionate rabbit chasing a scandalized bull terrier round and round the garden with a persistency worthy a better cause. Punch might growl and glare to his heart's content; but Bun, intent upon the company misery loves, continued to follow; and Punch —

As one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once looked round walks on
And no more turns his head,

Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread —

continued to flee. Who shall say how his soul was ground between the upper millstone of his humanly-inculcated forbearance and the nether millstone of his wolfish instincts? Who shall guess how his heart was harrowed with humiliation at the picture he presented running away from a rabbit? It ended as only it could, by his instincts triumphing. One evening he turned upon Bun, seized her by the back, and shook her. She was startled, but appeared to take the admonition philosophically. Two days later, however, she died, whether of shock or a broken heart or internal injuries did not appear.

Punch's elation was cloaked in his usual garb of deprecation. He fawned, he cringed, he licked his chops, and sneezed to express his profound sorrow, yet no one detected him shedding tears of remorse over Bunny's grave. Bridget, as coroner, officiating clergyman, and grave-digger, decided that death was due to causes unknown, although, 'Faith, the dog had a hand in it'; and so the incident closed.

It is an open question whether Punch's illustrious grandparent would have managed this situation more skillfully. He could hardly have handled it more effectively. Punch has quite as much blue blood as his grandfather, but somewhere in the intervening generation some of the points which go to make up a bench-dog were lost, and so Punch's body is too long, his legs too near together, and his tail as straight as a ramrod. He cannot aspire to the blue ribbon. Yet the loss sits lightly upon him. He joyously nips the butcher-boy's calves and blithely rolls in the coal and hypocritically affects a sensitive conscience. He barks at the neighborhood cats and dogs, and bolts his one meal a day, and takes your carress with heartfelt gratitude and, 'for

a full discharge of a present benefaction, having wagged a hearty expressive tail, pursues it gently round the hearth-rug till, in restful coil, he reaches it at last, and oblivion with it, 'to sleep as only the innocent — or the utterly

sinful — can sleep. He may dream of pedigrees and blue ribbons, but, knowing him, it seems more probable that the subjects of his somnial visions are cats and mutton-chops; his nightmares are undoubtedly white rabbits.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON INANIMATE OBJECTS

To be an inanimate object must be, I fancy, a very uninteresting affair. Certainly, being one appears to have a disastrous effect upon the disposition. No one who has had any intercourse with inanimate objects can doubt that their one end and aim is to try the temper of animate objects. It is unfortunate, truly, to have all the energies concentrated upon such a very low ambition, and I am inclined to think that the dullness of their existence is really responsible for this; therefore I suppose one should deal with them more in sorrow than in anger.

But deal with them one must, and it is because I have discovered one rule to be most efficacious in one's conduct toward them that I have seized this opportunity of setting it forth for the benefit of my fellow animate objects. The rule is: Keep your temper, observing as far as possible an attitude at least of outward calm. No matter how irritating they may be, and indeed they can be most irritating, never give them the satisfaction of seeing you show vexation. This may all sound very trite, and I suppose it is, but, like so many commonplace things, let one try really to practice it, and immediately one finds that it is anything but commonplace.

In common with the rest of humanity I have had, in my dealing with inanimate objects, many opportunities for the observance of serenity, and when I have succeeded in observing it I have reaped a joyous reward.

There was, for instance, the discipline that I received all one winter from a net frock, the desire of whose being was to get itself hooked into things. I congratulate myself on the calmness which I early learned to show, when the hooks of the skirt, having been foiled in their attempt to catch in my pompadour, succeeded in clutching themselves with an unholy glee into the bodice, just in the very middle, at the most inaccessible spot in my back. Of course at such moments the first impulse is to go perfectly wild, to squirm, to clutch, to swear, if one happens to be a man, — which perhaps under the circumstances is unlikely, — but I learned to resist all these impulses. I cultivated an absolute calm. I sang a snatch of song — I, who never sing. I polished my fingernails, I looked at the view, in fact, I did any and every thing to show my utter indifference to those infuriating hooks. And then, at last, after the song, the look at the view, or whatever I had resorted to, — and sometimes it even required a whole essay of Emerson's to restore my peace of mind, — I would quietly and sweetly squirm my

hand up and gently detach the hooks from my back. And glad enough I found them to let go, being quite convinced by that time that they were not exciting any attention whatever. After the first few weeks of ownership I learned to play the game successfully, to meet with an unruffled brow all that frock's most subtle attempts to try my temper; and I rejoice to think what an uninteresting time it must have had. The only satisfaction it ever obtained was at parties, where it invariably managed to hook itself up to perfectly strange ladies. Even this I learned to meet with equanimity; the stranger, however, was not always so placid.

This rule of the kept temper, and outer indifference, may be applied to all sorts and conditions of inanimate objects. I have found it most effectual in the case of dictionaries and type-writer erasers. Their great desire is to get themselves lost when they are most needed. Now, of course, the only real pleasure in being lost, to an inanimate object, is the delight that it obtains from the frantic search for it to which it stirs some animate object. My dictionary has in times past, I doubt not, been afforded many an agreeable half-hour from the extreme exasperation to which it has provoked me, when, just in the middle of a most crucial sentence, I have been forced to pause in my writing and institute a wild search for it, just because, forsooth, I did not know how to spell a word. The same with the eraser; when I needed it most, it was not to be found. Now, however, I am enabled to maintain an attitude of indifference toward them both by the simple expedient of never settling to write without first having at hand three dictionaries, and at least half a dozen erasers. Even in the most impassioned morning's work one is not likely to lose three whole dictionaries and six rubbers. When I reach eagerly

now for either of these articles, and find that they have maliciously concealed themselves, I draw a calm breath, and simply take another, remarking, perhaps, 'Oh, well, I don't care! this dictionary or eraser' (as the case may be) 'is really much better,' this having the double effect of driving home to the offender my indifference to it, and of administering at the same time a little gentle flattery to the fresh one taken. After my work for the day is finished, I cast a careless eye about for the lost articles, and by that time glad enough they are to be found, having discovered that the game of being lost when no one looks for them is a very dull business.

Of course these are only examples. Every one will have his or her own particularly infuriating inanimate object to which to apply the rule of the kept temper.

I may add that for the keeping of one's temper in this respect there is sometimes a pretty reward. My grandmother used to tell a story of a young lady whose plant-stand managed, one morning when she was tending her flowers, in some way — the devil of inanimate objects knows how (my grandmother did not say devil) — to upset itself, and to dash all its precious burden to the ground. Without so much as an exclamation of annoyance, the young lady immediately set about gathering up the broken plants as best she could, whereupon a young gentleman — in every way all that was desirable — who, unknown to the lady had witnessed the accident, stepped forth and at once proposed to her, rightly supposing that a woman of such sweetness of disposition was a jewel beyond price. In my youth I used to wonder if the lady was really quite oblivious of the young gentleman's presence; but age has softened me and made me glad to believe that she was.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

IF I had known that it was going to prove such a tyrant I should never have taken it, as I did, for better or worse. It looked so gentle and confiding in its setting of green grass and apple trees the morning when I first saw it, that I could not resist the spell. The old-fashioned windows gave it an expression of which one reads in impassioned novels, making me feel as if the house and I had met and become one in the infinite earlier than time. It coaxed me with that feminine appeal almost impossible to withstand. The closed door and locked sashes, the grass in the walk, hinted at loneliness, suggested that I could understand; and so, because of its quaintness, and the pathos of the worn doorstep, I took it for my own.

Doubtless the strong hold upon me was partly due to helplessness, for it was constantly appealing, in new kinds of need, as a child would. I had no idea that it would mean so much trouble; so small and sturdy and independent a thing would, I thought, more than half take care of itself. Oh, the work and the worry that have been expended on this diminutive house! The tasks it has thought up, the sudden needs where-with it has confronted me! It has invention infinite in keeping itself before my mind. Chief among its devices is an air of suffering from neglect if I but venture out of its sight. Never have I failed to turn the last corner leading homeward with a leaping of the heart in fear of what may have happened. Suppose that it were gone, by fire or by flood; suppose it had never really been there, being but a dream, a figment of the imagination wherein my spirit has been resting, as at an inn, before the long journey begins again. The corner turned, there is always something reassuring in the touch of my finger on the latch, telling me that the

little house is still there, really there. When I grow angry at the tyrant for the homely tasks it suggests, the constant watchfulness it demands, it looks upon me with a mild expression of ancient wisdom about the roof, as one who, from old time, has known and pitied all fluctuations of human mood. There is something of eternal wisdom about a roof-line; when did man first learn to lift roofs against the stars?

I have fallen into the habit, as one always does with feminine creatures, of taking home things to please it, and I marvel at the personality which dominates its caprice. Now and then it disdains an offering for this or that corner, scorning a long-meditated gift; again it will seize upon some insignificant thing, for wise, inscrutable purposes, making it beautiful as part of itself, so that one could almost swear that the little house has organic life. Lately it has refused to shelter perfectly reputable reproductions of the old masters; Madonnas heretofore tolerated it will no longer live with. On the other hand, the long strip of ecclesiastical embroidery, harmoniously faded, purchased, after much haggling, at the Rag Market at Rome, it has graciously accepted, as it did the antique lamp of bronze. Books it indulgently allows in any numbers, — all but elaborate gift books, — as who should say, 'All people must have their vices, and yours is fairly innocent.' Such charity becomes it well, for itself hath vice, a ruinous, consuming thirst for old mahogany, a passion that may yet lead me to the debtor's prison, or its modern substitute, whatever that may be.

The measure of its hold upon me is the depth of its understanding; at first glance I knew that it was *simpatica*, as the Italians say. In those tired moments when one shrinks from human beings, the companionship of the quiet corner is all in all, and there is no such

rest elsewhere as comes from watching the shadows of the woodbine flicker in the moonlight upon the old-fashioned mirror by the window. In times of grief it knows that nothing else can comfort; one learns in its wise silences. How many births and deaths it has lived through I do not know, but lately I have seen how wide its narrow door may swing upon eternity. Living through many lives, gleaning long experience, the little house seems — as one who has known it all before — to fold one's mere individual sorrow in the long sorrow of the race.

In such manifold ways of giving and demanding it has so tightened its hold upon me that I wear its bonds on hand and foot. The moment of strongest contest of will between us came with my need of going far away. The little house put its foot down, insisting that I should go nowhere that it could not go. It dominated, coaxed, said that it needed care, was sorrowful, and sometimes merely silent, suggesting that it knew perfectly well I could not get away from it if I tried. As usual, it was right. What messengers it sends! Now subtle ones: quivering aspen twig or blown leaf of autumn suddenly reminds me that I cannot go beyond its creeping shadow. Though I fare over leagues of sea, I get no farther than its chimney; great Jupiter swings across the eastern sky to lead me to the elm tree by the back door. In Grasmere's lovely green and gray of storied mountain pasture, which almost persuade me that I have wandered into another world of too delicate beauty to be called part of earth, the sudden howl of a street musician, —

There's a hold fashioned cottage, with hivy
round the door, —

going on to certain statements about
a sanded floor, and the assertion, —

Where'er I roam I will always think of home, —
compels me back.

When I waken, watching the sunlight flood Pentelicon, dim blue against the clear gold of a Grecian dawn, I feel the little house tugging softly at my heartstrings, just a slight tug, to say, 'You may have your fling, but you cannot escape me; sooner or later you will come back.' At Agamemnon's awful threshold I think upon my own, and Argive Hera's ruined doorway fills me with longing for humbler portals not yet battered down. It is hard to tread always another's stairs, even though they be the exquisite carved marble stairways of the château-land; and the sheepfolds of Scotch hills or wide French plains bring a sudden sinking of the heart to one who wanders far, unfolded yet. Ah, yes, however far I stray into the storied past; the little house puts its finger on me and I come.

It makes me no reproaches for my having gone, but it does not quite admit me to its old confidence, or as yet go back to its old ways. Watchful, seemingly indifferent, it waits aloof, yet still it stands, as heretofore, with that look of immemorial wisdom, making the old demands. Soon will come the old concessions, and the earlier understanding.

What will be the end I do not know, but this spot of earth seems to have laid its spell upon me for life, and yet beyond. Long ago, one summer night of opened windows, with cool leaves just beyond, silent as the stars, I dreamed of lying under the turf of the dooryard, and of being taken back, in wholly pleasant fashion, into the elements, immeasurably rested from myself by being absorbed into green living grass.

THE CALL-DRUM

EVERY one of the Bulu tribe among whom I live has a drum-name, and so, I suppose, has every member of all the interior tribes of this West African for-

est of the Kamerun. By this phrase, beaten out on the call-drum, the individual is summoned from the forest to the village, or from town to town.

Abote tells me that her *ndan* or drum-call is, 'Don't laugh — I am dead!' (Te woé — me juya!)

'My *ndan*,' says Esola, 'is, "The little parrot has eaten all the palm nuts"; which is a way of saying that I am small but able.'

'And mine,' says Zam, 'is, "Don't walk in the towns, your husband is jealous."'

One looks at Zam and wonders why. Not tattoo, nor careful frettings of the skin of her body into designs in a low relief, nor a brass collar weighing a good four pounds, nor any other of the artful resources practiced by this forest people, have repaired in the person of Zam the 'irreparable outrage of the years.' Then one remembers that her drum-name may be the history of her youth, — the seal of a day when she carried her elaborate headdress above a young body, and when her proud walkings abroad were notable.

But that would be long ago now, and before we made our clearing on this hill among the many hills of the forest, or built our little brown settlement of bark houses and thatched them with leaf-thatch.

From the shade of our house I see our own call-drum, a hollowed log four feet long, trimmed to an oval and with blind ends. It stands on a frame under its hood of thatch, overhanging, from the rim of our clearing, our world of crowding hills and the climbing tide of the forest. Lost to the eye in that green flood, little villages sleep, and every little village has its tongue. Now and again from the deep of the forest rises the staccato beat of a call-drum, — the voice of the village speaking across the uninhabited places, calling the women in from the garden 'for the guests are

many,' warning an absent hunter that 'your wife has run away,' or 'your wife has borne a child.' Presently Sakutu our drummer will put his hand in the fissure that runs the length of the drum and will bring out his sticks; striking the drum with these, he will abruptly and terrifically shatter the afternoon. Then the voice from the thick lip of the drum that is the man-voice, and the voice from the thinner lip that is the woman-voice, will cry out articulately to the rim of our horizon. Everywhere the villages will give ear to a message from the white man's town, until seventeen miles from here, in the neighborhood of Njabilobe, the last vibration dies.

To the trained ear the drum actually syllabizes; the inflection of a phrase, its cadence, are perfectly transmitted; and a Bulu speaking his *ndan* speaks curiously like a drum.

The drum is as noncommittal, as evasive, as the Bulu. Sakutu calling up the women of the neighborhood to barter for food will beat the conventional phrase, 'Since morning I have not eaten,' or 'Hunger is in my stomach,' or — most subtle and reproachful of suggestions — 'As I was yesterday, so am I to-day.' Of a Sunday, before the late tropical dawn has dimmed the morning star, he will beat a Sunday morning call: 'The promise we promised is fulfilled to-day'; a phrase that is a whole engagement-book in itself, and that is ratified in this case, by the interested parties, with calculations upon certain notched sticks, or the moving up of wooden pegs into the last of seven holes.

Thus to all primal facts of life have been fitted phrases for the call-drum; and these phrases, long traditional, have shaken the hearts of this forest people for generations. Yesterday I sat chatting with a group of men who fell silent at the beat of a drum from a

village in the forest below us. 'Obam has died,' one told me; and the drum-name of Obam rose to us in the blue afternoon, coupled with the old poignant call to mourning, 'Ba, ba, mo toé!' (Cross, cross his hands on his breast.)

Thus to the members of this tribe since the memory of man has the death of their fellows been announced; and through unnumbered years the hearts of men have halted under the immediate stroke of this phrase.

The drum is indeed very powerful with the human heart. When it is beaten in rhythm — and the dance-drums of this country are beaten with an incredible perfection of rhythm — the heart, the white man's heart, is troubled and guesses at secret meanings, at obscure and hurrying agitations, at ignoble lassitudes and latent despairs — not so much of the senses as of the spirit. But when the call-drum gives tongue, sudden and violent tongue, to the sudden and violent disasters of our uncertain life, the heart is stricken and halts. I have wakened at night with the clamor of the night alarm falling from many drums upon my heart in a rain of terror: 'Abroad — abroad — let no man sleep!' And no man slept. The memory of this midnight panic has long outlived any memory of the simple explanation which came to us with morning.

Drums are not all of equal power, nor indeed are their voices more alike than the voices of people are. So I am told by my friends, who could never — say they — fail to locate a drum by its voice. Ekom, the famous craftsman, is dead, but his drums yet speak; and it was he who made for Ngem his great drum — the one that never lied. For so brave was Ngem and of such an infallible cruelty, that a warning once beaten by him was speedily fulfilled. His exceeding joy, say my friends, was

the killing of men. A most admirable man. He died, to the long grief of his tribe, and for him too, I suppose, was beaten the call to mourn. But not on his own drum. 'For who,' ask my friends, 'should beat the drum of so great a man?' 'At the voice of it many would remember and grieve,' say some; and others say, 'Might it not be that the people, hearing the drum, would say in their hearts that Ngem had returned?'

Into the daylight of our little clearing how many miseries are brought, of the body and of the mind, and how many obscure terrors! For here is always some one to speak comfortable words, like the words of a mother in the dark. So what should certain poor bodies do, when they heard a dead man's drum-call, but rise with the dawn and make their way by the little paths of the forest to Efulen.

'For he died you understand and we put him in the grave, all that was finished. Yet we hear his *ndan*, — not from any village, but from the uninhabited places of the forest where no town is, — the beating of a drum that calls him by his name. So we said in our hearts we will arise and go to Efulen; and now we have come we ask you: What are we to think of this?'

THE UTTERANCE OF NAMES

A NAME is a practical convenience, — so much so as to excuse us for forgetting that it is also a conduit of emotion and a rhetorical felicity. In the third person it is normally colorless, and even in the second person its office is commonly that of insuring the safe arrival of a thought or word at its destination. The humility of this function is apt to blind us to the fact that, when pronounced on occasions where no practical need requires its employment, the utterance of the mere name

is one of the most powerful auxiliaries which the lover of emphasis or emotion can summon to his aid.

A name can italicize or underscore a thought. Take the little phrase, 'In my mind's eye, Horatio,' or the weighty maxim, —

There are more things in Heaven and Earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy;

abstract that apparent irrelevance and superfluity, the proper name, and observe how the withdrawal of that prop leaves the whole expression unbraced and debilitated. The dead name is half the life of the passage.

The pronunciation of the name in places where its use is not imperative is felt to be an act of homage. Its utterance even in greeting is so far complimentary that its omission is held to be a slight; and the recurrence of the name at short intervals is one of the naïve means by which the poor and ignorant — like Ham Peggotty with his 'Mas'r Davy, bor,' and poor Jo with his unceasing 'Mr. Sangsby,' — testify their respect for their superiors. That men, even wise men, should be conscious of a delicate flattery in the mere sound of their own names may seem singular enough; but, after all, our separation in the minds of others from the mass of meaningless somebodies or nobodies is, in its way, a just ground for complacency; we have ceased to be *aliquis* and become *quidam*.

Any access of sympathy in conversation is likely to mark itself by this simple expedient. As the uttered name is the means by which we call or recall a distant friend to our side, so, by a simple but pleasing analogy, it is the name that expresses and promotes the moral approaches, the spiritual approximations, of man to man in the process of discourse. Intimacy even between intimates is a thing of shades and variations; hearts draw near and

recede, relations tighten and relax, personalities bulk large or small, a score of times perhaps in the course of half an hour's friendly conversation. When our friend says something which makes him seem for the moment large and near to us, — near because large, or large because near, — the sturdy Anglo-Saxon nature satisfies its double need of expression and reticence by that barest and baldest but most suggestive and efficient of resources, the utterance of the name. 'That is true, Edgar,' we say; 'I think you are right, John.'

The psychology of all this is not hard to unravel. In impersonal or general conversation the outlines of our friend's individuality become, not effaced indeed, but softened and attenuated; but the moment he arouses any strong emotion in us, his personality defines itself with instant and powerful distinctness against the background of that vivid feeling; and our quickened sense of his distinctness from other beings finds vent in the one word or term in the entire language which belongs to him and to him only.

A phrase like 'I thank you,' standing alone, is empty and arid; but add to that phrase a mere name; say, 'I thank you, Alice,' 'I thank you, Charles,' and observe how the commonplace has become tremulous and vibrant and eloquent; and all from its mere juxtaposition with a word so lifeless, apart from its associations, as a proper name. This dead thing, fit only, in appearance, to conclude documents or fill up directories, is in fact a magazine of power. Bulwer in an amusing and well-known passage has dwelt upon the malignity of the words 'my dear,' and has illustrated the varieties of effect by placing the phrase 'Charles dear,' or 'my dear Jane,' in various locations at the beginning, middle, and end of the sentence. His strictures are confined to

the endearment; but if any one will read his sentences, retaining the 'dear' and omitting the 'Jane' or 'Charles,' he will see that the proper name is the source of at least half the deadliness of the censured phrase. It is well known that indignation among the vulgar is prone to reënforce itself by the energetic and heated enunciation of the combined Christian and family names of its object. 'Look here, Mat Beeler!' exclaims the peppery sister in Mr. Moody's *Faith Healer*, 'I'm your born sister. Don't try to fool me!'

There is hardly a passion which does not sometimes avail itself of this simple but potent instrument. 'Why, John!' cries the mother in the joyful surprise of an unlooked-for caress from the wayward son. 'Philip!' exclaims the wife, in a burst of love and pity, when the husband returns home at night to falter out the tale of his ruined fortunes. 'George!' breaks out, in

wrath and warning, the friend whose patience at last succumbs before the torrent of undeserved censure. 'Bill, Bill,' cries poor Nancy in the moments of terrified appeal between the murderer's threat and his crime. The name serves any office; it pleads, pities, scorns, threatens, rebukes, fondles; its eloquence scarcely needs the support of other words. Tragedy, in its deepest moments, is content with the wealth of its implications. Lear says to his daughter, —

Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here, —
[points to his heart]
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
In how depraved a quality — O Regan!

Words fail the confused mind of the old man, and his stumbling tongue is reduced to the repetition of his child's name. He can do no more. Could he, or Shakespeare, have done better?